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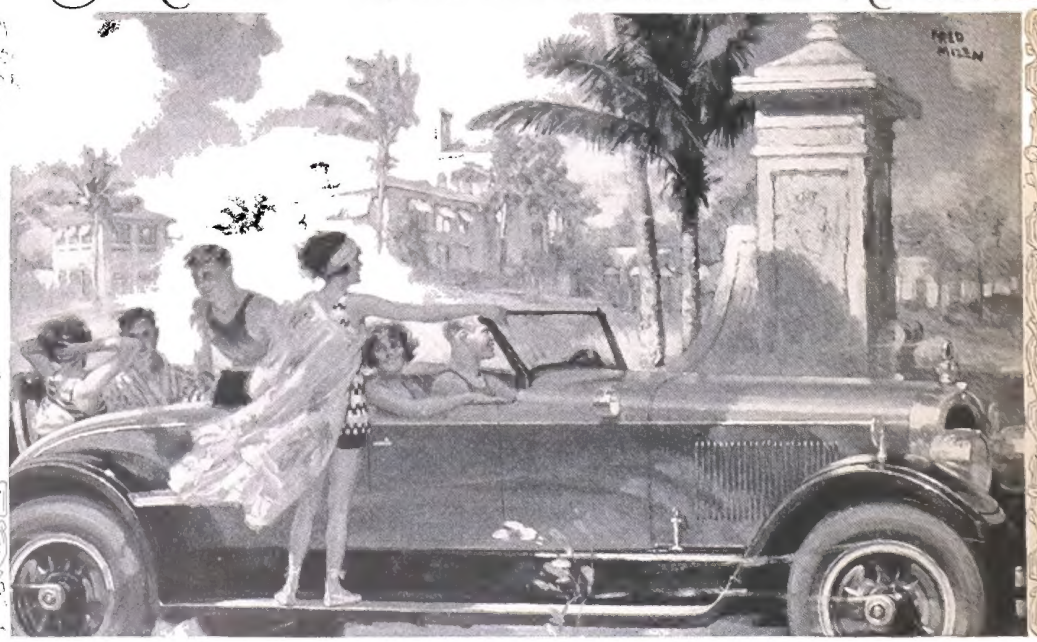
MONTREAL OR MIAMI — *it's all the same to a Marmon*



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Isn't it worth while to find out what Ipana can do for you and how pleasant it is to use? Use the coupon, if you will, but it would be easier and simpler by far for you to go to your nearest druggist and get a large fresh tube from his ready stock. Before the tube is out you'll see what this tooth paste can do in keeping your gums as nature intended them to be—firm, sound and in perfect health.

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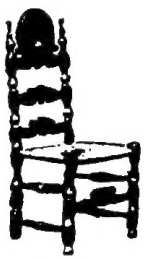

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Number 14

FEBRUARY
1926

THE GOLDEN BOOK* MAGAZINE

OF FICTION AND TRUE STORIES THAT WILL LIVE

Edited by HENRY WYSHAM LANIER

Editorial Board:

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Some Persons of Importance

JOHN FLEMING WILSON was a Pennsylvanian, who graduated at Princeton, spent some years in teaching and newspaper work (he was editor of the *San Francisco Argonaut* in 1906), and then had a short period of successful fiction writing before the War convulsed the world. Mr. Wilson served in France with a Canadian regiment, 1917-19, and I cannot find that he produced any stories from that time to his death in California in 1922. The six or seven volumes he left are mostly out of print.

But "Strange Ports," which a friendly reader called to this magazine's attention, surely deserves commemoration. Rarely can one find such an appealing and truly dramatic picture of the workings of Romance, long buried in the heart of a man.

"She was the fayre daughter of Walter lord Clifford. . . . Henry made for her a house of wonderful working, so that no man or woman might come to her. This house was named 'Labyrinthus,' and was wrought like unto a knot, in a garden called a maze. But the queen came to her by a clue of thredde, and so dealt with her that she lived not long after. She was buried at Godstow, in a house of nunnes, with these verses upon her tombe—

Hic jacet in tumba Rosa mundi, non Rosamunda;
Non redolet, sed olet, quae redolere solet."

Many a poet, playwright and novelist has tried, in the seven and a half centuries since her cruel death, to place before us this lovely Rose of the World. All the elements of the most romantic fairy-tale are in the story: the heroine of transcendent beauty, concealed by her kingly lover within a maze, whose recesses could only be penetrated by the aid of a guiding thread. In fact, alas! it is too perfect; those modern iconoclasts who sum up all knowledge for us in the encyclopædias destroy the whole gossamer web with a contemptuous "no historical evidence."

But Samuel Daniel gave the Rose life to make her "Complaint," over three hundred years back, as Rucellai had done in Italian nearly a century earlier. Thomas Deloney made a ballad upon her; at least four tragedies and three operas (one by Addison) celebrated her before the end of the eighteenth century; and in recent times, Swinburne and Tennyson in poetry, and Sir Walter Scott in prose, have lavished all their skill in portraying her abiding charm.

Her latest chronicler is "E. Barrington," who seems to lead a most successful double literary life, writing best-sellers both under this nom-de-plume and under her real name, Mrs. L. Adams Beck. I must confess to a slight shock at discovering that fair Rosamond was really married to King Henry before he wedded Eleanor—and Aquitaine; that fact, I fancy, had been buried in the Woodstock maze. Yet surely the beauteous lady does again live in this tale from the lips of Dame Petronille, her staunch waiting-woman.

Mr. Lemuel De Bra knows his Chinatown at first hand. "I studied Chinese," he says, "and found it exceedingly difficult. . . . So finally, I learned just enough to keep from being shot for a thief when we had to make a raid without the formality of a search warrant."

However, he learned the "good luck" ideograph you will find at the end of "A Life—a Bowl of Rice"; and this seems to have been effective, for the fifty tales he has written have all been published both in America and England, and several have been translated into Scandinavian, Hungarian, German and French.

Finally, only long and loving association could furnish a writer living in Florida with the courage for this declaration:

(*Continued on page 6*)

Whitman's NEW CLOISONNÉ

A Box of Candy! Yes, if you will, but such a box! and such candy!

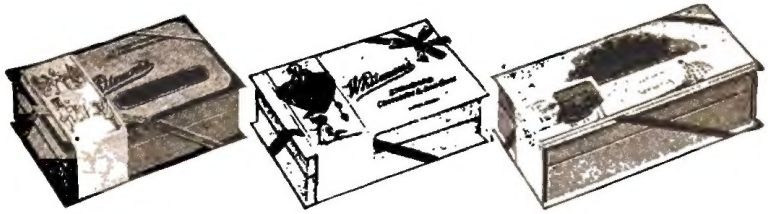
Cloisonné describes the rare and patient artistry of the box.

Cloisonné somehow suggests also the care and skill in making and choosing and packing the chocolates inside. Each piece a striving for perfection—the survival of the fittest after eighty-four years of candy-making.

If you want to give a girl a thrill, here's a hint: Give her Whitman's Cloisonné Chocolates!

In one size only, holding three and a half pounds. Five dollars. Decorated and garnished, if you like, with a gay Valentine band.

An uncommon expression of unusual regard. A fitting gift from a prince to a princess.



A Fussy Package for Fastidious Folks, that green-and-gold package of nut and nut-combinations in chocolate also can be had with a Valentine band in one pound and two pound sizes.

What better Valentine than this heart-decked Standard box of Whitman's? The direct descendant of the chocolates that served the belles and beaux of 1842.

Pink of Perfection describes the *contents*. This dainty box in gold, black and pink gives a hint of the new and perfected forms of chocolates compacted in it

...e had at the nearby ...tman Agency—usu- ... the leading drug ... in each neighbor- ...

(*Continued from page 4*)

"I am NOT a Floridian writing ABOUT a scene three thousand miles away. I am a CALIFORNIAN—a SAN FRANCISCAN. I like Florida, but California gave me everything I have, and my heart is there in old San Francisco with its Chinatown and its hills and the fog racing in off the Pacific."

Newspaper English has stirred many people to forcible expression; but there have been few neater jobs of pillorying than O. Henry's tale of the censor-ridden war correspondent and how he got his big news to his paper in New York.

There seems no escape from the conviction that the newspapers of any community must represent a cross-section of a great majority of the people in that community—which is rather a depressing thought, if you have ever come under the spell of "winged words," or, as Kipling put it, "the magic of the necessary words. . . . Words that may become alive and walk up and down in the hearts of the hearers."

There have been many magicians in the last six thousand years who have displayed this word-sorcery: and in spite of all its short-comings, I like to think the GOLDEN BOOK justifies its existence because at least it tries to bring into everyday life some of this magic expression of living ideas.

It seems quite beyond the Western mind to grasp with any reality the ancient Chinese conception of Tao, that "search of the inner soul, beyond the good and the evil," deep down below "the lying shackles of love and hate, the drab fastening of form and substance and reality."

Achmed Abdullah is an excellent teller of tales, with a lively sense of colour and dramatic effect, and moving incident. But he has besides this one quality perhaps unmatched by anyone now writing in English: an Oriental himself, he views from the inside those complexities of character which baffle a groping Englishman or American, even after years of observation and reflection. This invests his best work with a verity, with an effect of drawing aside a curtain, which leaves a deep impression on the reader's mind.

The French Academy recently awarded him a prize for a book of stories, "The Honourable Gentleman and Others,"—the first instance, I believe, of such recognition for a work in English; and I am inclined to think that "Tao," in this issue, is an even finer, more revelatory, piece of work than anything in that striking volume. Indeed, I believe this is a permanent story, worthy to last,—to be read with keen pleasure, giving that final flash of a new perception of life which marks a masterpiece.

"The New Arabian Nights" was Stevenson's first volume of fiction, appearing first serially, then in book form, in 1878. While the debonair *deus ex machina*, Prince Florizel of Bohemia, is the Haroun al Raschid of the whole series, the work really falls into two narratives, "The Suicide Club" and "The Rajah's Diamond." The "Story of the Bandbox" is the first of four tales, each leading into the next, relating the adventures of this scintillating marvel, "shining with hell-fire," inciting men through the ages to such crimes and treacheries as "the imagination trembles to conceive."

For the stiff Scotch preacher that lay somewhere perdu in Robert Louis breaks [illegible] into one serious paragraph in the last of these whimsical narratives—and the curse of such concentrated beauty and power becomes a serious matter indeed.

Gorki is almost at his best in his pictures of the gypsies of the steppes. "Makar Chudra" ("The Gipsy," in the May number) is unforgetable; and the "Song of the Falcon," chanting "the song of praise to the madness of the brave," stirs one's blood like the sound of trumpets.

(*Continued on page 8*)

They stop digestive distress —but not the digestive process!

ext time you feel uncom-rtable after eating, try one two Gastrogen Tablets. ou will enjoy the quick re-f they bring. But you will joy, too, the greater bene-of no interference with ur normal digestion—a nefit that is Gastrogen's n peculiar virtue.

IGESTIVE distress is most often the result of excessive acidity of ie stomach. And to relieve heartburn, flatulence and gas it is necssary to overcome this excessive cidity.

But your stomach must be *slightly* cid or it cannot digest your food.

Why ordinary alkalines retard digestion

lkalines such as bicarbonate of soda ill combat acidity—yes. But all too ften, they retard digestion. For, unss you take exactly the right amount, ey leave the stomach with an alkaline residue. And your stomach should be slightly acid.

The minute you swallow one or two Gastrogen Tablets they go to work to neutralize the abnormal acidity. But that done, they stop. You can eat a pound of them—they can't make your stomach alkaline. The surplus simply passes out of your system without further change.

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(*Continued from page 6*)

He responded with every fiber to the wild poetry of these children of freedom; and the red cruelty of man and nature is but one scarlet patch on an existence which is full of mystery yet exults in the whole. When he deals with life in the cities, he cannot forget the cancerous growths of civilization, darting tremors of agony through every human relation; and all too often he becomes merely a social pathologist.

Born in 1869 as Aleksyei Maksimovich Pyeshkov, he flung his black flag to the wind in his choice of a pen-name, Maksim the Bitter; and the grim details of his earlier life, spread all through his books, merely intensified his poignant scorn and resentment for the tragedy of life as he found it. The depths gave voice through him—and it is a cry that rings hauntingly in one's ears and heart.

I believe the two-act play, "The Wolves and the Lamb," was Thackeray's only work in drama form. It is full of the above-stairs and below-stairs people, the humour, the shrewd knowledge of the world which make him unique to so many devotees. I know some of the younger generation who seem to have no interest in those entrancing novels which had a place all their own in youthful recollections; but "the loss is all theirs."

The writer of the entertaining Satire, "The Broken Idyll," is probably unknown to most readers in the United States, though he is classed as one of the two best living writers of the short story in Spanish-America.

He is a grim realist, with a streak of pessimism through most of his work. And he does not like us of North America. Mr. Schweikert writes of him:

> Rufino Blanco-Fombona was born in 1874, in Caracas, Venezuela. To the Spanish-speaking world he is known as poet, critic, essayist, publicist, patriot, and revolutionist. His earlier life seems to have been somewhat of the roistering, swashbuckling type; at least we of the more sedate north might so regard it. He took active part in various revolutionary movements in his country, sharing in the vicissitudes of fortune characteristic of South American uprisings. He has been a political refugee, governor of a province, and he has known jail, an enforced leisure which he utilized by writing a novel in eight weeks, *El Hombre de Hierro* (*The Man of Iron*), his best piece of sustained work. He has one other novel to his credit, *El Hombre de Oro* (*The Man of Gold*). The dates of these novels are respectively 1907 and 1915. He has also published a collection of twenty-seven short stories, called *Dramas Minimos*, from which comes "The Broken Idyll" published here.
>
> On several occasions he has found it convenient to be in the United States, a country for which he has supreme scorn, if not hatred. He is a perfect hound for trouble, and exceedingly ready with a gun. During one of his visits to New York he clashed with one of the "minions of the law," as the dime novels might put it, striking an officer with his cane. With characteristic lack of humour, he actually thought that he came out the victor, probably because the American did not draw a gun and kill him, as no doubt such an affair might have been settled in his own country. At present he is a voluntary exile in Madrid, where he is connected with a publishing concern.

Mr. David E. Snodgrass's list, in the November issue, of "Books Everyone Would Like to Read," has brought us a number of letters pointing out specific errors in attribution. Two or three showed a dark suspicion of pie. But I cannot be certain that any correspondent has suspected the compiler of a sense of fun. However, here's a friendly reader who can speak for himself:

> Dear Sir:
>
> I have read with passionate interest Mr. David E. Snodgrass's admirable list of "Books Everyone Would Like to Read," in the November number of your magazine. I think I need hardly say that, after bothering with many incorrect lists compiled by others for the same enlightening purpose, at last here is one which, to my infinite joy, is wonderful without being wicked, and complete without being comprehensible—a fact which constitutes, in the mind of every intelligent person, a priceless and unquestionable advantage. Having read the Encyclopedia Britannica thoroughly from cover to cover, I am come to the conclusion that never have I discovered so remarkable a display of poetic sensitiveness as here; and knowing by heart "The Literary Suggestions of a Spinster," I do not recall ever seeing such a quantity of profound erudition

(*Continued on page 10*)

Never, perhaps, has any product been so greatly desired as the new 90-degree Cadillac.

Many are placing their orders for delivery weeks hence, content in the thought that they will eventually acquire this splendid new Cadillac.

It is not too much to say that no one questions Cadillac greatness, now—not even those who are not yet of the family of Cadillac ownership.

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(*Continued from page 8*)

crowded into a single page. In fact, I say quite candidly that Mr. Snodgrass's knowledge is so expansive that I cannot understand a word of it, and that his scope of reading is so obviously all-embracing that I do not see how he found opportunity for publishing so many noble and inspiring volumes for his public entertainment.

However (and I feel humbled to pain in questioning the infallibility of so great a man), I am forced to take one exception. It is because of my unfamiliarity with literature. No. 17 on the list is called "Genealogy of Morals," and is printed under the name of Guy de Maupassant. I feel perfectly sure that you are right. But in the best libraries I find that the "Genealogy of Morals" is given as the work of an author with the strange cognomen of Nietzsche. Now, I think one may rest assured that this is a popular error, and that the first publisher, finding that no one would understand the long name of Guy de Maupassant, selected letters from the alphabet at random and printed them on the title-page. I can see no other explanation in the world for it. And, also, I have just noticed another fallacious statement which I may call to your attention: No. 13, a book by Boswell on Johnson, is set down as "Travels with a Donkey," whereas even the most educated man knows that it should read "Travels with an Ox."

Again allow me to thank you very sincerely for the lasting pleasure I have derived from Mr. Snodgrass's expansive searchings; and let me also assure you that I intend, indeed, to read these thirty treasure-houses the moment they come off the press. It is encouraging, at a time when people are reading the half-baked, ill-disciplined and indecent effusions of famous divines and philosophers, to see that a man of taste has gone to the breathless pains of compiling a list of books for the perusal of learned coal-miners and others who, like Mr. Snodgrass, are busy excavating the solid deposits of the past.

Now, to conclude, may I mention a list of five books that I myself always carry in my sleeve for the sake of new sensations?

1. Schopenhauer—When We Were Very Young.
2. Kant—A Sentimental Journey.
3. Emerson—The Picture of Dorian Gray.
4. W. J. Bryan—The Necessity of Atheism.
5. Tennyson—Les Fleurs du Mal.

Most earnestly yours,
John Hyde Preston.

An interesting letter from Don Farran relates to the request for information as to the first use of the phrase "The Open Road" in its modern meaning:

For myself, I find, in studying the original language of the Rommani, that a phrase they have had since the time of Behram Gour of Persia has held exactly the meaning of "The Open Road." That phrase is "The Droms," and any gipsy, to this day, will tell you it means all that "The Open Road" implies.

The philologist would also point out that there is an obvious connection here with the Greek *dromos*, which we have adapted in various combinations to signify a running: *hippodrome*, a race-course for horses, *aerodrome*, and so on. H. W. L.

The Index for Volume II is now ready and may be had, free of charge, on application addressed to the Back Number Department.

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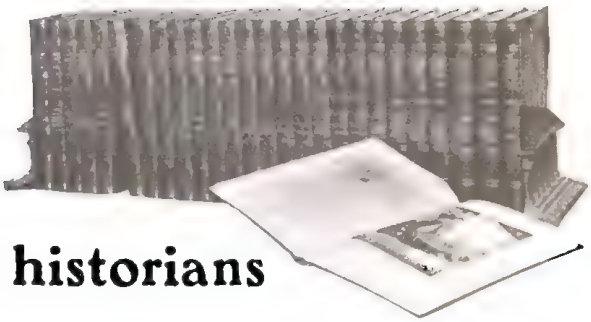

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To the man who is 35 *and* DISSATISFIED

WE DELIBERATELY pass over a large proportion of the readers of this magazine in order to address this page directly to *men in their thirties*.

There is a powerful reason for this.

The dissatisfied man of twenty-five is not usually in a difficult position. He has few responsibilities; he can move easily; he can take a chance.

But from thirty-five to forty is the age of crisis. In these years a man either marks out the course which leads to definite advancement or settles into permanent unhappiness. There are thousands who see the years passing with a feeling close to desperation.

They say:

"I must make more money," but they have no plan for making more.

"There is no future for me," but they see no other opening.

"I am managing to scrape along now, but how in the world will I ever educate my children?"

To men whose minds are constantly—and often almost hopelessly — at work on such thoughts, this page is addressed. It is devoid of rhetoric. It is plain, blunt common sense.

Let us get one thing straight at the very start—

We do not want you unless you want us

There is the dissatisfied man who will *do* something, and the one who won't. We feel sorry for the latter, but we cannot afford to enrol him. We have a reputation for training men who—as a result of our training—earn large salaries and hold responsible positions. That reputation must be maintained. We can do much, but we cannot *make* a man succeed who will not help himself. So rest assured you will not be unduly *urged* into anything.

Now what can happen to

A dissatisfied man who acts?

We wish we could answer that question by letting you read the letters that come to us in every mail. Here is one, for example—from Victor F. Stine of Hagerstown, Md. "I was floundering around without a definite goal," he says, "and was seriously considering a Civil Service appointment." (You can tell from that how hopeless he was. A Civil Service appointment means a few thousand dollars a year *for life*.)

"The study of the Course and Service was not a hardship," he continues, "rather it was a real pleasure because it is so practical and inspiring thruout." (The *method* of the Course makes it practical and inspiring. We teach business not alone thru study but thru *practice*. You learn executive thinking by meeting executive problems and making executive decisions.) "Added self-confidence and increased vision gained from the Course," says Mr. Stine, "enabled me to accept and discharge added responsibilities successfully."

He is Secretary now of the organization in which he was then a dissatisfied cog.

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THE GOLDEN BOOK FINANCIAL DIRECTORY

THE INVESTMENT BUREAU

A department offering its services without charge to readers of THE GOLDEN BOOK. All letters to the Bureau are treated as personal and confidential and are answered in full by mail. Below appear a few extracts from recent correspondence relating to subjects of general interest. Address Investment Bureau, THE GOLDEN BOOK, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

THE FINANCIAL DIRECTORY

THE GOLDEN BOOK reserves the following pages for announcements of reputable banking houses, trust companies, savings banks, brokers, and other financial institutions. Inquiry is made concerning the institutions advertising under this heading and none is accepted that is found to be of questionable character. When writing to these institutions please mention THE GOLDEN BOOK.

Building Up an Investment Estate

By the Investment Editor

The way to start an estate and also one of the secrets of happiness in the words of Robert Louis Stevenson is to make a little and spend a little less. The more American way of putting this, in the words of one of the country's most successful publishers, is to make a little more than one spends.

It is the saving habit that is necessary. Mr. William R. Compton, head of the St. Louis banking house which bears his name, started his first bank account with $3.20 at the age of nine and says he has saved ever since. He said: "I would be just as unhappy in not saving money every month as I would be in losing my chance for three meals a day." When Mr. John G. Shedd, head of Marshall Field & Company, went to work for Mr. Marshall Field at the age of twenty-one for ten dollars a week and then for twelve dollars, he saved five dollars a week regularly. Mr. Shedd has told the writer that a small pamphlet which fell into his hands as a boy, showing how a dollar in the savings bank would grow; how much one dollar a week, two dollars and five dollars would amount to in a few years at compound interest, made a great impression on him and he profited by it.

For first small savings there is no doubt that a good savings bank is the best place to start the accumulation of an estate and watch it grow. In such an institution one's money is invested in a well diversified list of high grade bonds. Diversification of risks is thus secured for small sums. And in the case of an emergency, money in a savings bank is readily available.

If one has dependents, then life insurance should be provided for as one of the first steps. It insures the creation of an estate even though the wage earner should die. One should buy the most insurance they can get for their money and for that reason what is known as "straight life" insurance is the best for most people. Under modern insurance laws it carries "paid up" and "cash surrender values" at various ages which gives the policy-holder the advantages of other forms of insurance which would cost him more, or rather for which he would get less life insurance for his money.

Insurance cannot be considered an investment. The only advantage that can be claimed for "endowment insurance" is that it enforces regular savings habits on the purchaser of it. If, however, a drastic method is needed to inculcate the saving habit, the one adopted by Lord Shaughnessy when he was a young boy in Minnesota seems better. He experienced the difficulty of managing his weekly budget common to most young men starting out in life on an inelastic salary. He found saving burdensome and seemingly impossible, but the resources which distinguished this great railroad builder in many achievements during his later career were present in the young Irish lad. He applied to a friend, the cashier of a Minneapolis bank, for a loan of $100. The cashier demurred until Shaughnessy explained his plan and pointed out that he did not intend to withdraw the $100 from the bank. He wanted it placed to his credit. At his suggestion the cashier made out ten notes of ten dollars each payable by Shaughnessy at successive periods of one to ten months. There was thus a definite obligation which Shaughnessy had to meet every month and by dint of saving and scraping he did it and when the last instalment was paid he was the possessor of one hundred dollars.

The advantage of a debt to stimulate saving for the building of an estate has been recognized by able bankers. The late James B. Forgan, for many years president of the First National Bank of Chicago, in advice to young men who had accumulated their first thousand dollars, recommended, if they were not in business that needed the money for additional working capital, that they invest in a first class bond or similar security; then make a careful estimate of the amount they would be able to save during the ensuing year; borrow that amount, using the first thousand dollar security as collateral; buy another bond or other security with it and pay off the borrowed sum in regular instalments during the year, making those payments the first disbursement from their salary.

Another and easier way of accumulating regular savings

(*Continued on page 16*)

Even an old investor can learn new tricks

"I AM sixty-four years old," an investor said. "I am too old to learn new tricks. Why should I change my whole investment policy now?"

The Compton salesman was able to show this investor why he should change his investment policy. He had spent his whole life in building up a fortune in stocks. His investments were sound—as long as his financial genius watched over them.

His investments brought him a satisfactory income—but they were not selected so that they would minimize inheritance taxes. His estate faced a tremendous loss in tax assessments at his death.

He did change his investment policy. He saw that his investment needs had changed with his changing age. He looked at his investments as an estate—and then revised his holdings.

He added a fair proportion of sound bonds, well selected for minimizing inheritance taxes. He revised all his holdings, with a view as to their value when his guiding hand should be removed.

The business of William R. Compton Company is the selling of sound securities —and not the charitable giving of investment advice. Yet the Compton sales policy has been proved right by thirty-eight years of national success. The Compton policy is this: to use every effort to help you build a sound invested fortune, to help you keep it balanced to suit your personal needs, and to help you improve your investment position. That policy is sound—for, as you profit, your purchase follows.

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Continued from page 14

and receiving on them a somewhat higher return than savings banks pay is in local building and loan associations. These associations are taking a larger and larger place in the financial field and where they are in states having well designed laws to regulate them and operate locally they are probably as safe a place for the investment of savings as one can find. The money is invested in mortgages on local homes, and, barring local catastrophes, there is probably nothing safer than such investment.

When the individual starts investing his own money in securities he should begin with the best grade bonds for he cannot with a small sum secure the advantages of diversification which is the best safeguard when one begins taking more risk in his investments.

After one has laid a solid foundation for an investment estate with a few of the best bonds and mortgages, he will be justified in placing additional savings in second grade bonds and in the best preferred and common stocks. In a well diversified list of common stocks he has a chance to profit by the growth of business in this country such as he cannot have in bond investments which are limited as to interest payment they will receive and will be paid off at a fixed sum at maturity. Stock prices at the present time, however, particularly those of industrial stocks, are at very high levels and it would certainly seem wise for an investor in such times as these to place funds which he ultimately intends to put into stocks in short term securities and wait for a decline in the stock market.

And on the other hand it looks as though we may be in for a long period of declining interest rates and living costs which would tend to increase bond values and to augment the purchasing power of the interest return which they give. The bond buyer from now on may fare much better than he did for many years up to 1920.

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3. Arnold 6½% Certificates—Arnold & Co.
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5. The Way to Wealth—William R. Compton Company.
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7. How to Select Safe Bonds—George M. Forman & Co.
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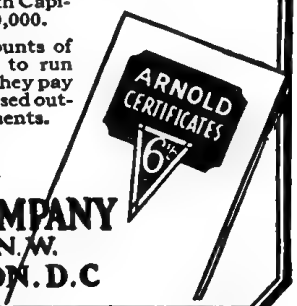

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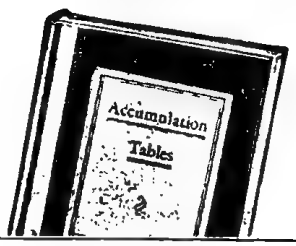

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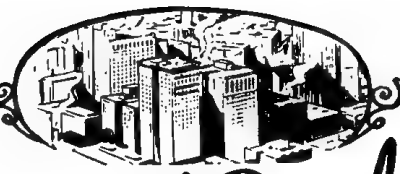

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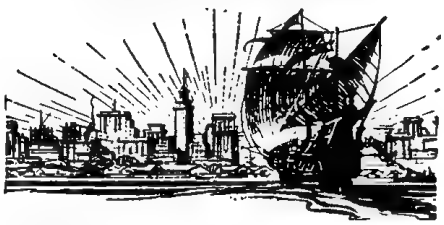

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Our passion for stories of highwaymen, pirates, and other outdoor adventurers is only natural, for at heart we are all rovers; and all feel the pulse quicken and nerves tingle when we are off with them in the fresh invigorating atmosphere of the broad highway of adventure.

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Boston Evening Transcript

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The Sun, New York.

who was the first of the great triumvirate of English novelists that were the glory of the Victorian age—Ainsworth, Thackeray, and Dickens.

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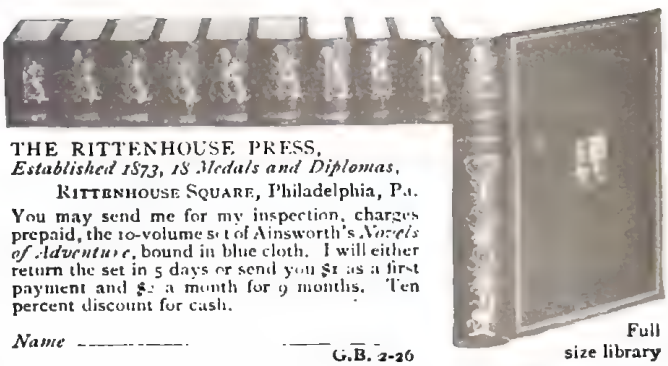

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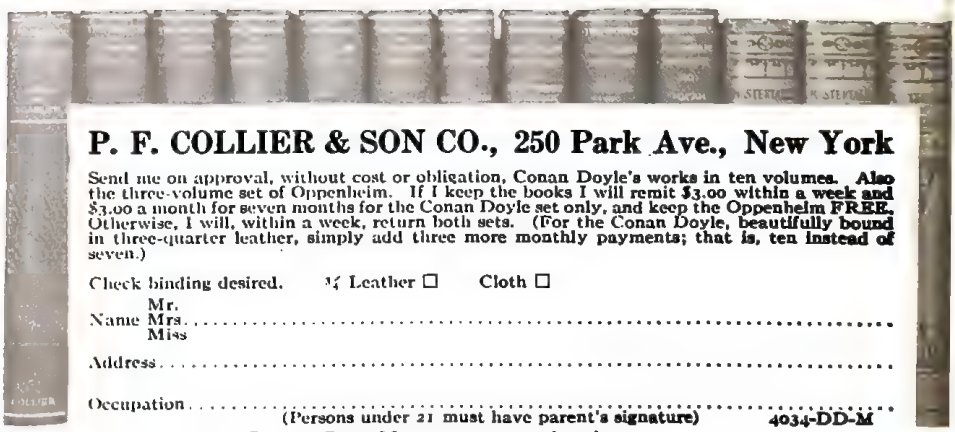

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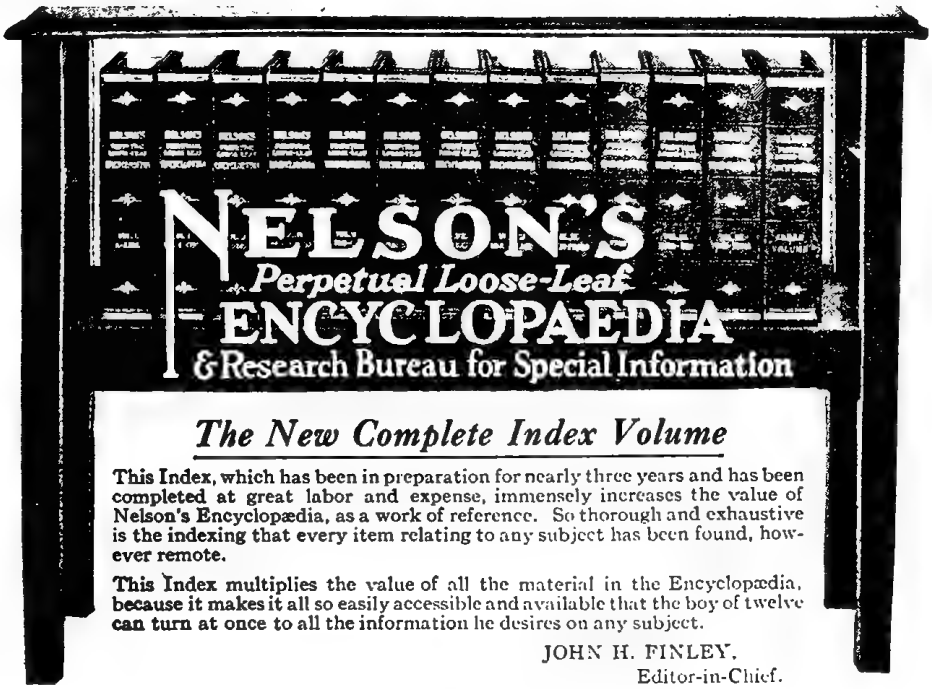

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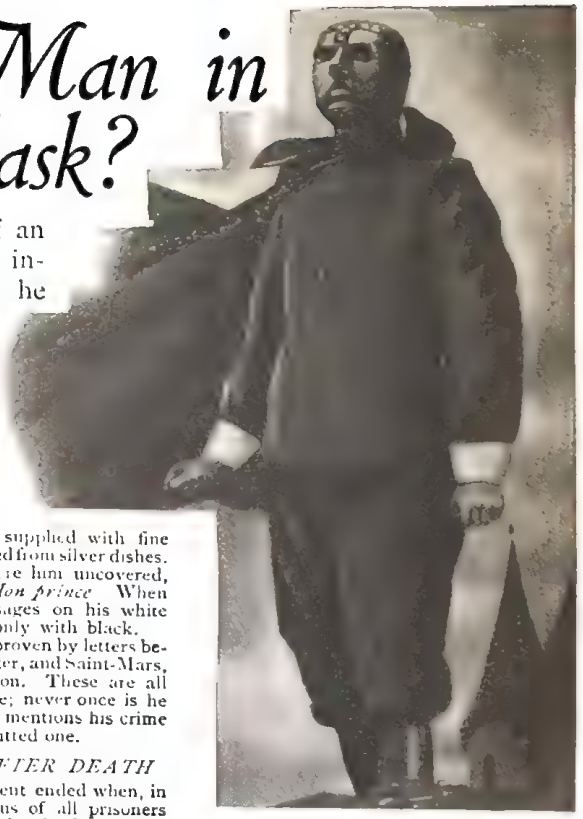

THIS mysterious prisoner on the ramparts of an island prison has always excited the most intense interest. What was the life which he exchanged for one silent as the grave? What had he done? Who was he? What was his past? The dissolute life of a courtier? Or the devious ways of an intriguing diplomat? Had some fair one in the hallowed circle of royalty loved not wisely but too well? Why during all these years has he remained the greatest of all mysteries?

NONE DARED TELL SECRET

Some believe that he was a twin or even elder brother of Louis XIV, a true heir to the crown hidden from the time of his birth. Others think that he was the eldest illegitimate son of Charles II; or that he, and not Louis XIII, was the actual father of Louis XIV. Some have thought that he was the son of Buckingham and the Queen of France; others, that he was the son of Louis XIV and De la Vallière. To have revealed it would have cost anyone his life. The regent admitted when drunk that the prisoner was a son of Anne of Austria and Mazarin. Louis XV refused to tell Madame de Pompadour. Madame Campan stated that Louis XVI did not know the secret. De Chamillart on his deathbed declined to reveal the secret.

MASKED—HIS FACE HIS SECRET

In 1669 there was hurried across France a masked man whose identity was shrouded in mystery. Never has a prisoner been guarded with such vigilance and with such fear of his story becoming known. He was taken to an island prison where the governor carried his food to him; a confessor saw him once a year, but no other visitor ever laid eyes on him. *He was always masked—his face alone would tell his secret.*

He was well treated; supplied with fine clothing, books, and served from silver dishes. The governor stood before him uncovered, and addressed him as *Mon prince*. When the prisoner wrote messages on his white linen he was supplied only with black.

He is not a myth, as is proven by letters between Louvois, the minister, and Saint-Mars, the governor of the prison. These are all written in veiled language; never once is he given a name. No letter mentions his crime or whether he had committed one.

SECRET EVEN AFTER DEATH

This horrible punishment ended when, in 1703, the most mysterious of all prisoners died and was buried in the dead of night, under a false name, and given a false age.

His cell was carefully painted so that any message he might have written would be covered up, and everything he used was destroyed lest any clew might be left. Thus vanished a man whose name and identity was unknown even to his gaoler—some think even to the prisoner himself.

WHY WAS HIS LIFE PRESERVED?

What was the reason for all this secrecy? What crime, if any, did this man, evidently of exalted rank, commit that he should be buried alive for life? Why did the king preserve the life of this prisoner? Why did he not have him put to death? The subject becomes more mysterious as we investigate.

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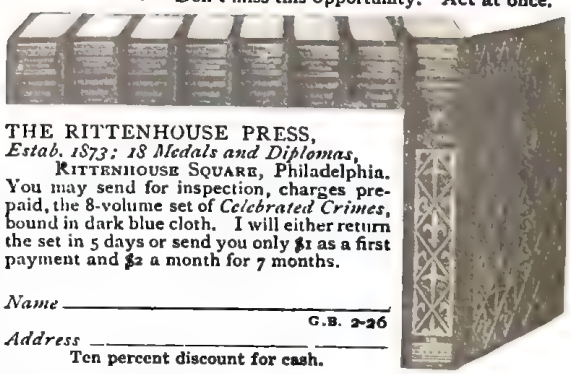

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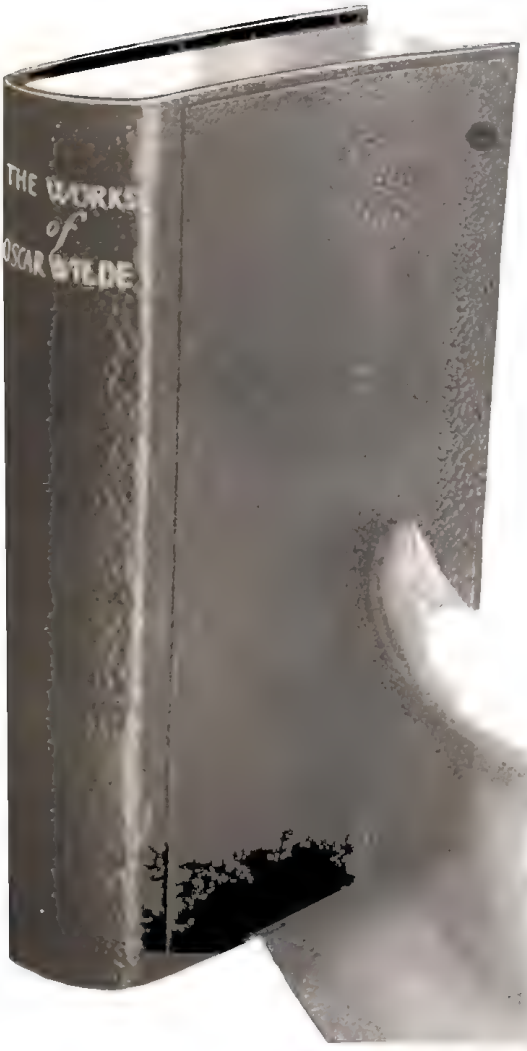

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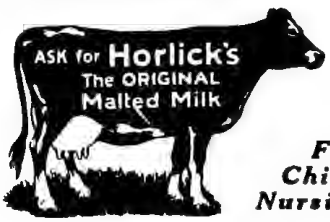

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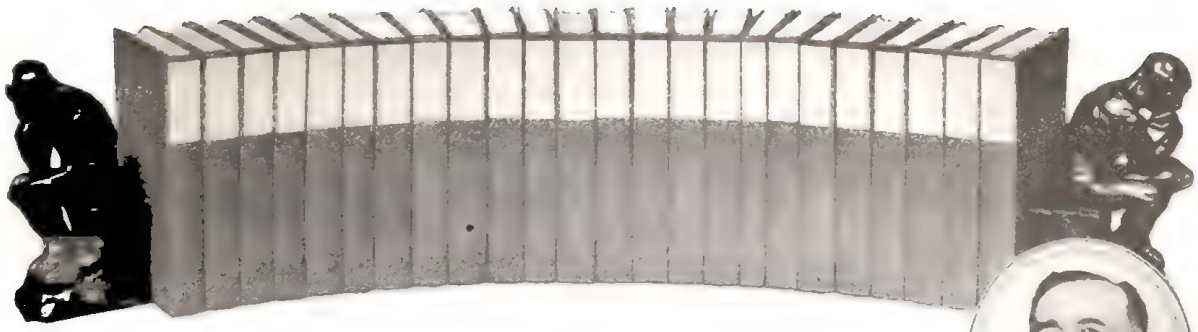

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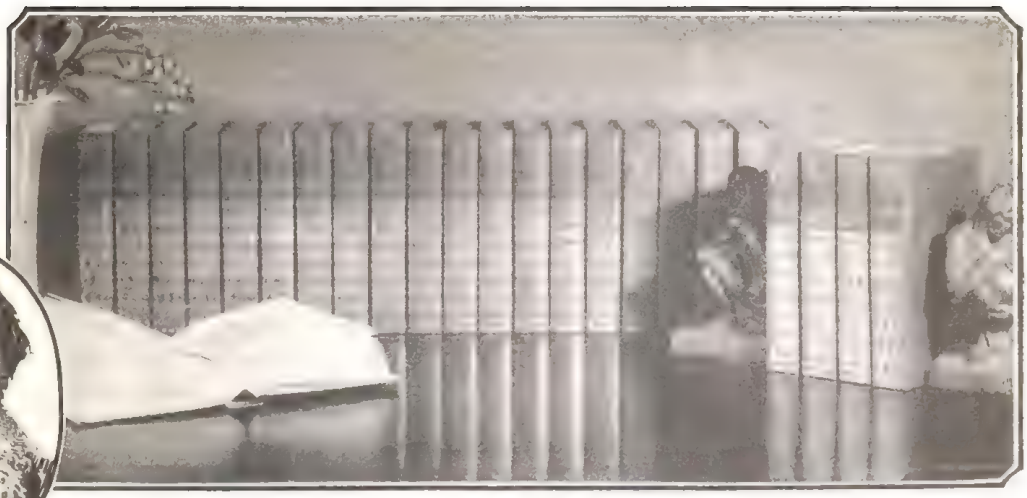

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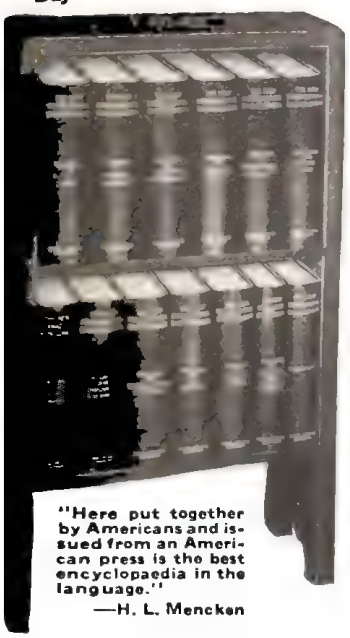

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The Magazine That Does Not Grow Old

Back numbers of the Golden Book contain the Story Classics which are as interesting and valuable today as they were yesterday. Look over this partial list of literary gems and notice how many things which you have always wanted to read are here preserved in convenient form. Where else can you find such an array of short story writers? You need not buy expensive sets or rare out of print volumes to get these gold nuggets of entertainment with "good education thrown in." 25 cents will bring you any of these back numbers postage prepaid.

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"The Sundays of a Parisian," Guy de Maupassant
"The Game of Backgammon," Prosper Merimee
"Squire Petrick's Lady," Thomas Hardy

March 1925

"The Accursed House," Emile Gaboriau
"Sire de Maletroit's Door," Robert Louis Stevenson
"Lokis," Prosper Merimee
"A Passage in the Life of Mr. John Oakhurst," Bret Harte
"The Living Dead," Tolstoy
"The Courting of T'nowhead's Bell," Barrie

April 1925

"The Man from Red Dog," Alfred Henry Lewis
"Story of the White Blackbird," Alfred de Musset
"Siege of Berlin," Alphonse Daudet
"The Purloined Letter," Poe
"El Verdugo," Balzac
"Rawhide," Stewart Edward White

May 1925

"One Block from Fifth Avenue," Irvin S. Cobb
"The Bet," Anton Chekov
"A Lodging for the Night," Stevenson
"King Solomon of Kentucky," James Lane Allen
"The Third Volume," Margaret Deland
"Zenobia's Infidelity," H. C. Bunner

June 1925

"The Princess's Kingdom," W. J. Locke
"La Tinaja Bonita," Owen Wister
"Perils of Certain English Prisoners," Charles Dickens
"House of Mapuhi," Jack London
"The Athletic Lady," Dr. Samuel Johnson
"The Gipsy," Maxim Gorki

July 1925

"A Corner in Horses," Stewart Edward White
"Grettir at Drangey," Frank Norris
"A Virtuoso's Collection," Hawthorne
"Among the Corn-Rows," Hamlin Garland
"Shadows on the Wall," Mary E. Wilkins Freeman
"The One-Hundred-Dollar Bill," Tarkington

August 1925

"The White Whale," Herman Melville
"Tamango," Merimee
"The Second-Class Passenger," Percival Gibbon
"All for Peace and Quiet," C. E. Montagne
"The Procurator of Judæa," Anatole France
"The Further Side of Silence," Sir Hugh Clifford

September 1925

"The Tale of Chloë," George Meredith
"Turlendana Returns," D'Annunzio
"A Drop or Two of White," Talbot Mundy
"Perhaps It Didn't Matter," C. B. Fernald
"What Was It," Fitz-James O'Brien
"The Oracle of the Dog," Gilbert K. Chesterton

October 1925

"Story of the Rat-Trap," James Branch Cabell
"The Need of Change," Julian Street
"Providence and the Guitar," Stevenson
"Cherry," Tarkington
"Love-Letters of Smith," H. C. Bunner
"Old Woman Magoun," Mary E. Wilkins Freeman

November 1925

"Because of Dollars," Joseph Conrad
"The Demoiselle d'Ys," Robert Chambers
"The Rendezvous," Turgenev
"Roads of Destiny," O. Henry
"A Grinning Match," Joseph Addison
"The Bull Called Emily," Irvin S. Cobb

December 1925

"Mademoiselle de Ducine," Anatole France
"Gift of the Magi," O. Henry
"Christ in Flanders," Balzac
"Mr. Dooley on Gifts," F. P. Dunn
"Simpson's Bar," Bret Harte
"The Servant in the House," Charles R. Kennedy

January 1926

"Girl, Girl, Girl," Booth Tarkington
"The Two Cartridges," Stewart Edward White
"Dawson & Rudd, Partners," Alfred Henry Lewis
"The Talisman of Moukoubamba," Clemenceau
"Something," Hans Christian Andersen
"A Little Matter of Real Estate," Myra Kelly

Back Number Dept., Golden Book

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"His Tail Between His Legs"

What most men would see if they could see themselves.

MOST men are being whipped every day in the battle of life. Many have already reached the stage where they have **THEIR TAILS BETWEEN THEIR LEGS.**

They are afraid of everything and everybody. They live in a constant fear of being deprived of the pitiful existence they are leading. Vaguely they hope for **SOMETHING TO TURN UP** that will make them unafraid, courageous, independent.

While they hope vainly, they drift along, with no definite purpose, no definite plan, nothing ahead of them but old age. The cowrings of life do not help such men. In fact, the more lashes they receive at the hands of fate, the more **COWED** they become.

What becomes of these men? They are the wage slaves. They are the "little-business" slaves, the millions of clerks, storekeepers, bookkeepers, laborers, assistants, secretaries, salesmen. They are the millions who work and sweat and—**MAKE OTHERS RICH AND HAPPY!**

The pity of it is, nothing can **SHAKE THEM** out of their complacency. Nothing can stir them out of the mental rut into which they have sunk.

Their wives, too, quickly lose ambition and become slaves—slaves to their kitchens, slaves to their children, slaves to their husbands—slaves to their homes. And with such examples before them, what hope is there for their children **BUT TO GROW UP INTO SLAVERY.**

Some men, however, after years of cringing, turn on life. They **CHALLENGE** the whipper. They discover, perhaps to their own surprise, that it isn't so difficult as they imagined, **TO SET A HIGH GOAL**—and reach it! Only a few try—it is true—but that makes it easier for those who **DO** try.

The rest quit. They show a yellow streak as broad as their backs. They are through—and in their hearts they know it. Not that they are beyond help, but that they have acknowledged defeat, laid down their arms, stopped using their heads, and have simply said to life, "Now do with me as you will."

What about **YOU?** Are you ready to admit that you are through? Are you content to sit back and wait for something to turn up? Have you shown a yellow streak in **YOUR** Battle of Life? Are you satisfied to keep your wife and children—and yourself—enslaved? **ARE YOU AFRAID OF LIFE?**

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What most men would see if they could see themselves.

General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Founder of the Boy Scout Movement.	Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice, Director of Military Operations, Imperial General Staff.
Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Founder of the Juvenile Court, Denver.	Admiral Lord Beresford, G. C. B., G. C. V. O.
Sir Harry Lauder, Comedian.	Baroness Orczy, Author.
W. L. George, Author.	Prince Charles of Sweden.

—and others, of equal prominence, too numerous to mention here.

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But if they use their **HEADS** they will realize that people cannot be **HELPED** by tommyrot and that there **MUST** be something in Pelmanism, when it has such a record behind it, and when it is endorsed by the kind of people listed above.

If you are made of the stuff that isn't content to remain a slave—if you have taken your last whipping from life,—if you have a spark of **INDEPENDENCE** left in your soul, write for this free book. It tells you what Pelmanism is, **WHAT IT HAS DONE FOR OTHERS,** and what it can do for you.

The first principle of **YOUR** success is to do something radical in your life. You cannot make just an ordinary move, for you will soon again sink into the mire of discouragement. **Let Pelmanism help you FIND YOURSELF.** Mail the coupon below now—now while your resolve to **DO SOMETHING ABOUT YOURSELF** is strong.

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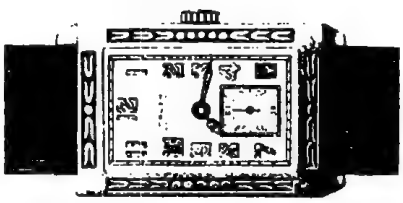

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Only he who eats a good breakfast will make a good husband. ARAB PROVERB.

Her nape and temple had the tight-curling tendrils of dark hair that always betoken great strength both of mind and body. ANGELO DE ANGELIS.

The strong religious tinge you sometimes find in burly people. EMERSON.

It is sometimes seen that the waverer, of nervous, atrabilious constitution, no sooner overcomes the agony of irresolution, than he flings himself on his object with a vindictive tenacity that seems to repay him for all the moral humiliation inflicted in him by his stifled doubts. He redeems the slowness of his approach by the fury of his spring.
JOHN MORLEY.

His face was devoid of those knotty irregularities which often mean power. HARDY.

On foreheads he set no value; but insisted that genius was most often indicated by a protruding upper jaw. This did not mean for him that thick lips had significance; but when the bony structure from the base of the nose to the upper teeth was thrust forward,—as, notably, in Charlotte Brontë and Coventry Patmore—he found the character that interested him. *Biography of* FRANCIS THOMSON.

It is only women who can love and criticize in the same long look. MAURICE HEWLETT.

Aristotle said melancholy men of all others are most witty. ROBERT BURTON.

Jesting often proves only a want of intellect. LA BRUYÈRE.

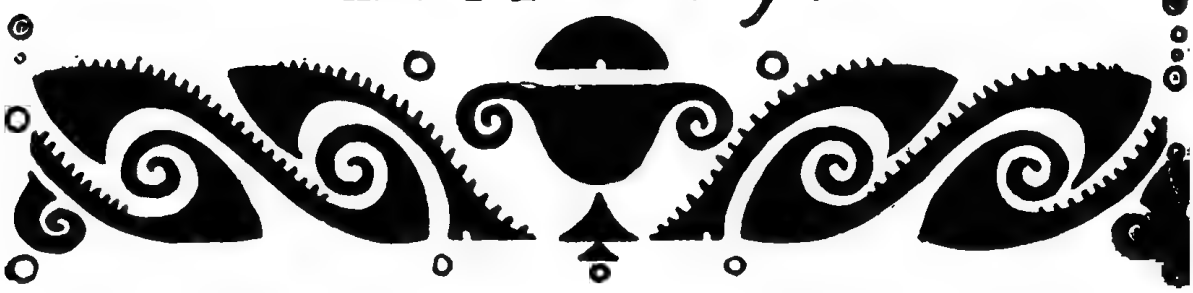
Women themselves have declared that one of their sex is never so much inclined to throw in her lot with a man for good and all, as five minutes after she has told him such a thing can never be. THOMAS HARDY.

Washington's Birthday

By ABRAHAM LINCOLN

MAY I be pardoned if, upon this occasion, I mention that away back in my childhood, the earliest days of my being able to read, I got hold of a small book, such a one as few of the younger members have ever seen—Weems's *Life of Washington.* I remember all the accounts there given of the battle-fields and struggles for the liberties of the country, and none fixed themselves upon my imagination so deeply as the struggle here at Trenton, New Jersey. The crossing of the river, the contest with the Hessians, the great hardships endured at that time, all fixed themselves on my memory more than any single Revolutionary event; and you all know, for you have all been boys, how these early impressions last longer than any others. I recollect thinking then, boy even though I was, that there must have been something more than common that these men struggled for. I am exceedingly anxious that that thing—that something even more than national independence, that something that held out a great promise to all the people of the world to all time to come—I am exceedingly anxious that this Union, the Constitution, and the liberties of the people shall be perpetuated in accordance with the original idea for which that struggle was made; and I shall be most happy indeed if I shall be a humble instrument in the hands of the Almighty, and of this his almost chosen people, for perpetuating the object of that great struggle.

February.



1 *St. Bridget (or Bride) first Irish nun, died, 523.*

She built her first cell under a large oak, which had been perhaps the site of pagan worship in earlier days, and from whence it was called Kildara, or the cell of the oak. Round this first Irish nunnery eventually arose the city of Kildare. . . . She was buried in the church at Downpatrick which boasted also of possessing the bodies of St. Patrick and St. Columba. Giraldus Cambrensis has recorded how in 1185 . . . the bodies of the three saints were found, lying side by side, in a triple vault, with St. Patrick in the middle.

CHAMBERS.

2 On Candlemas day it shall be declared, that the bearing of candles is done in memory of Christ, the spiritual light, whom Simeon did prophesy, as it is read in the church that day.

PROCLAMATION OF HENRY VIII, 1539.

3 Two women placed together makes cold weather. SHAKESPEARE.

4 The housekeeper should not go out to parties, nor should she gad about. She should not practice religious observances. . . . Remember that the master practices religion for the entire household. CATO.

5 Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
Nor helps good hearts in need.

DEKKER.

6 *THE MASSACHUSETTS GREAT SNOW OF FEB., 1717*

A man had a couple of young hogs which he gave over for dead, but on the twenty-seventh day after their burial, they made their way out of a snow bank, at the bottom of which they had found a little tansy to feed upon.

COTTON MATHER.

7 Nought that delights is sin.

BEN JONSON.

8 The judge wants his fee, and your counsel wants his.
My advice, Sextus, is: pay your creditor. MARTIAL.

9 The brightest hour of unborn spring
Through the winter wandering,
Found, it seems, the halcyon morn
To hoar February born. SHELLEY.

10 The most ardent lover holds yet a private court, and his love can never be so strong and ethereal that there will not be danger that judgment be rendered against the beloved.

THOREAU.

11 Families, when a child is born
Want it to be intelligent.
I, through intelligence,
Having wrecked my whole life,
Only hope the baby will prove
Ignorant and stupid.
Then he will crown a tranquil life
By becoming a Cabinet Minister.

SU TUNG-PO (WALEY).

12 I never encourage deceit; and falsehood, especially if you have got a bad memory, is the worst enemy a fellow can have. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

13 So to bed, where my wife and I had some high words upon my telling her that I would fling the dog which her brother gave her out of the window if he dirtied the house any more. PEPYS.

14 *St. Valentine martyred, about 270.*

Afield I went, amid the morning dew,
To milk my kine (for so should housewives do).
Thee first I spied—and the first swain we see,
In spite of Fortune shall our true love be.

GAY.

15 It is not Love that wrongs the race of men, but Love is an excuse for the souls of the dissolute.

LUCIAN.

16 It is the mind . . . and not the limbs that taints by long sitting. Think of the patience of tailors, think how long the Lord Chancellor sits, think of the brooding hen.
LAMB.

17 The bee with his comb,
The mouse at her dray,
The grub in his tomb
While winter away. BROWNING.

18 If your wife be wise and reasonable you will be a happy man, if she be a wanton or a coquette, you will become a philosopher; you cannot, therefore, do otherwise than gain by it.
MARMONTEL.

19 The summer hath his joys,
And winter his delights;
Though love and all his pleasures are but toys,
They shorten winter nights. CAMPION.

20 Now for a more humble feast—which any good man may keep. . . . A shield of Brawn with mustard, a boyl'd Capon, a boyl'd piece of Beef, a chine of Beef rosted, a neats tongue rosted, a Pig rosted, Chewets bak'd, a Goose rosted, a Swan rosted, a Turkey rosted, a Haunch of Venison rosted, a Pastry of Venison, a Kid with a pudding in the belly, an Olive pye, a couple of Capons, a Custard of Dousets. To these may be added Sallets, Fricases, Quelques Choses, and devised paste—which is as much as can conveniently staud on one table.
GERVASE MARKHAM.

21 What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow. WHITTIER.

22 Something of stillness envelops the actions of Washington. CHATEAUBRIAND.

23 What joy to hear the tempest howl in vain,
And clasp a fearful mistress to my breast.
Or lull'd to slumber by the beating rain.
Secure and happy sink at last to rest.
TIBULLUS.

24 To make a home out of a household given the raw materials—to wit, wife, children, a friend or two, and a house—two other things are necessary. These are a good fire and good music.
SIDNEY LANIER.

25 Never be flippantly rude to any inoffensive, gray-bearded stranger that you may meet in pine forests or hotel smoking-rooms on the Continent. It always turns out to be the King of Sweden. H. MUNRO.

26 When I see a cigar-expert listening to his cigar—I sometimes wish I were as great a man as he. Privately sometimes I have listened to a cigar, and it has told me nothing.
A. A. MILNE.

27 If you wish for anything like happiness in the fifth act of life, eat and drink about one-half of what you *could* eat and drink.
SYDNEY SMITH.

28 Old Mary Cooper, of King's Bromley . . . lived to be a *beldam*, that is, to see the sixth generation, and could say. . . . *Rise up, daughter, and go to thy daughter, for thy daughter's daughter hath a daughter.* DR. PLOT.

THE SNOWDROP

Many, many welcomes
February fair-maid,
Ever as of old time,
Solitary firstling
Coming in the cold time.

Prophet of the gay time,
Prophet of the May time,
Prophet of the roses,
Many, many welcomes,
February fair-maid.
TENNYSON.

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Strange Ports

By JOHN FLEMING WILSON

Faithfully yours
Jno. Fleming Wilson

WE SAT on the wheel-box of the *Mary E. Timms*, smoking our pipes in the glitter of California sunshine. The schooner lay before us empty and deserted. Up the gaping main hatch came soft sounds of water gurgling along the planks of the hull. My companion took his pipe out of his mouth, cuddled it in his huge fist and shook his head at a straw-haired man who peered down at us from the wharf. "Don't know where she's bound for!" he rumbled. The man nodded and retired, sinking behind the edge of the wharf till only a round hat bobbed within view. When this, after several erratic movements along our wooden horizon, disappeared too, the mate resumed his pipe. "Sailors always want to know where you're going," he remarked.

"That's natural," I suggested.

"It is," was the reply. "But I remember when young fellows weren't so curious about where the vessel was cleared for. But sailing was sport those days. Now it's business. There aren't many strange ports left, so to speak."

The phrase caught my ear. "Strange ports? You talk like a sailor out of one of Magellan's ships. Who ever thinks of setting sail for strange ports nowadays?"

"Oh, well," the mate answered with some signs of embarrassment, "that's just a manner of speaking. Only I was thinking of Silas Everett and the voyage of the *El Dorado*."

"Did you go to strange ports?" I demanded.

The mate sought the mizzen truck with

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dreamy eyes. "We sailed for 'em," he answered me slowly. "You see——"

Capt. Silas Everett quit the Pacific Mail line, and a first-class ship, one day about ten years ago. Nobody could exactly make out why he left the *San Juan*, for Everett was a steady, skilful, quiet skipper, not more than middle-aged, and he would sooner or later have been given one of the crack express steamers. But one day—I was third mate with him—he went to the superintendent and resigned. Then he came back to the *San Juan*, emptied his lockers, told the steward to hang a fresh towel over the mirror and came up on the bridge where I was fixing the compass. "Just hand me out those glasses of mine, Grindley," he said. "I've left the ship."

I got him his binoculars and that was all there was to it. Naturally, I was surprised; but Thompson took the steamer and I didn't think much more about it till next trip into San Francisco, when Everett hunted me up. "Would you like to go mate with me in the *El Dorado?*" says he.

"*El Dorado?*" says I. "I don't know her."

"She's a brig," he told me.

"Where bound?" I asked him.

Everett just looked at me with his steady eyes and said, "Are you game for a voyage anywhere?" Funny, wasn't it? But I climbed right down, so to speak, and said, "Anything for a change. I'm sick of the smell of steam and the same old road year in and year out."

"I thought so," he said. "I stuck to that route for twenty-three years. Come over to Meiggs' Wharf and have a look at the *El Dorado*."

So I went and drew my pay and turned in the buttons and badges on my uniform and we walked down to Meiggs' Wharf and I had a look at my new ship.

She wasn't very big, and was old-fashioned as a whaler. She was about five hundred tons burden, heavily built, with good lines, and a half deck. She was oversparred, and the canvas was all new, I could see. Brasswork shining, decks like cream and new dowels looking up like bright dollars out of the low quarter-deck. "There doesn't seem to be much for a mate to do," I remarked, and Everett nodded. "I've tended her myself," he told me. "She's all ready for sea. I've got half a crew, and I reckon we can pick up the rest in a day or so."

That night I threw my blankets into my bunk on the *El Dorado*, cut up some tobacco into the soap dish and felt at home for the first time in six years. It's pretty fine to step out on deck of a nice evening and smell no steam and see no passengers and not feel that from six to sixteen ventilators are swung the wrong way. I turned in and slept like a full bottle—without a gurgle. Next morning I turned what hands were aboard out at dawn and scrubbed the decks. Then I drank my coffee and wondered where Everett was. I hadn't heard him come aboard the night before. He hove in sight just as I set my coffee cup down and he had two more hands in tow. He shoved them up the plank, gave them a twist toward the fo'c'sle and came up to me, rubbing his fingers together. "Three more men will fill us up," he remarked.

Now I had had a good, fair look at the hands already signed on, and I had a glance at the two he had just brought. I spoke my mind. "Of all the rough, rum, piratical, filibustering, throat-cutting, knife-eating, nail-chewing, impolite sons of Neptune that I ever laid eyes on you've got the pick, cream and eelight," I said. "The very largest sized cuss-word wouldn't half go round with 'em."

Everett smiled, apparently much pleased with himself. "Can you handle them?" he inquired very civilly.

"I've been third officer and kindergartner on a mail boat for six years," I said. "My hands are soft. But I once sailed with a Nova Scotia crew out of Pictou and I had callouses on my shoes. I understand I am mate of this brig."

No more was said or was needful to say, though the last three seamen that Everett signed on struck me as being fellows that no skipper in his wits would have more than one of in a crew—tall, hairy, scowling, sullen chaps, the biggest of whom Everett made bos'n on the spot. I merely pondered to myself the probability that the *El Dorado* was going as a pirate or on a sealing voyage in the Jap islands. But it was none of my business and I kept my mouth shut.

We sailed the next day, without any fuss, and twenty-one days later I came up during my watch below and tackled Everett to know where we were bound for. "We've toddled out into the Pacific a thousand miles and dropped down toward the Equator another thousand and now, as I understand it, we are rocking along into the places where the maps are plain blue without any specks on them. I've spent my days licking the crew and my nights trying to get up

strength enough to lick them again the next day. You have twelve hands on this brig and each of the twelve would occupy the entire time and attention of three policemen. Look at your second mate over there; he hasn't knuckles left to wipe his eyes with. How many days more?"

Everett took all this in and then invited me into the cabin where he called the boy and ordered him to bring glasses. He reached out a large bottle himself and presently we were discussing it without too much ceremony while the shadow of the spanker swept back and forth across the open skylight. "I might as well explain some things to you," the skipper told me, brushing his hair down on both sides of his head. "But possibly even then you won't understand. You will see that I am trying to make up for my lack of advantages in my youth." Everett stared at me anxiously.

"I'm listening, sir," I said encouragingly.

"I suppose you ran away to sea?" he inquired.

"I did," I said. "I perspire when I think of it."

He nodded his head vigorously. "Now there you have it—real adventure, Mr. Grindley. As a boy you ran away to sea." He smacked his lips. "Now I had no such luck. My father apprenticed me when I was fourteen years old, and I spent five years in the same ship trading across the Atlantic. Then I was offered, through my father's interest, a berth in the Pacific Mail, and I stayed on the Panama run for twenty-three years, one month and eight days. When I quit the *San Juan* I had had no more experience on the sea than one of the steward's boys,—not so much. I resolved that when I had the money I would do what I longed to do when I was a lad and—" Here he looked at me in a scared way and brushed his hair down again.

"And what, sir?" I helped him along.

"And run away to sea," he finished hastily.

Well, I stared at him for an hour or so and he stared back, a prim, clean-faced, neat whiskered captain with a gold watch chain strung across his stomach. Odd, wasn't it? So I stared and all the foolish thoughts that I ever thought came up over the horizon of my mind and settled in the sky like peculiar, impudent stars. Were you ever eleven hundred and sixty-five miles from land with a lunatic? And yet Capt. Silas Everett wasn't a lunatic. You could see that he had been thinking of this thing for years and years while he was taking his sights from the *San Juan* and telling the chief officer to be sure and not load coffee and sheep-dip in the same hold. He was sane, all right. But it occurred to me that one of us was crazy and it was evident that I was it. So after a long while I managed to say, "And you're running away to sea now?"

"Exactly, Mr. Grindley."

"But where are you going?" I demanded.

He came back at me with another question. "Did you know where you were bound for when you ran away to sea?"

"I did not, and I was an——"

"Of course you didn't," he announced, cheering up. "Neither do I. Lord, Grindley, haven't I earned this? I slaved on a steamer for twenty-three years. Now I'm going to have what all you chaps had and I never did. I'm going to have a little adventure. Just fancy"—he combed his hair up this time—"just fancy: here we are with a tight little brig, free as air and with the whole world before us. Why, man, it's the real thing."

A thought struck me and I kept quiet and let him talk, which he did very sensibly except for his notion about running away to sea, which was all rot and I wished I had never done it. But that night when I saw the chance I sneaked out the ship's papers and looked up her clearance. I'll bet no other vessel ever cleared from San Francisco like the *El Dorado* did. But there it was all written out—"*for Strange Ports.*" Then I went topside and stared at the chart a while. The *El Dorado* was blowing down into the blank South Pacific.

There was one thing, however, that I was entitled to know and I went right to the skipper about it. "It's all right about where we're bound for," I told him. "If you're yachting it suits me. Kindly enlighten me as to the reason you had for raking the cinders of hell for your crew."

He gave me no satisfaction, though I found out afterward and I'll tell you about that when I get to it. In the meantime please consider me conducting a free fight through several thousand miles of latitude and longitude, up one side of the world and down the other, cross all the tropics, through every oceanic current and thwartships of the mundane sphere for eight months. Have you looked in your geography lately? Well, the surface of the earth is said to be two-thirds water. That is a lie. It is nine-tenths water. We didn't sight even an island from the time we left the Golden

Gate till nine months later, when Everett looked up at me from the chart and said quietly, "I wish you'd correct this course here. I make it sixteen hundred and eight miles."

I jumped. "To where?" I asked.

"To Hué," he said.

"Hué? That's a new one to me," I remarked, planting my fists on the chart. "But land is land and a port is a port the world over."

When my eye lit on Hué, I felt funny. Look for it on any chart of Indian waters. It is in Cochin China, not so far from Saigon. The *El Dorado* was swinging along in the southern equatorial current and ahead of her lay a mess of islands. Well, time enough to tell about it when we get there.

Did you ever sail in those waters? Don't. Just a week later than the day that Everett handed me his figures, our little brig was plunging bows under in broken water. I swear that all the water in the world piles up on the shoals and into the channels off that coast. It swirls up from the bottom, rides down in smoking rollers, whirls in vast pools that suck and suck and suck at the fringes of smelly islands. Lord, what a seaman Everett was! Day after day we rocked along among these currents and tides. Now and then I could see the exact place where the great stream of water forked and divided. Moon and stars and sun together pulled and hauled and drew and drove that hot, scented sea amid the flocking islands. One hour we were racing on the crest of a tidal wave; the following hour we were close hauled and beating up into the thrust of a torrent of water pouring round some headland. Not a watch passed but what the men threw themselves down where they stood and panted and slept till eight bells struck again. Everett and I didn't sleep at all, conning that little, staunch brig through the welter of rocks and water and shoals and whirlpools and long reaches where the waves ran ruddy tipped into the flaming sun.

Once in a while we would sight a steamer coasting carefully into some hidden bay, or a native craft boiling along in a tide-rip. But we won through, and the monsoon silenced the sails and we drove across the China Sea toward Hué.

Everett was jubilant, like a boy out of school. He would smile like a father on the sullen, sweating, cursing crew and then his face would light up and he would draw in a long breath of the spicy air as much as to say, "I'll have another of the same, please."

Right here occurred a small incident. It was a first-class mutiny. Sun, warm water, hard work and nine months at sea took the frazzled loose ends of our piratical crew and twisted them into a knot that was like to have finished us all. We all knew it was coming as soon as we fetched smooth seas and open going. It broke at midnight when the bos'n didn't relieve the wheel. The man steering quietly left his post and the brig came banging up into the fresh wind.

I was just turning things over to the second mate when this happened and the skipper was standing in the stairway to the cabin in his pajamas. Of course one of them jumped for the wheel while I ran forward. I got exactly as far as the corner of the deck house when a long hairy arm shot across my shoulder and a knife tickled my windpipe. But Everett was too smart. Something burned my cheek, and the man who held the knife seemed to lose his balance and went down, grabbing at my legs. I ran back, the report of a revolver in my ears.

It was a night of velvet set with spangled stars that shone with a sort of splendid blue flame. The wind was fresh and the sea smooth. You could see a man's bulk plainly, but you couldn't see his face or his hands. That made it bad. But Everett simply walked forward, with his revolver in his hand, and the second mate and myself back of him. I shall never forget that walk down the jumping deck of the old *El Dorado*. It seemed hours that we were stepping through the clinging darkness under the thundering sails, and all that time Everett was whistling gently to himself. The second mate's head was rocking regularly on his shoulders as he peered first over one of the skipper's raised arms and then over the other.

Our slow advance must have scattered the wits of the men, who likely expected to end it all in a rush. At any rate they didn't break in a body, but slithered here and there like men dodging bricks. But the bos'n—and he was a man indeed—saw that this wouldn't do, and slipped out and drove his big knife full at the old man's throat. Everett let out a loud, surprised whistle and his gun went off. The bos'n's knife clattered against the bulwark and he himself clapped down on the deck like a board. The old man fired again, stared at the threshing yards and let out a yell, "Man the braces!"

Yes, sir, they turned to like little children with their thumbs in their mouths, leaving

their dead on the deck where the hauling queues of men trampled them to the tune of *Sant' Anna*. And when the dawn burnt up the darkness the crew was done for. Everett looked 'em all over carefully and then told the sailmaker to sew the corpses up in canvas. Then he drank his coffee and smiled.

That afternoon we buried them, the two dead men, with prayer book and all. When the brig was on her course again Everett went down into his cabin and called me. "I hope I did what was right, Mr. Grindley," said he. "In a way I am responsible for this outbreak."

"I told you these hands would make trouble," I said.

"That's one reason I signed on such men," he remarked quietly. "In all my time at sea I never had any such trouble, and I wondered whether—whether I could handle such a crowd. It was an experiment of mine. Remember Ferguson? He quelled five mutinies, they say. Good man, Ferguson. I merely wondered if I was up to it, that's all. Well, poor fellows! All my fault, too."

Sounds crazy, doesn't it? Getting a crew of cutthroats just to see if one can manage 'em? But I want you to understand that I didn't see anything crazy about it at the time. I had got used to Silas Everett and his ways. He was going on a picnic he'd missed when he was a kid, and it wasn't my place to cut the rope to his swing or eat his banana or hide his clothes when he was in swimming.

Next day we sighted a lump of land that struck me as being first-class in every particular, quite different from the bits of islands we had seen so far. "That's China," says Everett solemnly. "I've never seen China before." He sat down by the wheel and enjoyed it. Later he remarked that we would lie in Hué a long time. "I'm going to see some of this China," he said.

"You'd have done it easier by taking the *Peking* to Hongkong," I suggested.

He shook his head. "I've done with liners, Grindley," he said familiarly, as it wasn't my watch. "I missed all this when I was a boy. Think of landing in a small boat in a town you never saw before or heard of till you saw it on the chart."

"It's a strange port, all right," I said, not thinking till I caught Everett's blush that I had given myself away.

"That was the way Columbus cleared his ships," he told me solemnly.

"Well, you're the Columbus of Hué, anyway," I said. "I wonder how long it's going to take us to make it? Tow in?"

"There isn't a tugboat there!" he said triumphantly. "We're going to see China *right*, my son."

That sea is worth looking at. The next day I watched the water foaming under the bows, the sky like thick blue glass overhead, and smelt the sharp, moist air and enjoyed it. Native junks tooled along like pictures on a revolving ribbon. Odd canoes slunk out of little bays, and an ancient tub of a paddle-wheel steamer went in and out of openings in the coast like a big bumblebee poking its bill into flowers. We stood on up the sea under plain sail.

I was called at four o'clock the next morning to relieve the second mate and when I came on deck I found that we were out of sight of land again. The skipper pointed the chart. I saw the wind had hauled and we were a good forty miles off the coast which here entered into a big bight. Pitch dark it was, and a strong current setting against us. I took the deck.

Just before dawn I thought I saw a vessel's lights to windward—the wind set off shore—but I could make nothing out till the first light came. Then I saw it was a big junk, painted a gaudy red and black like a chimney sweep's cart. It was moseying along under a hugeous big sail and the steersman was perched far out, hanging to the end of his rudder sweep. That was all, except that the junk was being edged over toward the *El Dorado* by the swift current. Everett came on deck and watched it a while. Then he got his glasses. The strange craft was apparently forging ahead of us.

Half an hour later it wasn't a cable's length away and Everett was staring at it with puckered brows. "I don't like the looks of that affair," he told me, over his shoulder. The words were hardly out of his mouth when he jumped for the wheel, calling the watch to the braces. I saw a score of bare-chested men climbing up the bulwarks of the junk with knives in their teeth and the steersman was jamming his helm over so as to thrust the junk in toward our brig. I let out a roar, and all hands piled up out of the fo'c'sle. The old man lifted his upper lip over his teeth and said in a loud, clear voice, "They're pirates. Give the hands knives."

The second mate caught the last words as he dived up the steps, tumbled back, and ten seconds later was spilling a heavy rack of big knives out on the deck. The seamen

grabbed at them, I took the wheel, and the second mate jumped forward to keep the Chinks from cutting away our headgear. The junk swung up against the brig with a bump and Everett ran down among the men, revolver in one hand and knife in the other.

For twenty minutes I sailed the brig, single-handed, while that hellion crew of ours, with the old man and the second mate in the thick of them, slashed, bit and mauled those Chinks as they piled up and on our decks. Thank God for those nail-chewers I'd licked across ten thousand miles of open water! I prayed for the resurrection of the bos'n and his fellow corpse. I kept the brig full, steered her like a small boat and watched.

You understand that the first thing these pirates tried to do was to cut away our gear. They knew that if they could render the brig helpless they had all day to finish the job in. With an ordinary white-headed crew we would have been goners in ten minutes. But our men were boiling for a scrap, tough as knots, filled with ginger, gall and grit. I saw whole rows of clawlike hands clutch our rail as the Chinks piled up tooth and nail. From where I was I could catch a glimpse of the crowds on the deck of the junk waiting their chance, and the boss of them, in a bright yellow shirt, yelling and shrieking at them from the after-deck. Then I'd see knives flash out and the hands drop off, one by one, and I'd hear great, agonized cries of pain. But they had managed to get a chain hooked over the port channels and it held, with the weight of the junk pulling on it. And the more hands were cut and mashed the more men seemed to swarm up the poor brig's sides.

I could see that we were fighting with the odds against us, and every now and then a Chink managed to stick his toes in, hold on for a second and drive his ugly cutlass into one of the hands. Two of our men were groaning on the hatch already, and I could see that the pirates below were loading a round-bellied cannon and the yellow-shirted fiend was passing out guns. Something had to be done and done quickly. I dared not leave the wheel, for the breeze was freshening and we were in a perfect tide-rip. But fortune took it out of my hands. A dozen of the pirates managed in some way to pull round our bows in a small boat and they piled over the lee bulwarks like a swarm of flies. I dropped the wheel, grabbed a handspike and tumbled down on the main deck to do my best. Inside of five seconds I was sorry I had come.

Ever fight with a dozen hyenas? Those Chinks were the worst men I ever ran up against. They bit, tore, scratched, knifed, shot, kicked and spit. I was naked to the waist in a minute and my shoes were gone in two. But Everett had seen what was happening and he edged his men round, back to back, and yelled to the second mate, who was nearest the cabin, to run there and hold it so that the Chinks couldn't get to windward of us that way.

Our leaving the bulwarks had allowed still more pirates to scramble up and they cut the braces in a minute. I saw Everett's face settle into a hard, wicked knot when he glanced up from the middle of the scrimmage and saw the yards banging. But that saved us.

The brig lost headway, was caught by the current, swung back and then the sails filled for a moment, and I saw the junk slide away from us and drag ahead. The sails emptied again, and as the brig rose on a big swell the junk was jerked bodily up under the cutwater. The crash of the collision threw us down on our hands, the whole boiling of us. Assorted yells came from the junk, the pirates ran to the sides of the brig and our sweating men jumped on them and the rest was a slaughter. In half an hour the decks were clear of the living pirates, and on the wreckage of the junk were floating a few Chinks whom the second mate potted from the fife rail.

We had lost two men killed outright and every man jack was wounded. I had a rotten slash in the arm myself. I saw Everett grinning over us, his hand wiping at the breast of his torn shirt. "Mr. Grindley," he called out clearly, "please turn the men to to clean up. Overhaul the running gear and get the yards braced. Tell the cook to get breakfast for all hands."

"He's dead, sir," said somebody, and Everett frowned.

"How many are dead?" he inquired in a very loud voice. I answered him. "Two, the cook and the carpenter."

"Tell off two men as cook and carpenter," he croaked, and started to step slowly toward the poop. But he didn't get far. One of the hands leaped forward and caught him as he fell.

We laid him on a bit of sail on the after-deck and stared down at him, careless of the threshing yards. Across his chest ran a deep cut and every breath he took sent bubbles out of it. He looked up at us and

rocked his head. "Turn the men to," he said in a whisper. "Get the brig under way again. Don't mind me."

The damage to the ship was slight, and half an hour later I came back to the quarter-deck and looked down at the skipper. He smiled up at me and I knelt down so as to catch what he was trying to say. "It was a great fight," he whispered. "What luck! I wouldn't have missed it . . . after twenty-three years on a mail boat . . . I'd like to see China. But I sha'n't. Take the brig home . . . neither wife nor child . . . I suppose folks won't understand, but it doesn't matter, my son . . . a great lark. Bury me in Hué."

He was passing, and the shadow of the spanker shaded his face wet with sweat. I listened. He was smiling to himself. Suddenly his eyes flashed over me and toward the thick, blue sky. "I'm clearing for the last time . . . for a strange port," he muttered. He was silent again for an interval, then suddenly raised himself on one elbow. His right hand shaded his steady eyes; he drove his sobbing breath out in a loud cry, "*Land, ho!*"

I threw a spare sail over him and laid the course for Hué.

I Sing of the Desired

A Song of Kan-il-lak the Singer

By CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER

MY LOVE is a cedar-tree
By still waters:
The spirit of the Desired
Is the wind, nesting
As a bird in the branches.
Hearken, O Earth,
To the song in my cedar-tree!
Like the trembling of bells
Is the Woman-Spirit in my heart's green boughs.

I will sing of her, the Desired,
Till the dawn break
And the waters, waking,
Move in concerted rhythm from the gray pensive shores
Out to meet the sun.

I will sing of her, the Desired,
To the small bright flutes
Of the rain,
And chant with mightier overtones
Above the thunder's drum.
When the lightning's spear striking
Summons the universe
To choir in massive harmony,
From beyond the storm
I will sing as the stars to come,
In the skyey calms of my cedar-tree.

I will sing of her, the Desired,
Through the mists and the dark,
For—hearken, O Earth—
With the nets of songs I have snared the Woman-Spirit!
Her swift wind-pinions
Are folded:
She nests amid the green boughs of my heart.

Lincoln from the Inside

A Letter Written on April 1st

Others have been made fools of by the girls, but this can never with truth be said of me. I most emphatically, in this instance, made a fool of myself. I have now come to the conclusion never again to think of marrying, and for this reason: I can never be satisfied with anyone who would be blockhead enough to have me. *1838 (29 years old).*

When Lincoln Was Twenty-Five

I am not so young in years as I am in the tricks and the trades of a politician; but, live long or die young, I would rather die now, than, like that gentleman, change my politics, and with the change receive an office worth three thousand dollars a year, and then feel obliged to erect a lightning-rod over my house to protect a guilty conscience from an offended God.

A Self-Portrait

If any personal description of me is thought desirable, it may be said I am, in height, six feet four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing on an average one hundred and eighty pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes. No other marks or brands recollected.

Another, During the Douglas Debates

They have seen, in his round, jolly, fruitful face, post-offices, land-offices, marshalships, and cabinet appointments, chargéships and foreign missions, bursting and sprouting out, in wonderful luxuriance, ready to be laid hold of by their greedy hands. . . . On the contrary, nobody has ever expected me to be President. In my poor, lean, lank face nobody has ever seen that any cabbages were sprouting out.

On His Way to the White House

The man does not live who is more devoted to peace than I am; there is no one who would do more to preserve it; but it may be necessary to put the foot down firmly.

Genealogical

I don't know who my grandfather was, and I am much more concerned to know what his grandson will be.

To Major Ramsay

My Dear Sir:—The lady bearer of this says she has two sons who want to work. Set them at it if possible. Wanting to work is so rare a want that it should be encouraged.

Yours truly, A. Lincoln.

To James H. Hackett, the Actor

Some of Shakespeare's plays I have never read, while others I have gone over perhaps as frequently as any other unprofessional reader. Among the latter are *Lear, Richard III., Henry VIII., Hamlet,* and especially *Macbeth.* I think nothing equals *Macbeth.* It is wonderful.

Slavery

I am naturally anti-slavery. If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong. I can not remember when I did not so think and feel. . . .

On Pardoning Twenty-nine Deserters

Mr. General, there are already too many weeping widows in the United States. For God's sake don't ask me to add to the number, for I won't do it.

A Reason for Living

I am not afraid to die, and would be more than willing. But I have an irrepressible desire to live till I can be assured that the world is a little better for my having been in it.

The King and the Lady

By E. BARRINGTON

In her little low house at Rouen the Holy Canon of the Chapel of St. Nicholas noted down these words of Dame Petronille, woman formerly to Eleanor, Queen of Henry Fitz-Empress, the Second Henry of England. Even then, at the end of her life, she trembled very exceedingly in revealing these secrets of the great. Yet, for admonition, they should be known. And what is here writ is true.

F THE Lady Queen Eleanor I would fain say little; yet must I, since all was of her shaping, and as she sowed so she reaped, and by the justice of God will so do for all eternity.

No greater Lady of birth and right dwelt ever in this world; for she was herself Duchess of Aquitaine, that land of the trouvères and of song, and to the holy French King Louis was she wife, and after, wife to Henry of England, great lords both. Wherefore of this world's glories was she full fain and of them she fed full, and for this her immortal part mourneth in great torment.

I saw this lady first when she sat Queen of a Court of Love in Bordeaux, her chief city. By the river she sat, under a bower of roses—roses about her in myriads; and so strong was the scent of them that the Lady Alix de Coutances, seated at her feet, swooned from the heat and perfume. But the young Duchess drew it in smiling, and it flushed her face like strong wine. A rose herself, all colour and bright flame, she seemed among those other roses.

The Duchess Eleanor had plenteous hair, dark as night and braided about her head with jewels, for she would not follow the custom that a maid's tresses should fall about her shoulders or braided to her knee. On her head she had a garland of red roses and about her neck sparkling jewels set in fretted gold in the design of a peacock with spread tail, very precious, of Saracen's work, that her suzerain and lord to be, the holy King of France, had sent her. This lay on her bosom, splendid in the sun. She had a kirtle of cloth of silver that fitted her shape and full breast, and over all she wore a long white pelisson of great brocade from Byzantium, edged with fur of ermine because she was a sovereign Duchess. Very haut and proud was her face, and her long golden eyes that, seeming to see nothing, yet saw all. She had a trick of looking sidelong and smiling at a man beneath her lashes; and if on this he dared a return, she would flash a look at him that made him shrink. Yet a very magnificent lady, tall as a young poplar, and showed beneath her robes her silver brodequins that men said were the smallest in Christendom. But I have seen smaller.

Before her stood Bertrand d'Arles, the trouvère, and all round her sat the ladies and nobles to hear him sing, and the song he sang to his lute was a chanson of her own making. Wherefore she listened with a flush of pride and a musing on her that for once softened her into a girl.

And thus he sang:—

In the orchard the dawn is breaking,
  Look forth, ma douce amie!
See o'er the dewy hills the sun is waking—
  Monseigneur Dieu! what hath he done to me?
Lo, how the sweet night dies before his shining,
  Slain of this cruel baron the high sun,
And I, that for my lady's arms am pining,
  Must weep and weep to see my joys foredone!
Monseigneur Dieu, sitting enthroned on high,
Remember me, how for my love I die,
And grant the pity of her soothfast kiss,
A little bounty dropped from thine own bliss!

She smiled a little when he ceased, and even I could see in the glance she cast from her long amber eyes that there was a secret thought between her and Bertrand; and he was such a man as a lady might well favour—lean in the body, eagle-faced—and sang indeed like one of God's choristers.

A Court of Love followed, where was tried the piteous case of the young Comtesse de Saintonges against her old husband; but all this I have forgot. Only I see the Duchess Eleanor seated above the rest, dark and glorious—a great lady.

Very soon came the news that the French King, Louis the Saint, had asked her in marriage, most deeply desiring the marriage between her rich lands of Aquitaine and his kingdom of France. My brother, the Seigneur de Vermandois, laughed aloud

when this news came to his Seigneurie; and when his wife asked him why, he said:—

"From a marriage of the dove and eagle what should follow? No peace, but rending!"

And on her replying, "But our Eleanor is no dove," he laughed again and said no more. After, I knew that the French King was the dove, and he had need to be, to bear with our haughty Duchess.

For she would have none of Paris. Sunless and cold she held it after her warm and languid Provence. Cold and cloistered also the court of the saint; and ever and again she would come riding down at speed of horse and man to Bordeaux, and laying aside her dolorous royalty, be once more our Duchess, and sit by the clear waters, crowned and throned amid roses.

It was on one of these days that she chose me to be a woman about her, knowing my mother had served her mother with loyal heart. For her sake she loved me a little, but she could love none greatly—no, not even Bertrand d'Arles! So I entered upon the service with great fear, for blows and hard words were plenty in our lady's chamber, though in public all was summer sunshine, for this lady would be loved and feared.

All the joys of this world she tasted, and would have sweetened her lips on the next; for when St. Bernard preached the Crusade at Vezelai, the Queen-Duchess must needs make a plaything of that also. A fair penitent, she knelt before the high altar, and, receiving the Cross from his hand, wore it upon her shoulder like a knight Crusader, and she and her ladies sent their cast-off distaffs to the knights and nobles who shunned the Crusades, to shame them. So that on the Pentecost, when the King of France marched for the Holy Land, the Queen-Duchess and her ladies went with him as fellow soldiers.

No need to tell that journey and the shame she brought on the King! as well may witness Raymond de Poitou, and even the infidel—the Emir Sal-u-din. And from this Crusade of bitterness and defeat she returned, loathing the monkish King, crying aloud for freedom from him and his cloistered ways, weary of her very life because of him, black-browed and sullen with anger.

Behind her chair I stood, when he who should be King of England, Henry Plantagenet, surnamed Henry Fitz-Empress, was presented to her, the shaven King leading him by the hand, and saying:—

"Madame my Queen, show favour to this damoiseau, Duke of Normandy, who shall rise higher."

I saw the red glow in her face as he knelt to kiss her hand, for though younger by ten years than she, he was a great gentleman already. Short of hair, gray-eyed, clean-lipped like a boy, strong of arm, light of foot, he moved like a woodman—a hunter and a soldier rather than a man of palaces and councils. The courtiers called him Court-mantle, for he went in jerkin and hose, but yet very splendid with fur and jewels; and for me, I compared him with Monseigneur Saint Michael, so much a warrior he seemed with his fighting face and gold head above his furs.

He was a goodly sight for such eyes as hers, and when he was gone she sat staring into the wood fire—for it was Christmas and cold—until the monk King returned; then she flouted him until the blood stood on his lip as he bit it striving for patience.

Three years later she demanded her divorce of him as in the fourth degree of kinship, and well I knew the cause, knowing also that she would gain it, as what did not our Eleanor gain when she would! But it was ill to gain, for the King held that Aquitaine and France were one, be he and she what they might, and it was wrenching a cantle from his heart to break that bond. But she had the ear of His Holiness, and what she would she had.

So she departed, taking her great inheritance with her; and when Henry Fitz-Empress heard what was done, he knew her mind, and counted her lands and gold and weighed them against herself, for he loved her not. Piers the Norman that was with him at Courtelai hath told me that, when the letters came, he frowned all day a black Plantagenet frown, sitting in his chamber of dais; and the next day he sent letters, asking her in marriage, and for answer, he had the one word, "Come."

With great pomp they were wedded, and with pomp they sailed for England; and I, who was ever near the Queen-Duchess, wondered in my soul how she should live in that gray land of rain and mist. She shivered when we landed and drew her pelisson of vair about her, and King Henry said:—

"Fair Lady, lose no heart, for the sun shines merry here also when the leaves wax long and green in the shaws. And my English love a laughing Queen; therefore greet your new kingdom with smiles."

But if she smiled then, she smiled little when we came to London, to the Tower, for among her ladies was Rosemonde de Clifford. Of her I knew nothing, but it seemed the Queen knew more, for I saw her black brows draw together as the noble demoiselle came up to kneel and kiss her hands, averting her glance from Henry, who sat beside Eleanor on a chair of state. And henceforth I watched.

Very tall was this lady and slender, with great gold hair braided above each ear like a cup, so that her face was set in gold as the faces of saints in a Book of Hours—pure ivory it seemed against a glory, having little colour in cheeks or lips. Her eyes were a green blue like the beryls in the clasp of the Queen's missal, and the lashes so long that she could look through them unseen, as birds do in the reeds; and so she looked upon Eleanor and dropped them. Her gown of blue sendal fitted her body closely and was set with goldsmiths' work about her long throat, and on her head she had a network of gold chains set with blue jewels. She held herself with a stiff grace, not gliding and languishing like the ladies of France and Provence, but straight like a young saint on a Church banner. No saint was Rosemonde, but most gentle, patient, and sweet-voiced—with long cool hands, ready to plead or pray, swift in almsgiving, pitiful to man and beast. But this I knew not then.

"Iseult of the White Hands!" whispered our Eleanor bitterly to me, as the fair de Clifford drew back among the other ladies. Very learned was Eleanor in all the loves of bygone days and had herself made a lai on Sir Tristan and the two Iseults—the dark and the fair. But Henry was no Tristan: a swearing, fighting Plantagenet, a lover of the tall deer, no lover of the harp; and had our Eleanor been wise, she had shut her eyes and gone her way. For all kings are not as the monk King of France, to whom a woman was a painted picture; and when she had him, she loved him none the better for the milk that ran in his veins, for a man must be all fire for her and steel for others. But this she did not find—no, not with Bertrand d'Arles, who sang of her as a thing divine, and when he laid his harp aside found solace in Marguerite Spagnolles. This we knew right well, but she did not know.

In the Tower was her son born—a lionceau indeed; and the King laid him in his shield and held him up to the barons that crowded the Queen's chamber. His face was hard and flushed as if with pride, and he cried:—

"Lords, let us receive with joy what God and Madame give us! Here is a boy shall carry the leopards into France and further. Welcome him, barons all!"

And they clashed their swords, and the Queen turned as she lay and looked on the King. The child she never heeded.

But Rosemonde was not long a Queen's woman. She grew paler and paler, and her eyes feared like a bird's when the hawk hangs on steady wings above him. This I knew, for I watched and pitied.

Later, when the Queen sat by the window that looks out upon the muddy river of the English, the Lady Rosemonde sat before her upon a low tabouret, her hands folded in her lap, an image of patience. Thinner she had grown, so that the small bones showed in her face, and her shape was like a willow wand under her close cymarre. Her hands were so white and frail that in my heart I also called her Iseult Blanchmains as did the Queen. She sat among the ladies as if she were not of them and had no friend at all. And the thing grieved me inwardly, for to me she was ever courteous and sweet of speech.

And the Queen said, "See—the King passes!"

And we looked out and saw the Royal barge, with Thomas of Ipswich, Lord Mayor that year, sitting at the King's feet, and at his elbow a Bishop, and they rowed down to see the ships at Queenhithe. So the King looked up to the window and saluted with his hand, Eleanor waving her kerchief; and I saw the blood rise slow in Rosemonde's white cheek until it burnt red and brought the water into her eyes under the hard stare of the Queen. A blow had been less cruel than that stare! And when it was past, she rose and knelt before Eleanor, and, in a voice that trembled, she said:—

"Lady, a boon! I ask of the Queen's Grace that I may go down to Hever, to my father's house, for I have a wasting upon me and weakness."

The Queen's eyes pricked her like steel from head to foot as she knelt with her eyes on the ground. They searched out every secret of body and soul. Indeed, I pitied the damsel, for Henry was a very splendid lord.

"There is none to take your place, fair lady," said Eleanor. "She whom King and Queen delight to honour is well beside them. And in this grim Tower I have need of your skill with lute and voice."

"Madame, my sister Aloyse is a sweet singer. And, moreover, she is skilled in broidery. I pray you accept her service for mine, for I am ill at ease."

"I also!" said the Queen, and all the ladies looked upon each other. "But I must needs endure, and why not Rosemonde de Clifford? Dismiss it, damsel, and content yourself. What! have we not pleasures and merry-makings at court to gladden a maiden's heart? And for the wasting and fever, my own leech shall heal it."

As she said this, Rosemonde stretched out her hands like one blind and fell forward, swooning at the Queen's feet; and all the ladies looked again upon each other and none gave any help. None but I—and I feared not Eleanor, for I was not high enough for her wrath, or so I thought; and with me the storms came and went. So I raised this Rosemonde in my arms, and summoning the gentleman of the antechamber, we bore her to her bed; and there she lay so long with her lashes sealed upon her cheek, that, thinking her a dying woman, I sent for Maitre Pierre, the Queen's leech that she had brought with her from Provence—a learned man, small and gray.

He, doing all his knowledge bade him with strong essences and cordials, at length made the fair dead image tremble, and it was then I said very earnestly to him, "Sir, is it death?"

And he replied, looking pitifully upon her, "No—alas! ma bonne dame—but life. Guard well your lips, for this is a King's secret."

"But the Queen's Grace?" I asked, trembling.

He shrugged his shoulders French-fashion and went his way, a small bowed figure in his gray robe; and turning, I saw her eyes were fixed upon me and staring like a lost soul.

"I have heard," she said. "Oh, if it be thus, let me die. Have pity! I would die and be at peace. It is still and quiet in Winchester where the tombs stand in the dimness and the incense floats about them. There a woman may lie and none disquiet her—no passion in the night, no hard eyes in the day; but day and night in a silence of great peace."

The pity brought the water to my eyes. None ever knew this Rosemonde but loved her, so child-sweet she was, so piteous in gentleness; and nothing witting, I kissed her brow that was cold as marble and the sweat in drops upon it.

"What should I say? Trust me for silence. Speak with the King this night that he may bid her let you go. Talk not of death, sweet lady. She that bears a King's son need not despair. His arm is strong."

"But how to see him, I know not," said Rosemonde, lying stark before me, and her voice like a whisper. "I am beset with spies. With the King I have not spoken in three months; yet must I see him, for this is a greater matter than a woman's sorrow and shame. Write I cannot, nor he read. Mother of Mercy, what should I do? There is no way."

Then in my folly and pity I said:—"There is this way. To-night I will guard you, and to this the Queen's Grace will agree, that I may spy. And I will speak with the King. What token is between him and you?"

She thrust her hand in her thin bosom and pulled out a ring set with a small gold lion and a balas ruby in his claws.

"He will speak with whoever wears this. But I am watched, and since Jehan my woman went I have had none to trust. For God's pity, help me now, and I will pray like a soul in Purgatory that though I lie in flame you may sit in Paradise."

And so, by the choosing of Fate, was I made privy to the King's love of Rosemonde. I did not choose it, Saint Catherine knows, but I pitied her as a mother her child, and also I feared for very great harm to all these noble persons. So I left her lying, her long limbs folded beneath her gown like a lady on a tomb, and returned to the Queen.

She had none with her but a page, and him she dismissed to the other end of the hall, where he stood, looking upon the steps. And then she caught my hand.

"Eh bien, Petronille, what has she said? How I loathed her as she knelt before me, her eyes on the ground, pure as a saint to see and with her heart of hell! She would go, would she! But I will keep her here, and her shame shall be her gibbet."

"Madame," said I kneeling, "I know not if you are right or wrong. This is a matter that needs watching and discretion, for the de Cliffords are great barons. Certain it is that she is ill at ease. One should be with her this night. I desire not to intermeddle in great matters, yet if it be your will, I will watch this night, and mayhap she will speak——"

The Queen's face shone with fierce joy; I sickened, seeing.

"Excellently said, my good Petronille.

Stay not only this night with her, but many. You she will trust. Your face is like the picture of Saint Anne in the church of Saint Ouen, and she has no friends. That has been my care. Though spies could watch her, they could not win her heart. But you will do this and tell me all. Is it not so, my Petronille?"

I bowed my head meekly, but I would not speak. Surely it should be devils that serve the great, for it is devils' work they do! And before I could rise from my knees, the King entered, bright-coloured of blood with the sharp wind on the river.

I stood behind her chair, as he kissed her cheek lightly, telling her the doings of the voyage down the river and the shouting of the people, and how they should dine with the City of London come summer; and she smiled as if well pleased, and presently, I laid my hand over the Queen's chair, and looked at him.

He was yawning as if wearied, but I saw his eye catch on the ring and stay. He looked straight and hardily at me with a question, and behind the Queen's back I laid my finger on my lips. He continued his tale, and she saw nothing.

Two hours later, when Eleanor sat with my Lord Prince, the King called me into the small bower chamber, and looking behind the doors to see we were private, he faced me.

"What says my lady?"

"Sire, that she would see you. She has that to say that brooks no delay."

"So!" he said, and looked upon the ground. Then again: "But you, Dame Petronille, what do you in this matter? You are the Queen's woman. Is it spying or honesty?"

"It is pity. Let Madame Rosemonde herself tell you of it."

"Madame?" he said, and up went his eyebrows, as if he laughed. He read my meaning.

"La pauvrette! she has no friends," he said, half sighing. "If indeed you are one, Dame Petronille, it shall be for your good. Take an earnest!"

And he lifted a long gold chain from his neck, and would have flung it over me, but I stepped aside.

"Not so, beausire. I have done nothing. But this night I watch with the Lady Rosemonde, and there will be no spies. Come, therefore."

"I will come," he said, and strode away with his dog.

I alone was present when he came to the chamber where she lay, white as death, but a beautiful girl certainly, with the eyes that take men captive and a body like a swaying reed in her slacked gold loin-belt.

He came, wrapped in a long gown of silk, a noble crimson with the French lilies on it in silver. Great comely men were the Plantagenets, all ruddy and gold, and used this like a weapon with the hearts of women. Even now Eleanor loved him after her fashion—a love so shot with hate and jealousy that she would as lief have killed as kissed him. I stood by the vaulted door on guard, and because I dared not move I heard their speech, and the first word caused me to totter where I stood.

"Wife," he said, softening his lion's voice to her ear, "what is this? Come, smile on me and have good cheer. A King is your man, and who shall harm the Rose of the World?"

She said only, "Husband," and was silent. Then again, "Shame!" I could hear the sob in her throat.

And he, caressing her:—

"What shame? Ma mie—ma belle amie, were we not wedded of God and Holy Church, and that before ever I took the Queen? Is this not known to Wilfrid of Hampton, the Mass priest of Hever, and is it not known to you and me? Then what shame? Doth that not suffice?"

And Rosemonde, sighing bitterly:—

"For me, beausire, it hath sufficed, and I have endured the looks of women and the smiles of men. But for the child—the heir of England—this I cannot endure. Speak out, or slay me."

"Ma mie, would I not set you by me on the throne if that might be? Would I not wear my rose on my helm for all to see? But I cannot. See with me that this cannot be! If it could not then, how now, that the Queen is beside me and her son born?"

"And my son?" Her voice was like a cry.

"What shame? The sons of Kings are royal and their mothers go proud and tall because of them! This shall be—What name shall he bear? William, from the Conqueror his ancestor, and Longsword because of the great sword I will gird on his thigh. And he shall be a haut Duke and ride with the leopards on his shield and our broom-bough on his crest."

"And the bâton sinister?" she said faintly.

"We will make it a charge of honour. Sweet, fear not! Smile as you smiled at Rouen the day I saw you first in your long

gold gown, when you leaned from the balcony to see the knights ride in two by two."

"How can I smile? I die with grief and shame. Who will believe, for none can know, that with Mass and ring was I made your wife and true Queen of England. For that last little I care, as well you know, but for the child——"

There was silence, and I knew the man was seeking in his heart how he might bend her will. Alas! he knew her well. Not Bertrand d'Arles played more skilfully on his lute than this man on the souls of women, and most of all on the soul of this sweet lady. So, after a while, he spoke.

"Rosemonde, your mother is with the saints." (I could hear her weep.) "But there is a mother of more than your earthly body—there is this land of England. How often hath not my Rose entreated me to toil for England, to fight, to pray for England. Remember you not that day at Shene when the thrushes sang in the coverts and all the world was white with May, and you spoke proud and high? 'For this dear land I would die. What is there I would not give for England?' Now, therefore, give! For if I put away the Queen, I put away Aquitaine from England. I challenge France, and you will see this land a province of the French King, and men of England will curse the name of Rosemonde de Clifford. My lady, I am in your obedience in this thing, for I am your husband and the father of this child to be. Choose therefore for me, and from your dear hand will I take dishonour if it be your will. But you shall know first what must be."

Now I, listening, knew well that Henry would take his own way in face of God or Devil; but this she did not know. Love is blindness and a great weeping. Never have I seen aught else in this world, nor ever shall!

Again there was no word. But alas! I knew and he knew also what would be her mind; for this Rosemonde was a very great lady, true and high and gentle—the dove and the eagle in one sweet flesh. But I caught my breath to hear, and he doubtless did likewise.

And she said, "England," and paused. And again, "England!" like one musing.

And he said not a word.

Then, very softly, she spoke. "Lord, I am English born and bred. Neither my child nor I would hurt this land that is our mother. True words have you said. It is expedient that one woman perish for the people. I did think—I believed that this our secret was but for a while; but since it is not so, since it is for England, I will endure. Had you but told me——"

And then again she was silent. She would not chide where she loved. The Plantagenet was safe in the shelter of the England that as yet the Plantagenets loved not, for they were but Normans at heart.

He clasped and kissed her.

"O Sweet, most sweet, what a lady have I loved! O worthy to be Queen of the world and not only of this little land! God do so unto me and more also if some day—some glad day—you sit not on my right hand, the Queen of the King and of all he hath."

His voice died away in a murmur of love and worship. So it is with men who triumph.

"The Queen?" she said, and I heard the shudder in her voice. "She knows! Her eyes pierce me like daggers."

"But I will hide my Rose in a thicket so full of thorns that she shall find no way through. I have mused long, and I remembered fair Woodstock by the river, where the meadows are cloth of gold with buttercups, cloth of silver with daisies, and the thrushes sing all day. There is a little house in the heart of the Maze—a house like a bird's nest all hid in leaves, and there shall my Sweet sit, and Dame Petronille, who is the wise and kind, shall be about her, and I will come through the Maze like a knight errant to la belle au bois dormant, and wake her with a kiss."

I had not thought he could be so gentle. Certain it is he loved this Rosemonde with what love he had: but I think it was little enough, though she, poor soul, fed on it, believed it, worshipped him for the scant measure, as is the way of women. So in all things he triumphed.

At the last he strode out, and his brow darkened, as he beckoned to me.

"If the Queen knows this, Dame, as well I believe, that poor sweetheart's life is not worth the purchase of an old pantoufle! and Woodstock Maze is the only hope for her and me. The Queen is cunning, but my love and I will outwit her. Who is on my side—who?"

So he said, like the King in the Holy Book; and I answered, "I, beausire!"—for indeed I loved that Rosemonde, as did all who came near her, excepting only the King that thought he loved her well.

It needs not to tell of the plotting: of how I asked good leave from the Queen-Duchess to return to Aquitaine, because I

could not endure the damps of England—and indeed I endured them ill. She gave unwilling leave, but, as I think, suspected nothing, and gave me a jewel at parting, a gold asp with eyes of diamond sparks, but I never wore it, for I loathed the coiled murderer.

So I rode to Woodstock, with Simon of Winchester for my guard; but my heart was heavy, for I knew the mind of Eleanor, and had seen her downcast eyes when she asked delicately and smoothly of de Clifford how fared his daughter the Lady Rosemonde.

But when Simon threaded through the Maze, guiding me, I banished fear, for I thought no creature not a sleuthhound could nose without the clue through those intricate ways. I scarce could see the sun, and we turned and twisted and doubled in the close walls of green; and there I might have wandered until God's Angel trumpeted, but that Simon held the clue; and what it was, he would not say. So at the long last we entered the little garden close in the heart of it, and there stood the little low house, brown and quiet like a wren's nest in a hedge, and at the door was Rosemonde clothed in apple green, and her great hair in two mighty gold plaits that fell to her knee, twisted with pearls—the very Queen of the wild woods.

The time drifted away in that quiet place like flowers falling—it made no sound nor stir. The days grew to months and the great day came, and we had not seen the King. Simon of Winchester—a good, simple man, but not, as I think, understanding all that hung on his tongue—told us how the Court was at Windsor or Shene and where not, and how the King had taken ship for Normandy, but would soon return.

So the day came and passed, and we were now one more in the House of the Wood, for the little William Longsword lay in his mother's arms; and praying for forgiveness, I could but liken the poor soul to the Queen of Heaven, so fair she was, so mother-pure and sweet.

And then was her poor heart torn again, for erelong came Simon with the King's sign-manual to convey the child into safe keeping at York, and his mother must see him go.

But two days later the King came, winding through the Maze by the clue known only to him and to Simon. Great joy was there in the meeting of him and Rosemonde. No longer pale and thin, she bloomed forth like a rose-royal, the Empress of all the garden. I, who have seen the courts of Aquitaine, France, and England, do say that never was such a lady as she, with a beauty of light and laughter about her, beyond all naming or painting, so that where she came the hearts of all naturally waited upon her, and she had been a Queen of hearts had she been a peasant.

So he made great joy of her, she sitting at his feet, and I saw her sigh when he told her that next day he rode to the sea and so to Harfleur.

"Sad life to be a King's wife!" she said; "lonely days and weary nights—and a heart that knows not rest."

"Yet would you forget the King, if you might, Rosemonde?"

"That would I not! Better a heart that aches with love than a dead heart. But better still, a cot here in the woods, with my King for a simple archer and my little son on my knee, and me to bake and brew for them, and the weary crown forgotten."

So she sighed; but for Kings is no refuge from the crown but in the high tombs where they lay down scepter and state.

He stayed but a few hours, and as he went I, looking, saw tangled about his spur a little ball of broidering silk, and I thought, Can it be the clue? But she was at her prie-dieu, and I said nought.

Days went by and Simon had brought confections and sewing silks and gold threads, and a message from the King that in three months he would return, and that with the child all was well.

Now on a certain afternoon the air was hot and still, with a leaden sunshine such as comes before thunder. The birds were still in the trees, and on the little garden-plot the rose leaves fell as if dropping from the heat, and fluttered to the ground.

I sat at the broidery frame, stitching the gold borders on the robe of the Queen Dido forsaken and weeping, in a design that Rosemonde's ghostly father, Wilfrid of Hampton, had made for her, when I heard a step on the grass, and before me came a woman, bending, as if she traced her way by something on the ground. She wore a close coif and a veil that hid her face, but I knew the Queen-Duchess.

Now at such times it is not thought that moves hand or foot—it is the passion that makes the mother deer face the lion if no better may be; and when I saw her put by her veil and gaze at the house that sheltered us, with those fell, fierce eyes, as yellow as a lion's, I thought not at all. I fled like a lapwing to Rosemonde where she lay upon

her bed faint with the heat, and cried in her ear, "Fly, while I hold her in talk! Fly! Take sanctuary in the nunnery at Godstow." No more; and seeing the white terror of her face as she sat up stark and still, I walked forth of the door quiet as a gossip at a christening and did obeisance to Eleanor that stood and steadily regarded me.

"Greeting, Dame Petronille!" she said, in her hard voice that with her yellow eyes had brought her the name of the Shrew of Aquitaine. "Greeting! Is this the France you sailed for so many months agone? Well indeed for you that you are out of England, where the English Queen has still a word to say concerning her subjects."

So she mocked, but at that hour I knew no fear.

"Madame la Reine, I have obeyed the King's command. And there is none in this house but me."

She smiled a smile I knew—a cruel smile if ever the great Devil set one on the mouth of a woman.

"The King is in France, the Queen in England. Give way, Dame Petronille! I would see the Rose of the World that a King hath plucked and flung by!"

And still I knelt before her and clung to the skirts of her great velvet robe.

"Madame, there is none but me."

And this I thought was truth. But as I held her, she, like the she-wolf that she was, drew a dagger of jewels from her girdle. I knew it well—had I not seen Bertrand d'Arles give it her with kisses? She struck at me—and whether she meant it for my throat, God knoweth; but it glanced and took me in the shoulder, and I have the mark now. And even then Rosemonde came forth, white and tall, and stood before the Queen.

"Spare this poor faithful heart, Madame," she said. "What is her crime? It is I only that have sinned against you. I give myself to your mercy. But for her I ask grace."

"My mercy!" The smile of the Queen was dreadful. It crooked her lips like an old woman's, and indeed I saw her for the first time old, with the deep lines about her mouth and her throat bagged like a vulture's.

"What do you standing, wanton?" she cried. "Kneel—kneel before your liege lady!"

And, folding her hands very sweetly, Rosemonde knelt and spoke.

"Great wrong have you had, Madame, though not as you have thought. I kneel to beseech your pardon for more than myself. I have sinned against you—though I knew it not."

The leaden sun struck us with blows like a strong man armed. So hot and still that the earth, like the Mouth of the Pit, knew not coolth nor refreshing. I huddled against the sundial and the blood soaked slowly in the woolen of my gown; but still I watched and prayed.

"Bold to sin and craven to ask mercy! Crawl lower, Rosemonde de Clifford! Swear that never in life will you see the face of my Henry again."

And Rosemonde, meekly:—

"Would I had never seen it, for it was to his great losing. Madame, I swear this if it lie with me; but for him I cannot swear, and you know it."

How could she but know that the poor lamb spoke the truth? Who should let the King from his heart's desire? I saw her eyes darken and gloom. Very terrible the woman was, in her coif and gorget stiff as a knight's armor, and the haggard vulture's face above it.

"That is true, and being true there is but one way. So dainty a lady should choose her death. See, Rosemonde, when first I set foot on English shore I knew I was mocked of the King and you."

"Never that, Madame," she replied patiently—the sweet soul was ever patient! "The King's Grace honoured the Queen. But true it is he loved me before ever you set foot in England."

So she held the King's secret!

"Loved!" God's pity for Rosemonde! That word had slain her.

"What are words between us two?" said the Queen. And I feared with deadly fear, for I saw her mood was like iron upon her, and stilled her voice and dulled her eyes. She looked like one drunk with wine.

"See here, woman—I have brought this cup and this dagger. Choose."

She took from her bosom a small closed cup of gold, set with green stones, and I knew it for that Sal-u-din the Emir gave her when there was that between them that Christian Queen should scorn. And in her other hand was the dagger still wet with my blood. And a faint giddiness took me so that, though I could hear and see, no word could I say.

"Choose!" she whispered: "the swift stroke or the sleep that lies in this cup. And because I am crowned Queen and Christian woman, I say the cup is the easier way. It is sleep, and sleep without

pain or dream. Choose, for with either choice the waking is in hell."

She held out the cup with a hand that did not tremble and in the other hand the dagger, and Rosemonde, white to the lips and kneeling, said:—

"Madame, I have a little son. Have then pity on a mother. The nunnery at Godstow is close and sure. Neither King nor baron may enter. Give me leave to hide my head therein."

And she: "Could I breathe the air you breathe? Could I live if you have life? Talk no more, but choose, for the thunder comes quickly."

And even as she spoke fell some slow drops of rain like blood upon the grass.

Then Rosemonde, still kneeling, put her hands together like a young maid at the Mass, and she prayed:—

"Crowned Queen of Heaven, Mother and Maid, have pity on my extremity, and on my child. For love's sake and my King's." And again, "Merciful, have pity, for I have wept and suffered. Receive my spirit."

Having said this, with one hand clasping the gold reliquary that the King had given her to wear in her bosom, she stretched forth her hand and said in all simplicity: "Madame, for this small mercy of the cup I thank you. You have had wrong. I ask your forgiveness."

But never a word said Eleanor as she unclasped the cup. Sure, if hate could walk the world as a woman, it were thus and thus. So Rosemonde, kneeling, received the cup and drank, and it fell and tinkled as it fell. And the thunder broke upon us like a leaping lion.

No sleep—no sleep for Rosemonde! for the Queen lied in her throat. Sharp pains, rending agonies, dread anguish of soul and body tore her. She fell writhing, with the pains of hell upon her, and Eleanor smiled.

"Madame, the dagger, the dagger! O mercy of God, slay me!" she shrieked; and her shrieks pierced the air, and sure they pleaded like angels at the throne. Was it for eternity she shrieked?—God He knoweth and not I: but it pierced my ears—my soul; and still she shrieked, and I swooned at long last, and even in my darkness heard the cries of soul and body rent apart in torment.

Now when I waked, the thunder was rolling fearfully away in the distance, and in the wet fresh air a bird sang, and there was a clear shining. I dragged myself to my knees, and looked about me, and beside me lay Rosemonde, gray and still in death, like one wearied and at peace at the end, and her hair like wet seaweed in the grass; but the reliquary was in her hand. So Simon of Winchester, coming later, found us. He knoweth.

Later, Rosemonde was coffined, and in Godstow stands her tomb covered with a pall of gold that the King gave with many Masses for her soul, and upon it these words graved:—

HIC JACET IN TUMBA ROSA MUNDI
NON ROSAMUNDA

(*In this tomb there lieth not Rosemonde but the World's Rose.*)

But who shall know the hearts of the great? For I looked that he should see the Queen no more, nor touch her hand in this world nor that to come; and this was not so, for she bore him children, and he and she ruled as King and Queen to his life's end. Also, very speedily he found him a new love, the Lady Aloyse of France; and God He knows that should not have been, for reasons many and heavy. But these matters are above a simple woman like me.

Only this I know—his sons were his scourges, and in and by them no peace had he, and he loathed the face of the Queen. And it is told that as he rode against them in battle he said this to the son of my Rosemonde:—

"True son of mine are you—true son of a true mother, and England is yours as mine. For these are but misbegotten whelps."

So sin and shame fulfill their day.

Blessings also. For strange it is and true that in the arms of the son of Rosemonde this King died at Chinon, deserted of all else, and laying his head on her son's bosom as one content.

And, O King that sits above the thunder, Judge of the world, deliver us from evil Kings and Queens and all their deeds!

And let all of their charity pray for the soul of this Rosemonde, who with much sorrowing passed through pain to God's mercy.

"I felt myself the docile son of the dreariest civilization, which sits down at the roadside and watches its dreams pass, without daring to arrest them." REMY DE GOURMONT.

A Life—A Bowl of Rice

By LEMUEL DE BRA

Lemuel De Bra

BOW SAM stood in the doorway by his sugar-cane stand and watched with narrowed eyes an old man who shuffled uncertainly down the alley toward him.

"*Hoo la ma!*" cried Bow Sam in surprised Cantonese as the old man drew near. "Hello, there! I scarcely knew you, venerable Fa'ng!"

Fa'ng, the hatchetman, straightened his bent shoulders and looked up. There was a gleam in his deep bronze eyes that was hardly in keeping with his withered frame.

"*Hoo la ma*, Bow Sam," he said, his voice strangely deep and vibrant.

"You have grown very thin," remarked Bow Sam with friendly interest.

"*Hi low;* that is true. But why carry around flesh that is not food?"

The sugar-cane vendor eyed the other shrewdly. What was the gossip he had heard concerning Fa'ng, the famous old hatchetman? Was it not that the old man was always hungry? Yes, that was it! Fa'ng, whose long knife and swift arm had been the most feared thing in all Chinatown, was starving—too proud to beg, too honest to steal.

"You have eaten well, venerable Fa'ng?" The inquiry was in a casual tone, respectful.

"*Aih*, I have eaten well," replied the old hatchetman, averting his face.

"How unfortunate for me! I have not yet eaten my rice; for when one must dine alone, one goes slowly to table. Is it not written that a bowl of rice shared is doubly enjoyed? Would you not at least have a cup of tea while I eat my mean fare?"

"I shall be honoured to sip tea with you, estimable Bow Sam," replied the hatchetman with poorly disguised eagerness.

"Then condescend to enter my poor house! Ah, one does not often have the pleasure of your company in these days!"

Bow Sam preceded his guest to the wretched hovel that was the sugar-cane vendor's only home. There he quickly removed all trace of the bowl of rice he had eaten but a moment before.

"Will you take this poor stool, venerable Fa'ng?" said Bow, setting out the only stool he possessed, and placing it so that the hatchetman's back would be to the stove.

Wearily, Fa'ng sat down. Bow put out two small cups, each worn and badly chipped, and filled them with hot tea. Then, while the hatchetman sipped his tea, Bow uncovered the rice kettle. There was but one bowl of rice left. Bow Sam had intended to keep it for his evening meal; for until he sold some sugar-cane, he had no way of obtaining more food.

Behind Fa'ng's back, Bow took two rice bowls and set them on the stove. One bowl he heaped full for the hatchetman. In the other he put an upturned tea bowl and sprinkled over it his last few grains of rice.

"Let us give thanks to the gods of the kitchen that we have food and teeth and appetite," chuckled Bow Sam, seating himself on a sugar-cane box opposite Fa'ng.

"Well spoken," returned the old hatchetman quickly, filling his mouth with the nourishing rice. "*Aih!* there is much in life to make one content."

With his chop-sticks Bow Sam deftly took up a few grains of rice, taking care lest he uncover the upturned tea bowl.

"I am very grateful," said Bow, "that I have a few teeth left, that I quite often have enough rice, and that I sometimes have meat as often as once a month; but to hear you—a proud old hatchetman—express such sentiments on an empty stomach fills me with admiration."

"It is a virtue to be content with one's lot," remarked Fa'ng quietly.

"*Hi low!* That is true! But the younger generation are always fretting because they think they have not enough; while, as anyone knows, they have much more than we who first came to this land of the white foreign devil."

"They are young," spoke Fa'ng, nodding his head slowly. "For us the days nave fled, the years have not tarried. And we have learned that if one has but a bowl of rice for food and a bent arm for pillow, one can be content."

"*Hai!* How can you speak so softly of the younger generation when it is they who have robbed you of your livelihood? I know the gossip. You, the most famous killer in Chinatown, find yourself cast out like a worn-out broom by these young upstarts who have no respect for their elders. Is it not true?"

With his left hand the old hatchetman made an eloquent gesture, peculiarly Chinese, much as one quickly throws open a fan.

"Of what value are words, my friend? They cannot change that which is changeless. A word cannot temper the wind, nor a phrase procure food for a hungry stomach."

"Nevertheless, I do not like such things," persisted Bow Sam. "I love the old ways. You were an honourable and fearless killer. When you were hired to slay one's enemy you went boldly to your victim and told him your business. Then, swiftly, even before the doomed one could open his lips, you struck—cleaned your blade and walked your way.

"The modern killers!" Bow Sam spewed the words out as one does sour rice. "They are too cowardly to use the knife. They hide on roofs, fire on their victims, then throw away their guns and flee like thieves. *Aih*, what have we come to in these days!

"It was but yesterday after mid-day rice that I had speech with Gar Ling, a gunman of the Sin Wah *tong*. He stopped to buy sugar-cane, and I told him that had I the money I would hire him. There is one of the younger generation, the pock-marked son of Quong, the dealer in jade, who has greatly wronged me and my honourable family name, and my distinguished ancestors. As you very well know, one cannot soil one's own hands with the blood of vengeance. Moreover, I have no weapon, not even a dull cleaver. Neither can I afford to hire a fighting man.

"I was telling all this to Gar Ling," went on Bow, straining the last drop of tea into Fa'ng's bowl, "and he told me he would settle my quarrel, but it would cost one thousand dollars. When I told him I had not even a thousand copper *cash*, he became angry and abusive. As he walked his way, quickly, like a foreign devil, he spat in my direction and called me an unspeakable name."

"*Ts, ts!* You should have wrung his neck. Repeat to me his unspeakable words."

"He said," cried Bow Sam, his face twisted in fury, "that I am *the son of a turtle!*"

"*Aih-yah!* How insulting! As anyone knows, in all our language there is no epithet more vile!"

"That is true. But what is even worse, I did not remember until after he had gone, that he had not paid me for the piece of sugar-cane. Such is the way of the younger generation; and we, who have been long in the land, can do nothing."

"Yet it is by such things that one learns the lesson of enduring tranquillity," remarked Fa'ng, smacking his lips and moving back from the table.

For about the time, then, that it takes one to make nine bows before the household gods, neither man made speech. Then Fa'ng arose.

"An excellent bowl of rice, my good friend."

"*Aih*, it shames me to have to give you such mean fare."

"And the tea was most fragrant."

"Ts, it was only the cheapest *Black Dragon*."

The two old men went to the door.

"*Ts 'ing lai*" said the hatchetman. "Good-by."

"*Ho hang lai*" said the sugar-cane vendor. "I hope you have a safe walk."

Fa'ng, the hatchetman, made his way down the alley to the rear entrance of a pawnshop. There he spoke a few words with the proprietor.

"I know you are honest, old man," said the pawnbroker. "But instead of bringing it back, I hope, for your own sake, you will be able to pay what you owe me."

Then from a safe he took a knife with long, slender blade and a handle of ebony in which had been carved an unbelievable number of notches. Fa'ng took the knife, handling it as one does an object of precious memories, concealed it beneath his tattered blouse, and went his way.

Near the entrance of a gambling house in Canton Alley the old hatchetman met the pock-marked son of Quong, the dealer in jade.

"For the wrong you have done Bow Sam, his family name, and his distinguished ancestors," said Fa'ng quietly; and before the other could open his lips the long blade was through his heart.

In front of a cigar store in Shanghai Place, Fa'ng found Gar Ling, the gunman. "I have business of moment with you, Gar Ling," said the hatchetman. "Come."

Gar Ling hesitated. He stood in great fear of the old killer, yet he dared not show that fear before his young friends. So with his left hand he gave a peculiar signal. A boy standing near with a basket of *lichee* on his arm turned quickly and followed the two men down the alley. Drawing near his employer, the boy held up the basket as though soliciting the gunman to buy. Gar's hand darted swiftly into the basket, beneath the *lichee*, and came out with a heavy automatic pistol which he quickly concealed beneath his blouse.

The old hatchetman knew all the tricks of the young gunmen, but he pretended he had not seen. As they turned a dark corner, he paused.

"For the insulting words you spoke to Bow Sam," he said calmly, and the long blade glided between the gunman's ribs.

As Fa'ng drew the steel away, Gar Ling staggered, fired once, then collapsed.

. . . . . .

Bow Sam stood in the doorway by his sugar-cane stand and watched with narrowed eyes an old man who shuffled uncertainly down the alley toward him.

"*Hoo la mal*" he cried, as the old man drew near. "I did not expect to see you again so soon."

The old hatchetman did not raise his head nor reply. Staggering, he crossed the threshold and fell on his face on the littered floor.

With a throaty cry Bow Sam slammed the door shut. He bent over Fa'ng.

"This knife," said the hatchetman; "take it—to Wong the pawnbroker. Tell him—all. Worth—more—than I owe."

"But what's——"

"For the wrong that the pock-marked one did you, for the insult Gar Ling spoke to you, I slew them." said Fa'ng, with sudden strength. "My debt is paid. *Tsau kom lok.*"

"*Haie!* You did that! Why did you do that? I could never pay you! And look! *Aih-yah*, oh, how piteous! You are dying!"

With awkward fingers, the vendor of sugar-cane tried to staunch the flow of blood where Gar Ling's bullet had struck with deadly effect.

"Pay me?" breathed Fa'ng the hatchetman. "Did you—not—feed me? Can one—put a value—on food—when the stomach—is empty? *Aih*, what matters it? A life,"—his eyelids fluttered and closed—"a life—a bowl of rice. . . ."

To a Messenger

(*An Old German Folk Song*)

WHEN you come to my Sweetheart,
Say: I bid you greet her;
If she asks how my life goes,
Say: On both my feet, sir.

Should she ask if I am sick,
Say: I'm dead with sorrow;
If she starts to weep at that,
Say: I come to-morrow.

Calloway's Code

By O. HENRY

O. Henry

THE New York *Enterprise* sent H. B. Calloway as special correspondent to the Russo-Japanese-Portsmouth war.

For two months Calloway hung about Yokohama and Tokio, shaking dice with the other correspondents for drinks or 'rickshaws—oh, no, that's something to ride in; anyhow, he wasn't earning the salary that his paper was paying him. But that was not Calloway's fault. The little brown men who held the strings of Fate between their fingers were not ready for the readers of the *Enterprise* to season their breakfast bacon and eggs with the battles of the descendants of the gods.

But soon the column of correspondents that were to go out with the First Army tightened their field-glass belts and went down to the Yalu with Kuroki. Calloway was one of these.

Now, this is no history of the battle of the Yalu River. That has been told in detail by the correspondents who gazed at the shrapnel smoke rings from a distance of three miles. But, for justice's sake, let it be understood that the Japanese commander prohibited a nearer view.

Calloway's feat was accomplished before the battle. What he did was to furnish the *Enterprise* with the biggest beat of the war. That paper published exclusively and in detail the news of the attack on the lines of the Russian General Zassulitch on the same day that it was made. No other paper printed a word about it for two days afterward, except a London paper, whose account was absolutely incorrect and untrue.

Calloway did this in face of the fact that General Kuroki was making his moves and laying his plans with the profoundest secrecy as far as the world outside his camps was concerned. The correspondents were forbidden to send out any news whatever of his plans; and every message that was allowed on the wires was censored with rigid severity.

The correspondent for the London paper handed in a cablegram describing Kuroki's plans, but as it was wrong from beginning to end, the censor grinned and let it go through.

So, there they were—Kuroki on one side of the Yalu with forty-two thousand infantry, five thousand cavalry, and one hundred and twenty-four guns. On the other side, Zassulitch waited for him with only twenty-three thousand men, and with a long stretch of river to guard. And Calloway had got hold of some important inside information that he knew would bring the *Enterprise* staff around a cablegram as thick as flies around a Park Row lemonade stand. If he could only get that message past the censor—the new censor who had arrived and taken his post that day!

Calloway did the obviously proper thing. He lit his pipe and sat down on a gun-carriage to think it over. And there we must leave him; for the rest of the story belongs to Vesey, a sixteen-dollar-a-week reporter on the *Enterprise*.

Calloway's cablegram was handed to the managing editor at four o'clock in the afternoon. He read it three times; and then drew a pocket mirror from a pigeonhole in his desk, and looked at his reflection carefully. Then he went over to the desk of Boyd, his assistant (he usually called Boyd when he wanted him), and laid the cablegram before him.

"It's from Calloway," he said. "See what you make of it."

The message was dated at Wi-ju, and these were the words of it:

Foregone preconcerted rash witching goes muffled rumour mine dark silent unfortunate richmond existing great hotly brute select mooted parlous beggars ye angel incontrovertible.

Boyd read it twice.

"It's either a cipher or a sunstroke," said he.

"Ever hear of anything like a code in the office—a secret code?" asked the m. e., who had held his desk for only two years. Managing editors come and go.

"None except the vernacular that the lady specials write in," said Boyd. "Couldn't be an acrostic, could it?"

"I thought of that," said the m. e., "but the beginning letters contain only four vowels. It must be a code of some sort."

"Try 'em in groups," suggested Boyd. "Let's see—'Rash witching goes'—not with me it doesn't. 'Muffled rumour mine'—must have an underground wire. 'Dark silent unfortunate richmond'—no reason why he should knock that town so hard. 'Existing great hotly'—no, it doesn't pan out. I'll call Scott."

The city editor came in a hurry, and tried his luck. A city editor must know something about everything; so Scott knew a little about cipher-writing.

"It may be what is called an inverted alphabet cipher," said he. "I'll try that. 'R' seems to be the oftenest used initial letter, with the exception of 'm'. Assuming 'r' to mean 'e,' the most frequently used vowel, we transpose the letters—so."

Scott worked rapidly with his pencil for two minutes; and then showed the first word according to his reading was the word "Scejtzez."

"Great!" cried Boyd. "It's a charade. My first is a Russian general. Go on, Scott."

"No, that won't work," said the city editor. "It's undoubtedly a code. It's impossible to read it without the key. Has the office ever used a cipher code?"

"Just what I was asking," said the m. e. "Hustle everybody up that ought to know. We must get at it some way. Calloway has evidently got hold of something big, and the censor has put the screws on, or he wouldn't have cabled in a lot of chop suey like this."

Throughout the office of the *Enterprise* a dragnet was sent, hauling in such members of the staff as would be likely to know of a code, past or present, by reason of their wisdom, information, natural intelligence, or length of servitude. They got together in a group in the city room, with the m. e. in the centre. No one had heard of a code. All began to explain to the head investigator that newspapers never used a code, anyhow—that is, a cipher code. Of course the Associated Press stuff is a sort of code—an abbreviation, rather—but——

The m. e. knew all that, and said so. He asked each man how long he had worked on the paper. Not one of them had drawn pay from an *Enterprise* envelope for longer than six years. Calloway had been on the paper twelve years.

"Try old Heffelbauer," said the m. e. "He was here when Park Row was a potato patch."

Heffelbauer was an institution. He was half janitor, half handy-man about the office, and half watchman—thus becoming the peer of thirteen and one-half tailors. Sent for, he came, radiating his nationality.

"Heffelbauer," said the m. e., "did you ever hear of a code belonging to the office a long time ago—a private code? You know what a code is, don't you?"

"Yah," said Heffelbauer. "Sure I know vat a code is. Yah, apout dwelf or fifteen year ago der office had a code. Der reborters in der city-room haf it here."

"Ah!" said the m. e. "We're getting on the trail now. Where was it kept, Heffelbauer? What do you know about it?"

"Somedimes," said the retainer, "dey keep it in der little room behind der library room."

"Can you find it?" asked the m. e. eagerly. "Do you know where it is?"

"Mein Gott!" said Heffelbauer. "How long you dink a code live? Der reborters call him a maskeet. But von day he butt mit his head der editor, und——"

"Oh, he's talking about a goat," said Boyd. "Get out, Heffelbauer."

Again discomfited, the concerted wit and resource of the *Enterprise* huddled around Calloway's puzzle, considering its mysterious words in vain.

Then Vesey came in.

Vesey was the youngest reporter. He had a thirty-two-inch chest and wore a number fourteen collar; but his bright Scotch plaid suit gave him presence and conferred no obscurity upon his whereabouts. He wore his hat in such a position that people followed him about to see him take it off, convinced that it must be hung upon a peg driven into the back of his head. He was never without an immense, knotted, hard-wood cane with a German-silver tip on its crooked handle. Vesey was the best photograph hustler in the office. Scott said it was because no living human being could resist the personal triumph it was to hand his picture over to Vesey. Vesey always wrote his own news stories, except the big ones, which were sent to the rewrite men. Add to this fact that among all the inhabitants, temples, and groves of the earth nothing existed that could abash Vesey, and his dim sketch is concluded.

Vesey butted into the circle of cipher readers very much as Heffelbauer's "code" would have done, and asked what was up. Some one explained, with the touch of half-familiar condescension that they always used toward him. Vesey reached out and took the cablegram from the m. e.'s hand. Under the protection of some special Providence, he was always doing appalling things like that, and coming off unscathed.

"It's a code," said Vesey. "Anybody got the key?"

"The office has no code," said Boyd, reaching for the message. Vesey held to it.

"Then old Calloway expects us to read it, anyhow," said he. "He's up a tree, or something, and he's made this up so as to get it by the censor. It's up to us. Gee! I wish they had sent me, too. Say—we can't afford to fall down on our end of it. 'Foregone, preconcerted rash, witching'—h'm."

Vesey sat down on a table corner and began to whistle softly, frowning at the cablegram.

"Let's have it, please," said the m. e. "We've got to get to work on it."

"I believe I've got a line on it," said Vesey. "Give me ten minutes."

He walked to his desk, threw his hat into a waste-basket, spread out flat on his chest like a gorgeous lizard, and started his pencil going. The wit and wisdom of the *Enterprise* remained in a loose group, and smiled at one another, nodding their heads toward Vesey. Then they began to exchange their theories about the cipher.

It took Vesey exactly fifteen minutes. He brought to the m. e. a pad with the code-key written on it.

"I felt the swing of it as soon as I saw it," said Vesey. "Hurrah for old Calloway! He's done the Japs and every paper in town that prints literature instead of news. Take a look at that."

Thus had Vesey set forth the reading of the code:

Foregone—conclusion
Preconcerted—arrangement
Rash—act
Witching—hour of midnight
Goes—without saying
Muffled—report
Rumour—hath it
Mine—host
Dark—horse
Silent—majority
Unfortunate—pedestrians[1]
Richmond—in the field
Existing—conditions
Great—White Way
Hotly—contested
Brute—force
Select—few
Mooted—question
Parlous—times
Beggars—description
Ye—correspondent
Angel—unawares
Incontrovertible—fact

[1] Mr. Vesey afterward explained that the logical journalistic complement of the word "unfortunate" was once the word "victim." But, since the automobile became so popular, the correct following word is now "pedestrians." Of course, in Calloway's code it meant infantry.

"It's simply newspaper English," explained Vesey. "I've been reporting on the *Enterprise* long enough to know it by heart. Old Calloway gives us the cue word, and we use the word that naturally follows it just as we use 'em in the paper. Read it over, and you'll see how pat they drop into their places. Now, here's the message he intended us to get."

Vesey handed out another sheet of paper.

Concluded arrangement to act at hour of midnight without saying. Report hath it that a large body of cavalry and an overwhelming force of infantry will be thrown into the field. Conditions white. Way contested by only a small force. Question the *Times* description. Its correspondent is unaware of the facts.

"Great stuff!" cried Boyd excitedly. "Kuroki crosses the Yalu to-night and attacks. Oh, we won't do a thing to the sheets that make up with Addison's essays, real estate transfers, and bowling scores!"

"Mr. Vesey," said the m. e., with his jollying-which-you-should-regard-as-a-favour manner, "you have cast a serious reflection upon the literary standards of the paper that employs you. You have also assisted materially in giving us the biggest 'beat' of the year. I will let you know in a day or two whether you are to be discharged or retained at a larger salary. Somebody send Ames to me."

Ames was the king-pin, the snowy-petalled marguerite, the star-bright looloo of the rewrite men. He saw attempted murder in the pains of green-apple colic, cyclones in the summer zephyr, lost children in every top-spinning urchin, an uprising of the down-trodden masses in every hurling of a derelict potato at a passing automobile. When not rewriting, Ames sat on the porch of his Brooklyn villa playing checkers with his ten-year-old son.

Ames and the "war editor" shut themselves in a room. There was a map in there stuck full of little pins that represented armies and divisions. Their fingers had been itching for days to move those pins along the crooked line of the Yalu.

They did so now; and in words of fire Ames translated Calloway's brief message into a front-page masterpiece that set the world talking. He told of the secret councils of the Japanese officers; gave Kuroki's flaming speeches in full; counted the cavalry and infantry to a man and a horse; described the quick and silent building of the bridge at Suikauchen, across which the Mikado's legions were hurled upon the surprised Zassulitch, whose troops were widely scattered along the river. And the battle!—well, you know what Ames can do with a battle if you give him just one smell of smoke for a foundation. And in the same story, with seemingly supernatural knowledge, he gleefully scored the most profound and ponderous paper in England for the false and misleading account of the intended movements of the Japanese First Army printed in its issue of *the same date.*

Only one error was made, and that was the fault of the cable operator at Wi-ju. Calloway pointed it out after he came back. The word "great" in his code should have been "gage" and its complemental words "of battle." But it went to Ames "conditions white," and of course he took that to mean snow. His description of the Japanese army struggling through the snow-storm, blinded by the whirling flakes, was thrillingly vivid. The artists turned out some effective illustrations that made a hit as pictures of the artillery dragging their guns through the drifts. But, as the attack was made on the first day of May the "conditions white" excited some amusement. But it made no difference to the *Enterprise*, anyway.

It was wonderful. And Calloway was wonderful in having made the new censor believe that his jargon of words meant no more than a complaint of the dearth of news and a petition for more expense money. And Vesey was wonderful. And most wonderful of all are words, and how they make friends one with another, being oft associated, until not even obituary notices them do part.

On the second day following, the city editor halted at Vesey's desk where the reporter was writing the story of a man who had broken his leg by falling into a coal-hole—Ames having failed to find a murder motive in it.

"The old man says your salary is to be raised to twenty a week," said Scott.

"All right," said Vesey. "Every little helps. Say—Mr. Scott, which would you say—'We can state without fear of successful contradiction,' or, 'On the whole it can be safely asserted'?"

Winter Madrigal

By HENRI DE REGNIER

Translated by A. Pauline Locklin

OH ALL the gods are dead to-night, I think,
And all the stars are quenched in azure ink,
And nothing seems alive except the dark.
The cold is gray, without one crystal spark
Of frozen rime. Before it cringe the trees,
And ocean shudders as the bitter breeze
Blows icily. This death of god and star,
This winter, spreading black disaster far,
This sudden tightening of my heart with pain,
This world that has no voice, nor life, nor stain
Of colour—You have made it, since I knocked,
Belovéd, at your door and found it locked;
Since all day long my eyes have missed the sight
Of your eyes pouring splendour on my night.

The Rajah's Diamond

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Story of the Bandbox

UP TO the age of sixteen, at a private school and afterward at one of those great institutions for which England is justly famous, Mr. Harry Hartley had received the ordinary education of a gentleman. At that period, he manifested a remarkable distaste for study; and his only surviving parent being both weak and ignorant, he was permitted thenceforward to spend his time in the attainment of petty and purely elegant accomplishments. Two years later, he was left an orphan and almost a beggar. For all active and industrious pursuits, Harry was unfitted alike by nature and training. He could sing romantic ditties, and accompany himself with discretion on the piano; he was a graceful although a timid cavalier; he had a pronounced taste for chess; and nature had sent him into the world with one of the most engaging exteriors that can well be fancied. Blond and pink, with dove's eyes and a gentle smile, he had an air of agreeable tenderness and melancholy, and the most submissive and caressing manners. But when all is said, he was not the man to lead armaments of war, or direct the councils of a State.

A fortunate chance and some influence obtained for Harry, at the time of his bereavement, the position of private secretary to Major-General Sir Thomas Vandeleur, C.B. Sir Thomas was a man of sixty, loud-spoken, boisterous, and domineering. For some reason, some service the nature of which had been often whispered and repeatedly denied, the Rajah of Kashgar had presented this officer with the sixth known diamond of the world. The gift transformed General Vandeleur from a poor into a wealthy man, from an obscure and unpopular soldier into one of the lions of London society; the possessor of the Rajah's Diamond was welcome in the most exclusive circles; and he had found a lady, young, beautiful, and well-born, who was willing to call the diamond hers even at the price of marriage with Sir Thomas Vandeleur. It was commonly said at the time that, as like draws to like, one jewel had attracted another; certainly Lady Vandeleur was not only a gem of the finest water in her own person, but she showed herself to the world in a very costly setting; and she was considered by many respectable authorities as one among the three or four best dressed women in England.

Harry's duty as secretary was not particularly onerous; but he had a dislike for all prolonged work; it gave him pain to ink his fingers; and the charms of Lady Vandeleur and her toilettes drew him often from the library to the boudoir. He had the prettiest ways among women, could talk fashions with enjoyment, and was never more happy than with criticising a shade of ribbon, or running on an errand to the milliner's. In short, Sir Thomas's correspondence fell into pitiful arrears, and my Lady had another lady's maid.

At last the General, who was one of the least patient of military commanders, arose from his place in a violent excess of passion, and indicated to his secretary that he had no further use for his services, with one of those explanatory gestures which are most rarely employed between gentlemen. The door being unfortunately open, Mr. Hartley fell down-stairs head foremost.

He arose somewhat hurt and very deeply aggrieved. The life in the General's house precisely suited him; he moved, on a more or less doubtful footing, in very genteel company, he did little, he ate of the best, and he had a lukewarm satisfaction in the presence of Lady Vandeleur, which, in his own heart, he dubbed by a more emphatic name.

Immediately after he had been outraged by the military foot, he hurried to the boudoir and recounted his sorrows.

"You know very well, my dear Harry," replied Lady Vandeleur, for she called him by name like a child or a domestic servant,

"that you never by any chance do what the General tells you. No more do I, you may say. But that is different. A woman can earn her pardon for a good year of disobedience by a single adroit submission; and, besides, no one is married to his private secretary. I shall be sorry to lose you, but since you cannot stay longer in a house where you have been insulted, I shall wish you good-bye, and I promise you to make the General smart for his behaviour."

Harry's countenance fell; tears came into his eyes, and he gazed on Lady Vandeleur with a tender reproach.

"My Lady," said he, "what is an insult? I should think little indeed of anyone who could not forgive them by the score. But to leave one's friends; to tear up the bonds of affection——"

He was unable to continue, for his emotion choked him, and he began to weep.

Lady Vandeleur looked at him with a curious expression.

"This little fool," she thought, "imagines himself to be in love with me. Why should he not become my servant instead of the General's? He is good-natured, obliging, and understands dress; and besides it will keep him out of mischief. He is positively too pretty to be unattached."

That night she talked it over with the General, who was already somewhat ashamed of his vivacity; and Harry was transferred to the feminine department, where his life was little short of heavenly. He was always dressed with uncommon nicety, wore delicate flowers in his buttonhole, and could entertain a visitor with tact and pleasantry. He took a pride in servility to a beautiful woman; received Lady Vandeleur's commands as so many marks of favour; and was pleased to exhibit himself before other men, who derided and despised him, in his character of male lady's-maid and man milliner. Nor could he think enough of his existence from a moral point of view. Wickedness seemed to him an essentially male attribute, and to pass one's day with a delicate woman, and principally occupied about trimmings, was to inhabit an enchanted isle among the storms of life.

One fine morning he came into the drawing-room and began to arrange some music on the top of the piano. Lady Vandeleur, at the other end of the apartment, was speaking somewhat eagerly with her brother, Charlie Pendragon, an elderly young man, much broken with dissipation, and very lame of one foot. The private secretary, to whose entrance they paid no regard, could not avoid overhearing a part of their conversation.

"To-day or never," said the lady. "Once and for all, it shall be done to-day."

"To-day, if it must be," replied the brother, with a sigh. "But it is a false step, a ruinous step, Clara; and we shall live to repent it dismally."

Lady Vandeleur looked at her brother steadily and somewhat strangely in the face.

"You forget," she said; "the man must die at last."

"Upon my word, Clara," said Pendragon, "I believe you are the most heartless rascal in England."

"You men," she returned, "are so coarsely built, that you can never appreciate a shade of meaning. You are yourselves rapacious, violent, immodest, careless of distinction; and yet the least thought for the future shocks you in a woman. I have no patience with such stuff. You would despise in a common banker the imbecility that you expect to find in us."

"You are very likely right," replied her brother; "you were always cleverer than I. And, anyway, you know my motto; the family before all."

"Yes, Charlie," she returned, taking his hand in hers, "I know your motto better than you know it yourself. And 'Clara before the family!' Is not that the second part of it? Indeed, you are the best of brothers, and I love you dearly."

Mr. Pendragon got up, looking a little confused by these family endearments.

"I had better not be seen," said he. "I understand my part to a miracle, and I'll keep an eye on the Tame Cat."

"Do," she replied. "He is an abject creature, and might ruin all."

She kissed the tips of her fingers to him daintily; and the brother withdrew by the boudoir and the back stair.

"Harry," said Lady Vandeleur, turning toward the secretary as soon as they were alone. "I have a commission for you this morning. But you shall take a cab; I cannot have my secretary freckled."

She spoke the last words with emphasis and a look of half-motherly pride that caused great contentment to poor Harry; and he professed himself charmed to find an opportunity of serving her.

"It is another of our great secrets," she went on, archly, "and no one must know of it but my secretary and me. Sir Thomas

would make the saddest disturbance; and if you only knew how weary I am of these scenes! Oh, Harry, Harry, can you explain to me what makes you men so violent and unjust? But, indeed, I know you cannot; you are the only man in the world who knows nothing of these shameful passions; you are so good, Harry, and so kind; you, at least, can be a woman's friend; and, do you know? I think you make the others more ugly by comparison."

"It is you," said Harry, gallantly, "who are so kind to me. You treat me like——"

"Like a mother," interposed Lady Vandeleur, "I try to be a mother to you. Or, at least," she corrected herself with a smile, "almost a mother. I am afraid I am too young to be your mother really. Let us say a friend—a dear friend."

She paused long enough to let her words take effect in Harry's sentimental quarters, but not long enough to allow him a reply.

"But all this is beside our purpose," she resumed. "You will find a bandbox in the left-hand side of the oak wardrobe; it is underneath the pink slip that I wore on Wednesday with my Mechlin. You will take it immediately to this address," and she gave him a paper, "but do not, on any account, let it out of your hands until you have received a receipt written by myself. Do you understand? Answer, if you please—answer! This is extremely important, and I must ask you to pay some attention."

Harry pacified her by repeating her instructions perfectly; and she was just going to tell him more when General Vandeleur flung into the apartment, scarlet with anger, and holding a long and elaborate milliner's bill in his hand.

"Will you look at this, madam?" cried he. "Will you have the goodness to look at this document? I know well enough you married me for my money, and I hope I can make as great allowance as any other man in the service; but, as sure as God made me, I mean to put a period to this disreputable prodigality."

"Mr. Hartley," said Lady Vandeleur, "I think you understand what you have to do. May I ask you to see to it at once?"

"Stop," said the General, addressing Harry, "one word before you go." And then, turning again to Lady Vandeleur, "what is this precious fellow's errand?" he demanded. "I trust him no further than I do yourself, let me tell you. If he had as much as the rudiments of honesty, he would scorn to stay in this nouse; and what he does for his wages is a mystery to all the world. What is his errand, madam? and why are you hurrying him away?"

"I supposed you had something to say to me in private," replied the lady.

"You spoke about an errand," insisted the General. "Do not attempt to deceive me in my present state of temper. You certainly spoke about an errand."

"If you insist on making your servants privy to our humiliating dissensions," replied Lady Vandeleur, "perhaps I had better ask Mr. Hartley to sit down. No?" she continued; "then you may go, Mr. Hartley. I trust you may remember all that you have heard in this room; it may be useful to you."

Harry at once made his escape from the drawing-room; and as he ran upstairs he could hear the General's voice upraised in declamation, and the thin tones of Lady Vandeleur planting icy repartees at every opening. How cordially he admired the wife! How skillfully she could evade an awkward question! with what secure effrontery she repeated her instructions under the very guns of the enemy! and on the other hand, how he detested the husband!

There had been nothing unfamiliar in the morning's events, for he was continually in the habit of serving Lady Vandeleur on secret missions, principally connected with millinery. There was a skeleton in the house, as he well knew. The bottomless extravagance and the unknown liabilities of the wife had long since swallowed her own fortune, and threatened day by day to engulf that of the husband. Once or twice in every year exposure and ruin seemed imminent, and Harry kept trotting round to all sorts of furnishers' shops, telling small fibs, and paying small advances on the gross amount, until another term was tided over, and the lady and her faithful secretary breathed again. For Harry, in a double capacity, was heart and soul upon that side of the war: not only did he adore Lady Vandeleur and fear and dislike her husband, but he naturally sympathized with the love of finery, and his own single extravagance was at the tailor's.

He found the bandbox where it had been described, arranged his toilet with care, and left the house. The sun shone brightly; the distance he had to travel was considerable, and he remembered with dismay that the General's sudden irruption had prevented Lady Vandeleur from giving

him money for a cab. On this sultry day there was every chance that his complexion would suffer severely; and to walk through so much of London with a bandbox on his arm was a humiliation almost insupportable to a youth of his character. He paused, and took counsel with himself. The Vandeleurs lived in Eaton Place; his destination was near Notting Hill; plainly, he might cross the Park by keeping well in the open and avoiding populous alleys; and he thanked his stars when he reflected that it was still comparatively early in the day.

Anxious to be rid of his incubus, he walked somewhat faster than his ordinary, and he was already some way through Kensington Gardens when, in a solitary spot among trees, he found himself confronted by the General.

"I beg your pardon, Sir Thomas," observed Harry, politely falling on one side; for the other stood directly in his path.

"Where are you going, sir?" asked the General.

"I am taking a little walk among the trees," replied the lad.

The General struck the bandbox with his cane.

"With that thing?" he cried; "you lie, sir, and you know you lie!"

"Indeed, Sir Thomas," returned Harry, "I am not accustomed to be questioned in so high a key."

"You do not understand your position," said the General. "You are my servant, and a servant of whom I have conceived the most serious suspicions. How do I know but that your box is full of teaspoons?"

"It contains a silk hat belonging to a friend," said Harry.

"Very well," replied General Vandeleur. "Then I want to see your friend's silk hat. I have," he added, grimly, "a singular curiosity for hats; and I believe you know me to be somewhat positive."

"I beg your pardon, Sir Thomas, I am exceedingly grieved," Harry apologized; "but indeed this is a private affair."

The General caught him roughly by the shoulder with one hand, while he raised his cane in the most menacing manner with the other. Harry gave himself up for lost; but at the same moment Heaven vouchsafed him an unexpected defender in the person of Charlie Pendragon, who now strode forward from behind the trees.

"Come, come, General, hold your hand," said he, "this is neither courteous nor manly."

"Aha!" cried the General, wheeling round upon his new antagonist, "Mr. Pendragon! And do you suppose, Mr. Pendragon, that because I have had the misfortune to marry your sister, I shall suffer myself to be dogged and thwarted by a discredited and bankrupt libertine like you? My acquaintance with Lady Vandeleur, sir, has taken away all my appetite for the other members of her family."

"And do you fancy, General Vandeleur," retorted Charlie, "that because my sister had the misfortune to marry you, she there and then forfeited her rights and privileges as a lady? I own, sir, that by that action she did as much as anybody could to derogate from her position; but to me she is still a Pendragon. I make it my business to protect her from ungentlemanly outrage, and if you were ten times her husband I would not permit her liberty to be restrained, nor her private messenger to be violently arrested."

"How is that, Mr. Hartley?" interrogated the General. "Mr. Pendragon is of my opinion, it appears. He too suspects that Lady Vandeleur has something to do with your friend's silk hat."

Charlie saw that he had committed an unpardonable blunder, which he hastened to repair.

"How, sir?" he cried; "I suspect, do you say? I suspect nothing. Only where I find strength abused and a man brutalizing his inferiors, I take the liberty to interfere."

As he said these words he made a sign to Harry, which the latter was too dull or too much troubled to understand.

"In what way am I to construe your attitude, sir?" demanded Vandeleur.

"Why, sir, as you please," returned Pendragon.

The General once more raised his cane, and made a cut for Charlie's head; but the latter, lame foot and all, evaded the blow with his umbrella, ran in, and immediately closed with his formidable adversary.

"Run, Harry, run!" he cried; "run, you dolt!"

Harry stood petrified for a moment, watching the two men sway together in this fierce embrace; then he turned and took to his heels. When he cast a glance over his shoulder he saw the General prostrate under Charlie's knee, but still making desperate efforts to reverse the situation; and the Gardens seemed to have filled with people, who were running from

all directions toward the scene of the fight. This spectacle lent the secretary wings; and he did not relax his pace until he had gained the Bayswater road, and plunged at random into an unfrequented by-street.

To see two gentlemen of his acquaintance thus brutally mauling each other was deeply shocking to Harry. He desired to forget the sight; he desired, above all, to put as great a distance as possible between himself and General Vandeleur; and in his eagerness for this he forgot everything about his destination, and hurried before him headlong and trembling. When he remembered that Lady Vandeleur was the wife of one and sister of the other of these gladiators, his heart was touched with sympathy for a woman so distressingly misplaced in life. Even his own situation in the General's house looked hardly so pleasing as usual in the light of these violent transactions.

He had walked some little distance, busied with these meditations, before a slight collision with another passenger reminded him of the bandbox on his arm.

"Heavens!" cried he, "where was my head? and whither have I wandered?"

Thereupon he consulted the envelope which Lady Vandeleur had given him. The address was there, but without a name. Harry was simply directed to ask for "the gentleman who expected a parcel from Lady Vandeleur," and if he were not at home to await his return. The gentleman, added the note, should present a receipt in the handwriting of the lady herself. All this seemed mighty mysterious, and Harry was above all astonished at the omission of the name and the formality of the receipt. He had thought little of this last when he heard it dropped in conversation; but reading it in cold blood, and taking it in connection with the other strange particulars, he became convinced that he was engaged in perilous affairs. For half a moment he had a doubt of Lady Vandeleur herself; for he found these obscure proceedings somewhat unworthy of so high a lady, and became more critical when her secrets were preserved against himself. But her empire over his spirit was too complete, he dismissed his suspicions and blamed himself roundly for, having so much as entertained them.

In one thing, however, his duty and interest, his generosity and his terrors, coincided—to get rid of the bandbox with the greatest possible despatch.

He accosted the first policeman and courteously inquired his way. It turned out that he was already not far from his destination, and a walk of a few minutes brought him to a small house in a lane, freshly painted, and kept with the most scrupulous attention. The knocker and bell-pull were highly polished; flowering pot-herbs garnished the sills of the different windows; and curtains of some rich material concealed the interior from the eyes of curious passengers. The place had an air of repose and secrecy; and Harry was so far caught with this spirit that he knocked with more than usual discretion, and was more than usually careful to remove all impurity from his boots.

A servant-maid of some personal attractions immediately opened the door, and seemed to regard the secretary with no unkind eyes.

"This is the parcel from Lady Vandeleur," said Harry.

"I know," replied the maid, with a nod. "But the gentleman is from home. Will you leave it with me?"

"I cannot," answered Harry. "I am directed not to part with it but upon a certain condition, and I must ask you, I am afraid, to let me wait."

"Well," said she, "I suppose I may let you wait. I am lonely enough, I can tell you, and you do not look as though you would eat a girl. But be sure and do not ask the gentleman's name, for that I am not to tell you."

"Do you say so?" cried Harry. "Why, how strange! But indeed, for some time back I walk among surprises. One question I think I may surely ask without indiscretion: Is he the master of this house?"

"He is a lodger, and not eight days old at that," returned the maid. "And now a question for a question: Do you know Lady Vandeleur?"

"I am her private secretary," replied Harry, with a glow of modest pride.

"She is pretty, is she not?" pursued the servant.

"Oh, beautiful!" cried Harry; "wonderfully lovely, and not less good and kind!"

"You look kind enough yourself," she retorted; "and I wager you are worth a dozen Lady Vandeleurs."

Harry was properly scandalized.

"I!" he cried. "I am only a secretary!"

"Do you mean that for me?" said the girl. "Because I am only a housemaid, if you please." And then, relenting at the sight of Harry's obvious confusion, "I know you mean nothing of the sort," she

added; "and I like your looks; but I think nothing of your Lady Vandeleur. Oh, these mistresses!" she cried. "To send out a real gentleman like you—with a bandbox—in broad day!"

During this talk they had remained in their original positions—she on the doorstep, he on the sidewalk, bareheaded for the sake of coolness, and with the bandbox on his arm. But upon this last speech Harry, who was unable to support such point-blank compliments to his appearance, nor the encouraging look with which they were accompanied, began to change his attitude, and glance from left to right in perturbation. In so doing he turned his face toward the lower end of the lane, and there, to his indescribable dismay, his eyes encountered those of General Vandeleur. The General, in a prodigious fluster of heat, hurry, and indignation, had been scouring the streets in chase of his brother-in-law; but so soon as he caught a glimpse of the delinquent secretary his purpose changed, his anger flowed into a new channel, and he turned on his heel and came tearing up the lane with truculent gestures and vociferations.

Harry made but one bolt of it into the house, driving the maid before him; and the door was slammed in his pursuer's countenance.

"Is there a bar? Will it lock?" asked Harry, while a salvo on the knocker made the house echo from wall to wall.

"Why, what is wrong with you?" asked the maid. "Is it this old gentleman?"

"If he gets hold of me," whispered Harry, "I am as good as dead. He has been pursuing me all day, carries a sword-stick, and is an Indian military officer."

"These are fine manners," cried the maid. "And what, if you please, may be his name?"

"It is the General, my master," answered Harry. "He is after this bandbox."

"Did not I tell you?" cried the maid in triumph. "I told you I thought worse than nothing of your Lady Vandeleur; and if you had an eye in your head you might see what she is for yourself. An ungrateful minx, I will be bound for that!"

The General renewed his attack upon the knocker, and his passion growing with delay, began to kick and beat upon the panels of the door.

"It is lucky," observed the girl, "that I am alone in the house; your General may hammer until he is weary, and there is none to open for him. Follow me!"

So saying she led Harry into the kitchen, where she made him sit down, and stood by him herself in an affectionate attitude, with a hand upon his shoulder. The din at the door, so far from abating, continued to increase in volume, and at each blow the unhappy secretary was shaken to the heart.

"What is your name?" asked the girl.

"Harry Hartley," he replied.

"Mine," she went on, "is Prudence. Do you like it?"

"Very much," said Harry. "But hear for a moment how the General beats upon the door. He will certainly break it in, and then, in heaven's name, what have I to look for but death?"

"You put yourself very much about with no occasion," answered Prudence. "Let your General knock, he will do no more than blister his hands. Do you think I would keep you here if I were not sure to save you? Oh, no, I am a good friend to those that please me! and we have a back door upon another lane. But," she added, checking him, for he had got upon his feet immediately on this welcome news, "but I will not show where it is unless you kiss me. Will you, Harry?"

"That I will," he cried, remembering his gallantry, "not for your back door, but because you are good and pretty."

And he administered two or three cordial salutes, which were returned to him in kind.

Then Prudence led him to the back gate, and put her hand upon the key.

"Will you come and see me?" she asked.

"I will indeed," said Harry. "Do not I owe you my life?"

"And now," she added, opening the door, "run as hard as you can, for I shall let in the General."

Harry scarcely required this advice; fear had him by the forelock; and he addressed himself diligently to flight. A few steps, and he believed he would return to Lady Vandeleur in honour and safety. But these few steps had not been taken before he heard a man's voice, hailing him by name with many execrations, and, looking over his shoulder, he beheld Charlie Pendragon waving him with both arms to return. The shock of this new incident was so sudden and profound, and Harry was already worked into so high a state of nervous tension, that he could think of nothing better than to accelerate his pace, and continue running. He should certainly have remembered the scene in Kensington

Gardens; he should certainly have concluded that, where the General was his enemy, Charlie Pendragon could be no other than a friend. But such was the fever and perturbation of his mind that he was struck by none of these considerations, and only continued to run the faster up the lane.

Charlie, by the sound of his voice and the vile terms that he hurled after the secretary, was obviously beside himself with rage. He, too, ran his very best; but, try as he might, the physical advantages were not upon his side, and his outcries and the fall of his lame foot on the macadam began to fall farther and farther into the wake.

Harry's hopes began once more to arise. The lane was both steep and narrow, but it was exceedingly solitary, bordered on either hand by garden walls, overhung with foliage; and, for as far as the fugitive could see in front of him, there was neither a creature moving nor an open door. Providence, weary of persecution, was now offering him an open field for his escape.

Alas! as he came abreast of a garden door under a tuft of chestnuts, it was suddenly drawn back, and he could see inside, upon a garden path, the figure of a butcher's boy with his tray upon his arm. He had hardly recognized the fact before he was some steps beyond upon the other side. But the fellow had had time to observe him; he was evidently much surprised to see a gentleman go by at so unusual a pace; and he came out into the lane and began to call after Harry with shouts of ironical encouragement.

His appearance gave a new idea to Charlie Pendragon, who, although he was now sadly out of breath, once more upraised his voice.

"Stop thief!" he cried.

And immediately the butcher's boy had taken up the cry and joined in the pursuit.

This was a bitter moment for the hunted secretary. It is true that his terror enabled him once more to improve his pace, and gain with every step on his pursuers; but he was well aware that he was near the end of his resources, and should he meet anyone coming the other way, his predicament in the narrow lane would be desperate indeed.

"I must find a place of concealment," he thought, "and that within the next few seconds, or all is over with me in this world."

Scarcely had the thought crossed his mind than the lane took a sudden turning; and he found himself hidden from his enemies. There are circumstances in which even the least energetic of mankind learn to behave with vigour and decision; and the more cautious forget their prudence and embrace foolhardy resolutions. This was one of those occasions for Harry Hartley; and those who knew him best would have been the most astonished at the lad's audacity. He stopped dead, flung the bandbox over a garden wall, and leaping upward with incredible agility and seizing the copestone with his hands, he tumbled headlong after it into the garden.

He came to himself a moment afterwards, seated in a border of small rosebushes. His hands and knees were cut and bleeding, for the wall had been protected against such an escalade by a liberal provision of old bottles, and he was conscious of a general dislocation and a painful swimming in the head. Facing him across the garden, which was in admirable order, and set with flowers of the most delicious perfume, he beheld the back of a house. It was of considerable extent, and plainly habitable; but, in odd contrast to the grounds, it was crazy, ill-kept, and of a mean appearance. On all other sides the circuit of the garden wall appeared unbroken.

He took in these features of the scene with mechanical glances, but his mind was still unable to piece together or draw a rational conclusion from what he saw. And when he heard footsteps advancing on the gravel, although he turned his eyes in that direction, it was with no thought either for defense or flight.

The new comer was a large, coarse, and very sordid personage, in gardening clothes, and with a watering-pot in his left hand. One less confused would have been affected with some alarm at the sight of this man's huge proportions and black and lowering eyes. But Harry was too gravely shaken by his fall to be so much as terrified; and if he was unable to divert his glances from the gardener, he remained absolutely passive, and suffered him to draw near, to take him by the shoulder, and to plant him roughly on his feet, without a motion of resistance.

For a moment the two stared into each other's eyes, Harry fascinated, the man filled with wrath and a cruel, sneering humour.

"Who are you?" he demanded at last. "Who are you to come flying over my wall and break my *Gloire de Dijons?* What

is your name?" he added, shaking him; "and what may be your business here?"

Harry could not as much as proffer a word in explanation.

But just at that moment Pendragon and the butcher's boy went clumping past, and the sound of their feet and their hoarse cries echoed loudly in the narrow lane. The gardener had received his answer; and he looked down into Harry's face with an obnoxious smile.

"A thief!" he said. "Upon my word, and a very good thing you must make of it; for I see you dressed like a gentleman from top to toe. Are you not ashamed to go about the world in such a trim, with honest folk, I dare say, glad to buy your cast-off finery second-hand? Speak up, you dog," the man went on; "you can understand English, I suppose; and I mean to have a bit of talk with you before I march you to the station."

"Indeed, sir," said Harry, "this is all a dreadful misconception; and if you will go with me to Sir Thomas Vandeleur's in Eaton Place, I can promise that all will be made plain. The most upright person, as I now perceive, can be led into suspicious positions."

"My little man," replied the gardener, "I will go with you no farther than the station-house in the next street. The inspector, no doubt, will be glad to take a stroll with you as far as Eaton Place, and have a bit of afternoon tea with your great acquaintances. Or would you prefer to go direct to the Home Secretary? Sir Thomas Vandeleur, indeed? Perhaps you think I don't know a gentleman when I see one, from a common run-the-hedge like you? Clothes or no clothes, I can read you like a book. Here is a shirt that maybe cost as much as my Sunday hat; and that coat, I take it, has never seen the inside of Rag-fair, and then your boots——"

The man, whose eyes had fallen upon the ground, stopped short in his insulting commentary, and remained for a moment looking intently upon something at his feet. When he spoke his voice was strangely altered.

"What, in God's name," said he, "is all this?"

Harry, following the direction of the man's eyes, beheld a spectacle that struck him dumb with terror and amazement. In his fall he had descended vertically upon the bandbox and burst it open from end to end; thence a great treasure of diamonds had poured forth, and now lay abroad, part trodden in the soil, part scattered on the surface in regal and glittering profusion. There was a magnificent coronet which he had often admired on Lady Vandeleur; there were rings and brooches, ear-drops and bracelets, and even unset brilliants rolling here and there among the rose-bushes like drops of morning dew. A princely fortune lay between the two men upon the ground—a fortune in the most inviting, solid, and durable form, capable of being carried in an apron, beautiful in itself, and scattering the sunlight in a million rainbow flashes.

"Good God!" said Harry, "I am lost!"

His mind raced backward into the past with the incalculable velocity of thought, and he began to comprehend his day's adventures, to conceive them as a whole, and to recognize the sad imbroglio in which his own character and fortunes had become involved. He looked round him, as if for help, but he was alone in the garden, with his scattered diamonds and his redoubtable interlocutor; and when he gave ear, there was no sound but the rustle of the leaves and the hurried pulsation of his heart. It was little wonder if the young man felt himself a little deserted by his spirits, and with a broken voice repeated his last ejaculation—

"I am lost!"

The gardener peered in all directions with an air of guilt; but there was no face at any of the windows, and he seemed to breathe again.

"Pick up a heart," he said, "you fool! The worst of it is done. Why could you not say at first there was enough for two? Two!" he repeated, "aye, and for two hundred! But come away from here, where we may be observed; and, for the love of wisdom, straighten out your hat and brush your clothes. You could not travel two steps the figure of fun you look just now."

While Harry mechanically adopted these suggestions, the gardener, getting upon his knees, hastily drew together the scattered jewels and returned them to the bandbox. The touch of these costly crystals sent a shiver of emotion through the man's stalwart frame; his face was transfigured, and his eyes shone with concupiscence; indeed it seemed as if he luxuriously prolonged his occupation, and dallied with every diamond that he handled. At last, however, it was done; and, concealing the bandbox in his smock, the gardener beckoned to Harry and preceded him in the direction of the house.

Near the door they were met by a young man evidently in holy orders, dark and strikingly handsome, with a look of mingled weakness and resolution, and very neatly attired after the manner of his caste. The gardener was plainly annoyed by this encounter; but he put as good a face upon it as he could, and accosted the clergyman with an obsequious and smiling air.

"Here is a fine afternoon, Mr. Rolles," said he: "a fine afternoon, as sure as God made it! And here is a young friend of mine who had a fancy to look at my roses. I took the liberty to bring him in, for I thought none of the lodgers would object."

"Speaking for myself," replied the Reverend Mr. Rolles, "I do not; nor do I fancy any of the rest of us would be more difficult upon so small a matter. The garden is your own, Mr. Raeburn; we must none of us forget that; and because you give us liberty to walk there we should be indeed ungracious if we so far presumed upon your politeness as to interfere with the convenience of your friends. But, on second thoughts," he added, "I believe that this gentleman and I have met before. Mr. Hartley, I think. I regret to observe that you have had a fall."

And he offered his hand.

A sort of maidenly dignity and a desire to delay as long as possible the necessity for explanation moved Harry to refuse this chance of help, and to deny his own identity. He chose the tender mercies of the gardener, who was at least unknown to him, rather than the curiosity and perhaps the doubts of an acquaintance.

"I fear there is some mistake," said he. "My name is Thomlinson and I am a friend of Mr. Raeburn's."

"Indeed?" said Mr. Rolles. "The likeness is amazing."

Mr. Raeburn, who had been upon thorns throughout this colloquy, now felt it high time to bring it to a period.

"I wish you a pleasant saunter, sir," said he.

And with that he dragged Harry after him into the house, and then into a chamber on the garden. His first care was to draw down the blind, for Mr. Rolles still remained where they had left him, in an attitude of perplexity and thought. Then he emptied the broken bandbox on the table, and stood before the treasure, thus fully displayed, with an expression of rapturous greed, and rubbing his hands upon his thighs. For Harry, the sight of the man's face under the influence of this base emotion, added another pang to those he was already suffering. It seemed incredible that, from his life of pure and delicate trifling, he should be plunged in a breath among sordid and criminal relations. He could reproach his conscience with no sinful act; and yet he was now suffering the punishment of sin in its most acute and cruel forms—the dread of punishment, the suspicions of the good, and the companionship and contamination of vile and brutal natures. He felt he could lay his life down with gladness to escape from the room and the society of Mr. Raeburn.

"And now," said the latter, after he had separated the jewels into two nearly equal parts, and drawn one of them nearer to himself; "and now," said he, "everything in this world has to be paid for, and some things sweetly. You must know, Mr. Hartley, if such be your name. that I am a man of a very easy temper, and good nature has been my stumbling block from first to last. I could pocket the whole of these pretty pebbles, if I chose, and I should like to see you dare to say a word; but I think I must have taken a liking to you; for I declare I have not the heart to shave you so close. So, do you see, in pure kind feeling, I propose that we divide; and these," indicating the two heaps, "are the proportions that seem to me just and friendly. Do you see any objection, Mr. Hartley, may I ask? I am not the man to stick upon a brooch."

"But, sir," cried Harry, "what you propose to me is impossible. The jewels are not mine, and I cannot share what is another's, no matter with whom, nor in what proportions."

"They are not yours, are they not?" returned Raeburn. "And you could not share them with anybody, couldn't you? Well now, that is what I call a pity; for here I am obliged to take you to the station. The police—think of that," he continued; "think of the disgrace for your respectable parents; think," he went on, taking Harry by the wrist; "think of the Colonies and the Day of Judgment."

"I cannot help it," wailed Harry. "It is not my fault. You will not come with me to Eaton Place."

"No," replied the man, "I will not, that is certain. And I mean to divide these playthings with you here."

And so saying he applied a sudden and severe torsion to the lad's wrist.

Harry could not suppress a scream, and

the perspiration burst forth upon his face. Perhaps pain and terror quickened his intelligence, but certainly at that moment the whole business flashed across him in another light; and he saw that there was nothing for it but to accede to the ruffian's proposal, and trust to find the house and force him to disgorge, under more favourable circumstances, and when he himself was clear from all suspicion.

"I agree," he said.

"There is a lamb," sneered the gardener. "I thought you would recognize your interests at last. This bandbox," he continued, "I shall burn with my rubbish; it is a thing that curious folk might recognize; and as for you, scrape up your gaieties and put them in your pocket."

Harry proceeded to obey, Raeburn watching him, and every now and again, his greed rekindled by some bright scintillation, abstracting another jewel from the secretary's share, and adding it to his own.

When this was finished, both proceeded to the front door, which Raeburn cautiously opened to observe the street. This was apparently clear of passengers; for he suddenly seized Harry by the nape of the neck, and holding his face downward so that he could see nothing but the roadway and the doorsteps of the houses, pushed him violently before him down one street and up another for the space of perhaps a minute and a half. Harry had counted three corners before the bully relaxed his grasp, and crying, "Now be off with you!" sent the lad flying head foremost with a well-directed and athletic kick.

When Harry gathered himself up, half-half-stunned and bleeding freely at the nose, Mr. Raeburn had entirely disappeared. For the first time, anger and pain so completely overcame the lad's spirits that he burst into a fit of tears and remained sobbing in the middle of the road.

After he had thus somewhat assuaged his emotion, he began to look about him and read the names of the streets at whose intersection he had been deserted by the gardener. He was still in an unfrequented portion of West London, among villas and large gardens; but he could see some persons at a window who had evidently witnessed his misfortune; and almost immediately after a servant came running from the house and offered him a glass of water. At the same time, a dirty rogue, who had been slouching somewhere in the neighbourhood, drew near him from the other side.

"Poor fellow," said the maid, "how vilely you have been handled, to be sure! Why, your knees are all cut, and your clothes ruined! Do you know the wretch who used you so?"

"That I do!" cried Harry, who was somewhat refreshed by the water; "and shall run him home in spite of his precautions. He shall pay dearly for this day's work, I promise you."

"You had better come into the house and have yourself washed and brushed," continued the maid. "My mistress will make you welcome, never fear. And see, I will pick up your hat. Why, love of mercy!" she screamed, "if you have not dropped diamonds all over the street!"

Such was the case; a good half of what remained to him after the depredations of Mr. Raeburn, had been shaken out of his pockets by the summersault, and once more lay glittering on the ground. He blessed his fortune that the maid had been so quick of eye; "there is nothing so bad but it might be worse," thought he; and the recovery of these few seemed to him almost as great an affair as the loss of all the rest. But, alas! as he stooped to pick up his treasures the loiterer made a rapid onslaught, overset both Harry and the maid with a movement of his arms, swept up a double handful of the diamonds, and made off along the street with an amazing swiftness.

Harry, as soon as he could get upon his feet, gave chase to the miscreant with many cries, but the latter was too fleet of foot, and probably too well acquainted with the locality; for turn where the pursuer would he could find no traces of the fugitive.

In the deepest despondency Harry revisited the scene of his mishap, where the maid, who was still waiting, very honestly returned him his hat and the remainder of the fallen diamonds. Harry thanked her from his heart, and being now in no humour for economy, made his way to the nearest cabstand and set off for Eaton Place by coach.

The house, on his arrival, seemed in some confusion, as if a catastrophe had happened in the family; and the servants clustered together in the hall, and were unable, or perhaps not altogether anxious, to suppress their merriment at the tatterdemalion figure of the secretary. He passed them with as good an air of dignity as he could assume, and made directly for the boudoir. When he opened the door an astonishing and even menacing spectacle presented

itself to his eyes; for he beheld the General and his wife and, of all people, Charlie Pendragon, closeted together and speaking with earnestness and gravity on some important subject. Harry saw at once that there was little left for him to explain—plenary confession had plainly been made to the General of the intended fraud upon his pocket, and the unfortunate miscarriage of the scheme; and they had all made common cause against a common danger.

"Thank Heaven!" cried Lady Vandeleur, "here he is! The bandbox, Harry—the bandbox!"

But Harry stood before them silent and downcast.

"Speak!" she cried. "Speak! Where is the bandbox?"

And the men, with threatening gestures, repeated the demand.

Harry drew a handful of jewels from his pocket. He was very white.

"This is all that remains," said he. "I declare before Heaven it was through no fault of mine; and if you will have patience, although some are lost, I am afraid, for ever, others, I am sure, may be still recovered!"

"Alas!" cried Lady Vandeleur, "all our diamonds are gone, and I owe ninety thousand pounds for dress!"

"Madam," said the General, "you might have paved the gutter with your own trash; you might have made debts to fifty times the sum you mention; you might have robbed me of my mother's coronet and rings; and Nature might have still so far prevailed that I could have forgiven you at last. But, madam, you have taken the Rajah's Diamond—the Eye of Light, as the Orientals poetically termed it—the Pride of Kashgar! You have taken from me the Rajah's Diamond," he cried, raising his hands, "and all, madam, all is at an end between us!"

"Believe me, General Vandeleur," she replied, "that is one of the most agreeable speeches that ever I heard from your lips; and since we are to be ruined I could almost welcome the change, if it delivers me from you. You have told me often enough that I married you for your money; let me tell you now that I always bitterly repented the bargain; and if you were still marriageable, and had a diamond bigger than your head, I should counsel even my maid against a union so uninviting and disastrous. As for you, Mr. Hartley," she continued, turning on the secretary, "you have sufficiently exhibited your valuable qualities in this house; we are now persuaded that you equally lack manhood, sense and self-respect; and I can see only one course open for you—to withdraw instanter, and, if possible, return no more. For your wages you may rank as a creditor in my late husband's bankruptcy."

Harry had scarcely comprehended this insulting address before the General was down upon him with another.

"And in the mean time," said that personage, "follow me before the nearest Inspector of Police. You may impose upon a simple-minded soldier, sir, but the eye of the law will read your disreputable secret. If I must spend my old age in poverty through your underhand intriguing with my wife, I mean at least that you shall not remain unpunished for your pains; and God, sir, will deny me a very considerable satisfaction if you do not pick oakum from now until your dying day."

With that the General dragged Harry from the apartment, and hurried him downstairs and along the street to the police-station of the district.

Here (says my Arabian author) *ended this deplorable business of the bandbox. But to the unfortunate secretary the whole affair was the beginning of a new and manlier life. The police were easily persuaded of his innocence; and, after he had given what help he could in the subsequent investigations, he was even complimented by one of the chiefs of the detective department on the probity and simplicity of his behaviour. Several persons interested themselves in one so unfortunate: and soon after he inherited a sum of money from a maiden aunt in Worcestershire. With this he married Prudence, and set sail for Bendigo, or according to another account, for Trincomalee, exceedingly content, and with the best of prospects.*

To a Friend Just Married

MY OLD father used to have a saying that "If you make a bad bargain, hug it all the tighter"; and it occurs to me that if the bargain you have just closed can possibly be called a bad one, it is certainly the most pleasant one for applying that maxim to which my fancy can by any effort picture. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The Song of the Falcon

M. Gorki

Translated by Benjamin Block

SIGHING lazily at the shore, the slumbering sea lies calm and motionless in the distance, diffused with the columbine sheen of the moon. Velvety and black it blends there with the blue southern sky and sleeps soundly, reflecting the transparent woof of the immobile and fleecy clouds through which gleam the golden arabesques of the stars. It appears as if the heavens stoop lower and lower over the sea, anxious to grasp what the weltering waves are murmuring as they creep drowsily on to the shore.

The mountains, overgrown with countless trees, bend fantastically to the northeast, hoist their summits into the blue void above them, while their dry and rugged outlines bathe in the warm caressing haze of the southern night.

Gravely thoughtful stand the mountains, casting dark and gloomy shadows upon the stately green crests of waves, enshrouding them, as if wishing to thwart their sole element and muffle the incessant splashes and sighs of the foam—sounds that infringe upon the mysterious tranquillity which holds sway over all things jointly with the turquoise silvery light of the moon, still hidden beyond the mountain ridges.

"A-lah-ah ak-bar! . . ." murmurs softly Nadír-Rahím-Ogli, a tall, gray, old and sage Crimean herdsman of sombre aspect, burned dark by the sun of the south.

We are lying on the sand at the foot of a colossal boulder which long since broke off from its native mountain, and now, overgrown with surly and dismal moss, scowls in dark shadows. The side facing seaward is covered with silt and sea-weeds, washed upon it by the waves; from the distance it appears indistinguishable from the narrow land streak which separates the mountains from the sea. The flame of the wood-pile casts a glaring light upon the side facing the mountains; it flickers, and shadows run across the ancient rock designed with a network of deep rents. It seems possessed of thought and feeling.

Rahím and I are boiling fish-soup from freshly-caught sculpins, and both of us are in that peculiar frame of mind when all appears visionary and spiritualistic; when one is apt to fathom his own mind; the heart so pure, so buoyant and, at last, free from all other desires save one—to contemplate.

Meanwhile, the sea fondles the shore and the waves wail with tender sadness, as if they are asking heat from our fire. From time to time one detects a note more daring and crafty. This is one of the many waves which has fearlessly crept well-nigh over to us. Rahím has already compared the waves to women, suspecting them of the desire to embrace and kiss us. He is lying with chest upon the sand, leaning on his elbows, and gazing thoughtfully into the hazy distance. His head, resting on the palm of his hand, is turned seaward. His shaggy sheepskin hat has shifted down the nape of his neck, while a refreshing breeze, wafted from the sea, caresses his furrowed forehead. He is philosophizing, unmindful of my presence, just as if he were addressing himself to the sea:

"A man faithful to God goes to heaven. But he who does not serve God and the Prophet? Perhaps he is in that foam? . . . And those silvery patches on the surface of the water may even be he. Who can tell? . . ."

The dark and mighty sea now throbs in lambent light as if carelessly scattered by the moon which has already emerged from under the jagged mountain tops. It is now pensively emitting its light upon the sea which sighs softly as she meets it and upon the shore and rock beside which both of us are lying.

"Rahím! . . . Tell me a story!" I beg of the old man.

"What for?" interrogates Rahím, without even turning to look at me.

"Just so! I love your stories."

"I have already told them all to you. . . . I have no others. . . ."

By this he intimates that I should entreat him, which I do accordingly.

"Would you like to hear an old song?" assents Rahím.

I declare my eagerness for it. Whereupon in a dismal recitative tone, endeavouring to preserve the original melody of the steppe-song and dreadfully jumbling together the Russian words, he recites:

I

"High into the mountains crawled a Snake, and there, in a damp gorge, he lay all shrivelled up into a knot, gazing upon the sea.

"Deep in the sky shone the sun, and the mountains breathed forth sultry heat into heaven. Below, the billows rushed themselves against the rocks.

"And along the gorge, through darkness and splashing, a torrent bounding over the rocks, rushed to meet the sea.

"Seething in white foam, hoary and vigourous, it cut through the rocks, falling into the sea, roaring angrily.

"Suddenly, into the gorge wherein the Snake lay shrivelled up, a Falcon fell from heaven, his bosom broken and feathers stained with blood.

"With a sharp cry he dropped upon the earth and in impotent wrath beat his head against the hard rock.

"Alarmed, the Snake at first hastily retreated, but soon grasped that the bird had but a few more minutes to live; he crawled over nearer to him and hissed directly into his eyes:

"'Art thou dying?'

"'Yes, I am dying,' replied the Falcon, heaving a deep sigh. 'I have lived gloriously! . . . I have known happiness! . . . I have fought heroically! . . . I have beheld heaven! . . . Thou wilt not see it so near thee! . . . O, thou unfortunate!'

"'Pooh, what's heaven? — an empty place. . . . How am I to creep up there? Besides, this place suits me very much . . . 'tis damp and warm!'

"Thus rejoined the Snake to the free bird, smiling inwardly at such nonsense.

"And he reasoned thus: 'Fly or creep, the end is known: all will die—all into dust will turn. . . .'

"But all at once the daring Falcon shook his wings, raised himself slightly above the ground and viewed the stifled gorge. Through the gray rock water gushed, and a putrid smell pervaded the dark cleft.

"His strength all mustered up, his heart replete with grief and anguish, he shouted:

"'O, if for the last time I could rise to heaven! . . . There, to the wounds of my bosom I would clutch my enemy . . . and, strangled, he would die in my blood! O joy of battle!'

"The Snake then reasoned again:

"'Heaven, must indeed, be a splendid place to live in, that he so doth sigh!'

"And to the bird of Freedom he held forth thus:

"'Draw nearer to the brink of the gorge and throw thyself down. Perchance thy wings once more will bear thee up, and thou wilt live a while longer in thine native element!'

"And the Falcon shuddered, and, uttering a faint cry, drew nearer to the steep, sliding with his claws on the slime of the stone. And spreading his wings, he flashed fire from his eyes, sighing heavily as he rolled downward.

"And like a stone tumbling down the rocks, he fell swiftly, breaking his pinions and losing his feathers.

"His blood washed off, and, caught by the waves of the torrent, he was carried into the sea, bedecked with foam.

"And the billows of the sea, roaring dismally, dashed themselves against the rocks. . . . And the corpse of the bird was lost in the waste of the sea. . . ."

II

"Lying in the gorge, the Snake brooded long over the death of the bird and its passionate craving for heaven.

"And into that distance, which forever flatters one to dream of happiness, he directed his eyes.

"'What is it that he, the dead Falcon, could have seen in that bottomless and never-ending desert? Wherefore do such as he, no longer alive, stir one's soul with their love of flight to heaven? What is clear to them up there? I, of course, could easily make knowledge of all, were I to ascend there but for a fleeting moment.'

"Said and done. Into a circle all curled up, the Snake soared into the air, flashing in the sun like a narrow ribbon.

"'What is born to crawl—will never fly!' Unmindful of this truth he fell back on the rock, hurt but not killed, and laughed:

"'So that's what makes the flight into heaven so delightful! It's—the fall! . . . Ridiculous birds! Having little knowledge of the earth, they feel out of place on it; aspire to high heavens and seek life in a sultry desert. Light there is in abundance and emptiness unbound, 'tis true. But where's one to get food and support for a living body! Wherefore, then, have pride? Wherefore all reproaches? Is it not a mask to disguise the madness of one's desires and the unfitness for life's affairs? Ridiculous birds! Their words will no longer enchant me! . . . I know better now! I beheld the sky. . . . I ascended it, explored it and even experienced the sensation of falling, but have escaped destruction; on the contrary, it has only strengthened the confidence in myself. Let those who shun earthly life live by deceit. . . . As for myself, I know the truth now, and in their invocations I have lost my faith. An earthly creature—on earth I shall remain!'

"And curled up into a ball, he lay on the rock flattered by pride.

"The whole surface of the sea was now bathed in bright splendour and the billows menacingly dashed themselves against the rocks.

"In their lion-like roar resounded the song of the proud bird; the rocks quaked from their blows, the sky shuddered from the menacing song:

"'*To the madness of the brave we sing praise!*'

"Madness of the brave—that's the wisdom of life. O, brave Falcon! In battle with thy enemies thou hast bled! . . . But there will come a time when the drops of the seething blood will scintillate like sparks in the darkness of life, enkindling many a brave heart with a maddening thirst for freedom and light!

"Be it that thou art dead! . . . But in the song of the brave and strong in spirit thou always will be a living precedent, a proud invocation to freedom and light!

"We chant the song of praise to the madness of the brave!"

Tranquil is the opal-tinged surface of the sea and wailing gloomily the waves sweep along the shore. I utter not a word as I gaze at Rahím who has just concluded reciting his song of the brave Falcon to the sea. Silvery patches reflected from the moonbeams begin to cover the whole surface of the sea. . . . Our fish soup is beginning to boil.

Splashing defiantly, one of the waves sweeps playfully along the shore, reaching Rahím's head.

"Whither bound? . . . Away!" threatens Rahím with his hand, and the wave submissively rolls back into the sea.

In Rahím's sally, personifying the waves, I find nothing to laugh at. All about us is strangely alive, soft and caressing. The sea is inspiringly calm and one feels that in its fresh breath, still uncooled from the day's heat, is hidden much mighty, suppressed strength. Over the dark blue firmament, in golden patterns of stars, is inscribed something solemn, fascinating the soul, confounding the mind with a sweet expectancy of some revelation.

Everything slumbers, but with a tensified semi-wakefulness, and it seems as if in the next second all things will suddenly awaken and resound in tuneful harmony of inexplicably sweet strains. These sounds will tell of the mysteries of the universe, unfold them to the mind which they will then extinguish like a will-o-the-wisp, drawing the soul far, far away into the dark blue void, whence the trembling figures of the stars meeting it will also resound with the divine harmony of revelation.

An Eighteenth-Century Miss

LAST Friday was Valentine's Day, and the night before, I got five bay-leaves, and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow, and the fifth to the middle; and then, if I dreamt of my sweetheart, Betty said we should be married before the year was out. But to make it more sure, I boiled an egg hard and took out the yolk, and filled it with salt; and when I went to bed, ate it, shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it. We also wrote our lovers' names upon bits of paper, and rolled them up in clay, and put them into water—and the first that rose up was to be our valentine.

Would you think it?—Mr. Blossom was my man. I lay a-bed and shut my eyes all the morning till he came to our house; for I could not have seen another man before him for all the world. *The Connoisseur, 1754.*

Romance

The young who avoid that region escape the title of fool
at the cost of a celestial crown. GEORGE MEREDITH.

The Woman One Never Forgets

Romance gives full-length portraits of wooings, but only statue-busts of marriage.

For in the life of every man, whether he will own it or not, there is at least one unmentioned woman whom he never forgets while he keeps his faculties. She may not be the best, or the prettiest, or even the nicest woman he has loved. No, her qualities have as little to do with the matter as her birth certificate. A woman isn't her age, or herself; she is what she makes us feel—like art and nature, like a musical phrase, or a line of words.

LEONARD MERRICK.

The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow. SHELLEY.

Wool-Gathering

To wander alone endlessly and ceaselessly among the trees and rocks about my dwelling, to muse or rather to be as irresponsible as I please, and, as you say, to go wool-gathering; . . . finally to give myself up unconstrainedly to my fantasies which, thank heaven, are all within my power: that, sir, is for me the supreme enjoyment, than which I can imagine nothing superior in this world for a man at my age and in my condition. ROUSSEAU.

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven! O times,
In which the meager stale forbidding ways
Of custom, law and statute, took at once
The attraction of a country in romance! WORDSWORTH.

The Chief of the Assassins Felt It, Too

The Old Man of the Mountain laughed and stroked his beard. . . .

"Now you can go on your way without hindrance from me, Marco Polo, because of the memory of an old time, when the courting of a woman was more to me than the killing of a man, when beauty meant more nor power." DONN BYRNE.

Master Magic

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we can not hear it. Shakespeare.

When Werther Forgot His Sorrows

How my heart beats, and my blood boils in my veins, when by accident I touch her finger!—when my feet meet hers under the table, I draw them back with precipitation, as from a furnace; but a secret power again presses me forward, and disorders all my senses. . . .

I look upon her sacred, and in her presence I desire nothing; when I am near her, I am all soul. There is a favourite air of hers, which she plays on the harpsichord with the energy of an angel; it is striking, touching, and yet simple. As soon as she begins it, care, sorrows, pain, all is forgotten. I believe I perfectly comprehend all that is related of the magic of ancient music. At times, when I am ready to shoot myself, she plays the air, and the darkness which hung over me is dispersed, and, I breathe freely again. Goethe.

Truth, that's brighter than gem,
Trust, that's purer than pearl—
Brightest truth, purest trust in the universe—all were for me
In the kiss of one girl. Browning.

Romance versus Too Much Nose

Cyrano: Whom I love? . . . Come, think a little. The dream of being beloved, even by the beautiless, is made, to me, an empty dream by this good nose, my forerunner ever by a quarter of an hour. Hence, whom should I love? . . . It seems superfluous to tell you! . . . I love . . . it was inevitable . . . the most beautiful that breathes! . . . Look at me, dear friend, and tell me how much hope you think can be justly entertained with this protuberance Oh, I foster no illusions! . . . Sometimes, indeed, yes, in the violet dusk I yield, even I! to a dreamy mood. I penetrate some garden that lies sweetening the hour. With my poor great devil of a nose I sniff the April. . . . And as I follow with my eyes some woman passing with some cavalier, I think how dear would I hold having to walk beside me, linked like that, slowly, in the soft moonlight, such a one! I kindle—I forget—and then . . . then suddenly I see the shadow of my profile upon the garden wall! Edmond Rostand.

A pleasing land of drowsy head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
Forever flushing round a summer sky. James Thomson.

The Transformer

And Rudolph Musgrabe noted, with a delicious tingling somewhere about his heart, that her hair was really like the reflection of a sunset in rippling waters,—only many times more beautiful, of course,—and that her mouth was an inconsiderable trifle, a scrap of sanguine curves, and that her eyes were purple glimpses of infinity.

James Branch Cabell.

"Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles.
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew." TENNYSON.

Céluta felt that she was going to fall upon the bosom of this man as one falls into an abyss. VICTOR HUGO.

Man must conceive himself what he is not, for who is pleased with what he is?
SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Every ass that's romantic believes he's inspired.
WOLSELEY. *Preface to "Valentinian."*

IN THE SOUTH SEAS

We had approached within a mile and a half perhaps of the foot of the bay, when some of the islanders . . . directed our attention to a singular commotion in the water ahead of the vessel. At first I imagined it to be produced by a shoal of fish sporting on the surface, but our savage friends assured us that it was caused by a shoal of "whinhenies" (young girls), who in this manner were coming off the shore to welcome us. As they drew nearer, and I watched the rising and sinking of their forms, and beheld the uplifted right arm bearing above the water the girdle of tappe, and their long hair trailing beside them as they swam, I almost fancied they could be nothing else than so many mermaids:—and very like mermaids they behaved, too.

We were still some distance from the beach, and under slow headway, when we sailed right into the midst of these swimming nymphs, and they boarded us at every quarter; many seizing hold of the chain-plates and springing into the chains; others, at the peril of being run over by the vessel in her course, catching at the bob-stays, and wreathing their slender forms about the ropes, hung suspended in the air. All of them at length succeeded in getting up the ship's side, where they clung dripping with the brine and glowing from the bath, their jet-black tresses streaming over their shoulders, and half enveloping their otherwise naked forms. There they hung, sparkling with savage vivacity, laughing gaily at one another, and chattering away with infinite glee. Nor were they idle the while, for each one performed the simple offices of the toilet for the other. Their luxuriant locks, wound up and twisted into the smallest possible compass, were freed from the element; the whole person carefully dried, and from a little round shell that passed from hand to hand, anointed with a fragrant oil: their adornments were completed by passing a few loose folds of white tappa, in a modest cincture, around the waist. Thus arrayed, they no longer hesitated, but flung themselves lightly over the bulwarks, and were quickly frolicking about the decks. Many of them went forward, perching upon the head-rails or running out upon the bowsprit, while others seated themselves upon the taffrail, or reclined at full length upon the boats.

Their appearance perfectly amazed me; their extreme youth, the light clear brown of their complexions, their delicate features, and inexpressibly graceful figures, their softly moulded limbs, and free unstudied action, seemed as strange as beautiful.

The *Dolly* was fairly captured. HERMAN MELVILLE.

NICOLETTE THE FAIR

It was in the time of summer heat, in the month of May, when the days are warm, long and clear, and the nights coy and serene. Nicolette lay one night sleepless on her bed, and watched the moon shine brightly through the casement, and listened to the nightingale plain in the garden. Then she bethought her of Aucassin, her friend, whom she loved so well. . . . So she rose, and wrapped herself in a very fair silk mantle, the best

she had, and taking the sheets from her bed and the towels of her bath, knotted them together to make so long a rope as she was able, tied it about a pillar of the window, and slipped down into the garden. Then she took her skirt in both hands, the one before, and the other behind, and kilted her lightly against the dew which lay thickly on the grass, and so passed through the garden. Her hair was golden, with little love-locks; her eyes blue and laughing; her face most dainty to see, with lips more vermeil than ever was rose or cherry in the time of summer heat; her teeth white and small; her breasts so firm that they showed beneath her vesture like two rounded nuts; so frail was she about the girdle that your two hands could have spanned her, and the daisies that she brake with her feet in passing, showed altogether black against her instep and her flesh, so white was the fair young maiden. (MASON'S TRANSLATION).

THE RETURNING OF EXCALIBUR

Then Sir Bedivere departed, and went to the sword, and lightly took it up, and went to the water-side; and there he bound the girdle about the hilt, and then he threw the sword as far into the water as he might; and there came an arm and an hand above the water and met it, and caught it, and so shook it thrice and brandished, and then vanished away the hand with the sword in the water. SIR THOMAS MALORY.

I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all:
They cried—"La Belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall!" KEATS.

IN THE DAYS WHEN ROMANCE RULED

Where Duke William was, his *jongleur—Jugleor*—was not far, and Wace knew, as everyone in Normandy seemed to know, who this favourite was,—his name, his character, and his song. To him Wace owed one of the most famous passages in his story of the assault of Hastings, where Duke William and his battle began their advance against the English Lines:

Taillefer who was famed for song,
Mounted on a charger strong,
Rode on before the Duke, and sang
Of Roland and of Charlemagne,
Oliver and the vassals all
Who fell in fight at Roncesvals.
When they had ridden till they saw
The English battle close before:
"Sire," said Taillefer, "a grace!
I have served you long and well:
All reward you owe me still;
Today repay me if you please.
For all guerdon I require,
And ask of you in formal prayer,
Grant to me as mine of right
The first blow struck in the fight."
The Duke answered him: "I grant."

. . . Legally translated, Taillefer asked to be ennobled, and offered to pay for it with his life. The request of a *jongleur* to lead the Duke's battle seems incredible. In early French, "*bataille*" means battalion,—the column of attack. The Duke's grant: "*Ie l'otreil*" seems still more fanciful. Yet Guy of Amiens distinctly confirmed the story:—"*Histrio cor audax nimium quem nobilitabat*"; a stage-player,—a juggler—the Duke's singer—whose bravery ennobled him. The Duke granted him—*octroya*—his patent of nobility on the field. HENRY ADAMS.

The Awakening

At the close of the tournament the ladies were so stripped of their ornaments, that the greater part of them were bareheaded. Thus they went their ways with their hair floating on their shoulders more glossy than fine gold; and with their robes without the sleeves, for they had given to the knights to decorate themselves, wimples and hoods, mantles and shifts, sleeves and bodices. When they found themselves undressed to such a pitch, they were at first quite ashamed; but as soon as they saw every one was in the same state, they began to laugh at the whole adventure, for they had all bestowed their jewels and their clothes upon the knights with so good a will, that they had not perceived that they uncovered themselves. G. P. R. James.

The Potion

And then anon Sir Tristram took the sea, and La Beale Isoud; and when they were in their cabin, it happed so that they were thirsty, and they saw a little flacket of gold stand by them, and it seemed by the colour and the taste that it was noble wine. Then Sir Tristram took the flacket in his hand, and said, Madam Isoud, here is the best drink that ever ye drank. . . . Then they laughed and made good cheer, and either drank to other freely, and they thought never drink that ever they drank to other was so sweet nor so good. But by that their drink was in their bodies, they loved either other so well that never their love departed for weal neither for woe. And thus it happed the love first betwixt Sir Tristram and La Beale Isoud, the which love never departed the days of their life. Sir Thomas Malory.

Drawn by Aubrey Beardsley

La Gioconda

The presence that rose thus so strangely beside the waters, is expressive of what in the ways of a thousand years men had come to desire. Hers is the head upon which all "the ends of the world are come," and the eyelids are a little weary. It is a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh, the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions. Set it for a moment beside one of those white Greek goddesses or beautiful women of antiquity, and how would they be troubled by this beauty, into which the soul with all its maladies has passed! All the thoughts and experience of the world have etched and moulded there, in that which they have of power to refine and and make expressive the outward form, the animalism of Greece, the lust of Rome, the mysticism of the middle age with its spiritual ambition and imaginative loves, the return of the Pagan world, the sins of the Borgias. She is older than the rocks among whom she sits; like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her; and trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants, and, as Leda, was the mother of Helen of Troy, and, as Saint Anne, the mother of Mary; and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments, and tinged the eyelids and the hands. The fancy of a perpetual life, sweeping together ten thousand experiences, is an old one; and modern philosophy has conceived the idea of humanity as wrought upon by, and summing up in itself, all modes of thought and life. Certainly Lady Lisa might stand as the embodiment of the old fancy, the symbol of the modern idea. Walter Pater.

If I were king—ah, love, if I were king!
What tributary nations would I bring
To stoop before your sceptre, and to swear
Allegiance to your lips and eyes and hair.
Beneath your feet what treasure I would fling:—
The stars should be your pearls upon a string,
The world a ruby for your finger ring,
And you should have the sun and moon to wear
If I were king.

JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY.

DESERT MYSTERY

All along the edge of the garden, from the villa to the boundary of Count Antecni's domain, ran a straight high wall made of earth bricks hardened by the sun and topped by a coping of palm wood painted white. This wall was some eight feet high on the side next to the desert, but the garden was raised in such a way that the inner side was merely a low parapet running along the sand path. In this parapet were cut small seats, like window-seats, in which one could rest and look full upon the desert as from a little cliff. Domini sat down on one of them, and the Count stood by her, resting one foot on the top of the wall and leaning his right arm on his knee.

"There is a world on which I look for my hiding-place," he said. "A vast world, isn't it?"

Domini nodded without speaking.

Immediately beneath them, in the narrow shadow of the wall, was a path of earth and stones which turned off at the right at the end of the garden into the oasis. Beyond lay the vast river bed, a chaos of hot boulders bounded by ragged low earth cliffs, interspersed here and there with small pools of gleaming water. These cliffs were yellow. From their edge stretched the desert, as Eternity stretches from the edge of Time. Only to the left was the immeasurable expanse intruded upon by a long spur of mountains, which ran out boldly for some distance and then stopped abruptly, conquered and abashed by the imperious flats. Beneath the mountains were low, tent-like, cinnamon-coloured undulations, which reminded Domini of those made by a shaken-out sheet, one smaller than the other till they melted into the level. The summits of the most distant mountains, which leaned away as if in fear of the desert, were dark and mistily purple. Their flanks were iron grey at this hour, flecked in the hollows with the faint mauve and pink which became carnation colour when the sun set.

Domini scarcely looked at them. Till now she had always thought that she loved mountains. The desert suddenly made them insignificant, almost mean to her. . . . . She turned her eyes towards the flat spaces. It was in them that majesty lay, mystery, power, and all deep and significant things. In the midst of the river bed, and quite near rose a round and squat white tower with a small cupola. Beyond it, on the little cliff, was a tangle of palms where a tiny oasis sheltered a few native huts. At an immense distance, here and there, other oases showed as dark stains show on the sea where there are hidden rocks. And still farther away, on all hands, the desert seemed to curve up slightly like a shallow wind-hued cup to the misty blue horizon line, which resembled a faintly seen and mysterious tropical sea, so distant that its sultry murmur was lost in the embrace of the intervening silence.

An Arab passed on the path below the wall. He did not see them. A white dog with curling lips ran beside him. He was singing to himself in a low, inward voice. He went on and turned towards the oasis, still singing as he walked slowly.

"Do you know what he is singing?" the Count asked.

Domini shook her head. She was straining her ears to hear the melody as long as possible.

"It is a desert song of the freed negroes of Touggourt—'No one but God and I know what is in my heart.'"

Domini lowered her parasol to conceal her face. In the distance she could still hear the song, but it was dying away.

"Oh! what is going to happen to me here?" she thought. ROBERT HICHENS.

Tao

By ACHMED ABDULLAH

Achmed Abdullah

IT WAS now the custom of Li Ping-Yeng, the wealthy retired banker, to sit near the open window and look up at the sky, which seemed always to be packed with dirty clouds, or down into Pell Street, toward the corner, where it streams into the Bowery in frothy, brutal, yellow-and-white streaks. Occasionally, huddled snug and warm in a fold of his loose sleeve, a diminutive, flat-faced Pekinese spaniel, with convex, nostalgic eyes and a sniffy button of a nose, would give a weak and rather ineffectual bark. Then, startled, yet smiling, Li Ping-Yeng would rise and go down-stairs to the Great Shanghai Chop Suey Palace in search of food.

To do this he had to cross his apartment.

Fretted with shifting lights, it lay in dim, scented splendour. Underfoot stretched a thick-napped dragon rug of tawny orange and taupe, picked out with rose-red and brown. Age-darkened tulip-wood furniture faded into the corners, where the shadows drooped and coiled. The door of the outer hall was hidden by a great, ebony-framed screen of pale lotus silk embroidered with conventionalized figures, black and purple and maroon, that represented the "Hei-song-che-choo," the "Genii of the Ink," household gods of the literati; while here and there, on table and taboret and étagère, were priceless pieces of Chinese porcelain, blue-and-white Ming and Kang-he beakers in aubergine and ox-blood, crackled *clair-de-lune* of the dynasty of Sung, peach-blow celadon, Corean Fo dogs and Fong-hoang emblems in ash-gray and apple-green.

This was the room, these were the treasures, which years ago he had prepared with loving, meticulous care for the coming of his bride.

She had come, stepping mincingly in tiny bound feet, "skimming," had said an impromptu Pell Street poet who had cut his rice gin with too much heady whompee juice, "over the tops of golden lilies, like Yao Niang, the iron-capped Manchu prince's famous concubine."

But almost immediately—the tragedy had not loomed very large in the morning news, starting with a crude head-line of "Woman Killed in Street by Car on Wrong Side," and winding up with "The Chauffeur, Edward H. Connor, of No. 1267 East 157th Street, was held at the West 68th Street Station on a charge of homicide"—her body had passed into the eternal twilight, her soul had leaped the dragon gate to join the souls of her ancestors.

And to-day Li Ping-Yeng, in the lees of life, was indifferent to the splendours of Ming and Sung, of broidered silks and carved tulip-wood. To-day there was only the searching for his personal *tao*, his inner consciousness removed from the lying shackles of love and hate, the drab fastening of form and substance and reality.

Daily, as he sat by the window, he approached nearer to that center of cosmic life where outward activity counts for less than the shadow of nothing. Daily he felt the tide rise in his secret self, trying to blend with the essence of eternity. Daily, beyond the dirty clouds of lower Manhattan, beyond the Pell Street reek of sewer-gas and opium and yellow man and white, he caught a little more firmly at the fringe of final fulfillment.

Food? Yes. There was still the lying reality called body which needed food and drink and occasionally a crimson-tasseled pipe filled with a sizzling, amber cube of first-chop opium. Also, there was the little Pekinese spaniel that had once belonged to his bride—"*Su Chang*," "Reverential and Sedate," was its ludicrous name—and it cared nothing for *tao* and cosmic eternity, but a great deal for sugar and chicken bones and bread steeped in lukewarm milk.

"*Woo-ooff!*" said "Reverential and Sedate."

And so, startled, yet smiling, Li Ping-Yeng went down-stairs to the Great Shanghai Chop Suey Palace, exchanged courtly greetings with the obese proprietor, Mr. Nag Hong Fah, and ordered a heaped bowl for the spaniel, and for himself a platter of rice, a pinch of soey cheese, a slice of preserved ginger stem, and a pot of tea.

Twenty minutes later he was back in his chair near the window, scrutinizing sky and street.

Unseeing, meaningless scrutiny; for it was only the conscious, thus worthless, part of his brain which perceived, and reacted to, the details of what he saw: the lemon tints of the street lamps leaping meanly out of the trailing, sooty dusk and centering on a vivid oblong of scarlet and gold where Yung Long, the wholesale grocer, flung his sign-board to the winds and proclaimed thereon in archaic Mandarin script that "Trade revolves like a Wheel"; an automobile-load of tourists gloating self-righteously over the bland, shuffling Mongol's base infinitudes; a whisky-soaked nondescript moving along with hound-like stoop and flopping, ragged clothes, his face turned blindly to the stars and a child-like smile curling his lips; or, perhaps, hugging the blotchy shadows of a postern, the tiny figure of Wuh Wang, the wife of Li Hsü, the hatchet-man, courting a particularly shocking fate by talking, face close against face, to a youth, with a checked suit and no forehead to speak of, whose native habitat was around the corner, on the Bowery.

Also voices brushed up, splintered through the open window, the stammering, gurgling staccato of felt-slippered Cantonese, suggestive of a primitive utterance going back to the days before speech had evolved; the metallic snap and crackle of Sicilians and Calabrians talking dramatically about the price of garlic and olive-oil; the jovial brogue of Bill Devoy, detective of the Second Branch, telling a licenseless peddler to "beat it"; the unbearable, guttural, belching whine of Russian Hebrews, the Pell Street symphony, with the blazing roar of the elevated thumping a dissonant counterpoint in the distance.

Li Ping-Yeng saw, he heard, but only with the conscious, the worthless part of his brain; while the real part, the subconscious, was occupied with the realization of himself which he must master in order to reach the excellent and august wisdom of *tao*—the search of his inner soul, beyond the good and the evil, which, belike, he had muddied by his too great love for his wife.

This *tao* was still too dim for him to see face to face. It was still beyond the touch and feel of definite thought. Its very possibility faded elusively when he tried to bring it to a focus. Yet he knew well what had been the basis of it. He had learned it by the bitterest test of which the human heart is capable—the negative test; the test of suffering and unfulfilled desire; the test of acrid memory. "Memory," he would say to himself, over and over again, patiently, defiantly, almost belligerently, when the thought of his wife's narrow, pleasurable hands rose flush with the tide of his regrets and, by the same token, caused his *tao* once more to dim and fade—"memory, which is of the dirt-clouted body, and not of the soul."

Yet in the matter of acrid memory and unfulfilled desire Miss Edith Rutter, the social-settlement investigator who specialized in the gliding vagaries of the Mongol mind as exemplified in Pell Street, had brought back at the time an entirely different tale, an entirely different interpretation of Chinese philosophy, too.

But be it remembered that philosophy is somewhat affected by surroundings, and that Miss Rutter had been on a visit to an aunt of hers in Albany, balancing a Jasper ware tea-cup and cake-plate on a scrawny, black-taffeta-covered knee, and, about her, tired, threadbare furnishings that harped back to the days of rep curtains, horsehair *chaise-longues*, wax fruit, shell ornaments, banjo clocks, pictures of unlikely children playing with improbable dogs, cases of polished cornelian, levant-bound sets of Ouida, and unflinching, uncompromising Protestant Christianity.

"My dear," she had said to Aunt Eliza Jane, "the more I see of these Chinamen, the less I understand them. This man I told you about, Mr. Li Ping-Yeng—oh, a most charming, cultured gentleman, I assure you, with such grand manners!—I saw him a few minutes after they brought home the poor crushed little body of his young bride, his two-days' bride, and, my dear—would you believe it possible?—there wasn't a tear in his eyes, his hands didn't even tremble. And when I spoke to him, tactful, gentle, consoling words, what do you imagine he replied?"

"I've no idea."

"He smiled! Yes, indeed, *smiled!* And he said something—I forget the exact words

—about his having, perhaps, loved too much, his having, perhaps, been untrue to his inner self. I can't understand their philosophy. It is—oh—so inhuman!" She had puzzled. "How *can* anybody love *too* much? What *can* he have meant by his 'inner self'?"

"Pah! heathens!" Aunt Eliza Jane had commented resolutely. "Have another cup of tea?"

Thus the judgment of the whites; and it was further crystallized in detective Bill Devoy's rather more brutal: "Say, them Chinks has got about as much feelings as a snake has hips. No noives—no noives at all, see?" and Mr. Brian Neill, the Bowery saloonkeeper's succinct: "Sure, Mike. I hates all them yeller swine. They gives me the bloody creeps."

Still, it is a moot point who is right, the Oriental, to whom love is less a sweeping passion than the result of a delicate, personal balancing on the scales of fate, or the Occidental, to whom love is a hectic, unthinking ecstasy, though, given his racial inhibitions, often canopied in the gilt buckram of stiffly emotional sex-romanticism.

At all events, even the humblest, earthliest coolie between Pell and Mott had understood when, the day after his wife's death, Li Ping-Yeng had turned to the assembled company in the back room of the Great Shanghai Chop Suey Palace, which was for yellow men only and bore the euphonic appellation, "The Honourable Pavilion of Tranquil Longevity," and had said:

"The ancients are right. One must preserve a proper balance in all emotions. The man who, being selfish, loves too much, is even as the one who cooks the dregs of wretched rice over a sandalwood fire in a pot of lapis lazuli, or as one who uses a golden plow in preparation for cultivating weeds, or as one who cuts down a precious camphor-grove to fence in a field of coarse millet. Such a man is the enemy of his own *tao*. It is most proper that such a man should be punished."

After a pause he had added:

"I am such a man, brothers. I have been punished. I tied my soul and my heart to a woman's jeweled ear-rings. The ear-rings broke. The woman died. Died my heart and my soul. And now where shall I find them again? Where shall I go to seek for my *tao*?"

There had come a thick pall of silence, with only the angry sizzling of opium cubes as lean, yellow hands held them above the openings of the tiny lamps; a sucking of boiling-hot tea sipped by compressed lips; somewhere, outside, on the street, a cloudy, gurgling trickle of obscene abuse, presently fading into the memory of sounds.

The men sighed heavily. Coolies they were, the sweepings of the Canton gutters and river-banks, cooks, waiters, grocers, petty traders; yet men of an ancient race, behind whom stretched forty centuries of civilization and culture and philosophy, in solemn, graven rows. Thus they were patient, slightly hard, not easily embarrassed, sublimely unselfconscious, tolerant, permitting each man to look after his own fate, be it good or evil. Anti-social, an American would have called them, and he would have been wrong.

Li Ping-Yeng had bared his naked, quivering soul to their gaze. He was their friend; they respected him. He was a rich man, an educated man. Yet Li Ping-Yeng's life was his own to make or to mar. Sympathy? Yes; but not the arrogant indelicacy of help offered, of advice proffered.

Thus they had thought, all except Yu Ch'ang, the priest of the joss-temple.

For many years, since he made his frugal living by catering to the spiritual weal of Pell Street, it had been the latter's custom, when he foregathered with his countrymen, to gain face for himself and his sacerdotal caste by talking with nagging, pontifical unction about things religious and sectarian. But, being a hedge-priest, self-appointed, who had received only scanty training in the wisdom of the "three precious ones," the Buddha past, the Buddha present, and the Buddha future, he had found it hard to uphold his end when tackled by Li Ping-Yeng, the banker, the literatus, anent the contents of such abstruse books of theological learning as the "Park of Narratives," "Ku-liang's Commentaries," or the "Diamond Sutra."

Now, with the other baring his bleeding soul, he had seen a chance of settling the score, of causing him to lose a great deal of face.

"Little brother," he had purred, "I am a man of religion, a humble seeker after truth, whose knowledge is not to be compared with yours; yet have I thought much. I have thought left and thought right. Often in the past have we differed, you and I, on minor matters of philosophy and ceremonial. May I, the very useless one, address words of advice to you, the great literatus?"

"Please do."

"Ah! Then let me reply with the words

of Confucius, that he who puts too much worth on worthless things, such as the love of woman, the love of the flesh, is like the wolf and the hare, leaving the direction of his steps to low passions. To lead such a man into the august ways of *tao* is as futile as tethering an elephant with the fiber of the young lotus, as futile as the attempt to cut a diamond with a piece of wood, as futile as trying to sweeten the salt sea with a drop of honey, or to squeeze oil from sand. Ah, ahee!" He had spread out his fingers like the sticks of a fan and had looked about him with brutal triumph.

The other's features, as yellow as old parchment, indifferent, dull, almost sleepy, had curled in a queer, slow smile. He was smoking his fourth pipe, a pipe of carved silver, with a green-amber mouthpiece and black tassels. The room had gradually filled with scented fog. The objects scattered about had lost their outlines, and the embroidered stuffs on the walls had gleamed less brilliantly. Only the big, violet-shaded lanterns on the ceiling had continued to give some light, since poppy vapours are slow to rise and float nearer the ground.

"You are wrong, wise priest," he had replied.

"Wrong?"

"Yes. For there is one who *can* tether the elephant with the fiber of the young lotus, who can cut a diamond with a piece of soft wood, sweeten the salt sea with a drop of honey, and squeeze oil from sand."

"Who?" Yu Ch'ang had asked, smiling crookedly at the grave assembly of Chinese who sat there, sucking in their breath through thin lips, their faces like carved ivory masks.

Li Ping-Yeng had made a great gesture.

"The Excellent Buddha," he had replied, in low, even, passionless, monotonous accents that were in curious, almost inhuman, contrast to the sublime, sweeping faith in his choice of words. "The Omniscient Gautama! The All-Seeing Tathagata! The Jewel in the Lotus! The most perfectly awakened Blessed One who meditates in heaven on His seven-stepped throne!"

And again the grave assembly of Chinese had sat very still, sucking in their breath, staring at their neat, slippered feet from underneath heavy, hooded eyelids, intent, by the token of their austere racial simplicity, on effacing their personalities from the focus of alien conflict; and then, like many a priest of many a creed before him, Yu Ch'ang, sensing the silent indifference of his countrymen and interpreting it as a reproach to his hierarchical caste, had let his rage get the better of his professional, sacerdotal hypocrisy.

"The Buddha? Here? In Pell Street?" he had exclaimed. He had laughed hoarsely, meanly. "Find Him, the Excellent One, the Perfect One, in Pell Street? Look for the shining glory of His face—here—in the soot and grease and slippery slime of Pell Street? Search, belike, for fish on top of the mountain, and for horns on the head of the cat! Bah!" He had spat out the word, had risen, crossed over to the window, thrown it wide, and pointed to the west, where a great, slow wind was stalking through the sky, picking up fluttering rags of cloud. "Go! Find Him, the Buddha, in the stinking, rotten heaven of Pell Street! Go, go—by all means! And, perhaps, when you have found Him, you will also have found your *tao*, fool!"

"I shall try," had come Li Ping-Yeng's reply. "Yes; most decidedly shall I try." He had walked to the door. There he had turned. "Little brother," he had said to the priest over his shoulder, without malice of hurt or bitterness, "and why should I not find Him even in the Pell Street gutters? Why should I not find my *tao* even in the stinking, rotten heaven that vaults above Pell Street? Tell me. Is not my soul still my soul? Is not the diamond still a diamond, even after it has fallen into the dung-heap?"

And he had stepped out into the night, staring up at the purple-black sky, his coat flung wide apart, his lean, yellow hands raised high, indifferent to the rain that had begun to come down in flickering sheets.

"Say, John, wot's the matter? Been hittin' the old pipe too much? Look out! One o' these fine days I'll raid that joint o' yours," had come detective Bill Devoy's genial brogue from a doorway where he had taken refuge against the elements.

Li Ping-Yeng had not heard, had not replied; except to talk to himself, perhaps to the heaven, perhaps to the Buddha, in staccato Mongol monosyllables, which, had Bill Devoy been able to understand, would have convinced him more than ever that that there Chink was a sure-enough hop-head:

"Permit me to cross the torrent of grief, O Buddah, as, even now, I am crossing the stream of passion! Give me a stout raft to gain the other side of blessedness! Show me the way, O King!"

Back in The Honourable Pavilion of Tranquil Longevity, slant eye had looked meaningly into slant eye.

"Ah, perhaps, indeed he will find his *tao*," Yung Long, the wholesale grocer, had breathed gently; and then to Yu Ch'ang, who had again broken into harsh, mean cackling, said:

"Your mouth is like a running tap, O very great and very uncouth cockroach!"

"Aye, a tap spouting filthy water." This was from Nag Sen Yat, the opium merchant.

"A tap which, presently, I shall stop with my fist," said Nag Hop Fat, the soothsayer, winding up the pleasant round of Oriental metaphor.

Thus was displayed, then, the serene, if negative, sympathy of the Pell Street confraternity, further demonstrated by its denizens leaving Li Ping-Yeng thereafter severely alone and by replying to all questions and remarks of outsiders with the usual formula of the Mongol when he does not wish to commit himself: "No savvy!"

"I feel so terribly sorry for him,"—this from Miss Edith Rutter,—"Is there really nothing I can do to——"

"No savvy."

"Looka here,"—from Bill Devoy,—"you tell that brother-Chink o' yourn, that there Li Ping-Yeng, to stop hittin' the black smoke, or I'll pinch him on spec, see?"

"No savvy."

"Listen!"—from the old Spanish woman who kept the second-hand store around the corner, on the Bowery,—"What do you think he's going to do with all the truck he bought for his wife? I'd like to buy the lot. Now, if you want to earn a commission——"

"No savvy."

"Is he goin' t' try holy matrimony again, or near-matrimony?"—from Mr. Brian Neill, the saloon-keeper, who occasionally added to his income by unsavoury deals between the yellow and the white,—"For, if he wants another goil, there's a peacherino of a red-headed good-looker that blows into my back parlour once in a while and that don't mind Chinks as long's they got the kale——"

"No savvy."

And even to the emissary of a very great Wall Street bank that in the past had handled certain flourishing Manila and Canton and Hankow accounts for the Pell Street banker, and who, unable to locate him personally and being slightly familiar with Chinese customs, had sought out the head of the latter's masonic lodge and had asked him why Li Ping-Yeng had retired from business, and if, at all events, he wouldn't help them with the unraveling of a knotty financial tangle in far Shen-si. Even there was the same singsong answer:

"No savvy," exasperatingly, stonily repeated.

"No savvy, no savvy."

For, two days after his wife's tragic death, Li Ping-Yeng, to quote his own words, had given up vigorously threshing mere straw, by which term he meant all the every-day, negligible realities of life.

He had begun by selling his various business interests; nor, since he was a prosy Mongol whose brain functioned with the automatic precision of a photographic shutter and was nowise affected by whatever was going on in his soul, had he made a bad deal. On the contrary, he had bargained shrewdly down to the last fraction of a cent.

Then, prudently, deliberately, the patient and materialistic Oriental even in matters of the spirit, he had swept his mind clear of everything except the search for his *tao*, the search for his salvation. This *tao* was to him a concrete thing, to be concretely achieved, since is was to link him, intimately and strongly, not with, as would have been the case had he been a Christian, an esoteric principle, a more or less recondite, theological dogma, but with a precious and beneficent influence that, although invisible, was not in the least supernatural. For he was of the East, Eastern; he did not admit the existence of the very word "supernatural." To him everything was natural, since everything, even the incredible, the impossible, the never-to-be-understood, had its secret, hidden roots in some evolution of nature, of the Buddha, the blessed Fo, the active and eternal principle of life and creation.

Perhaps at the very first his search had not been quite so concise, had rather shaped itself to his perplexed, groping mind in the terms of a conflict, a distant and mysterious encounter with the forces of fate, of which his wife's death had been but a visible, outward fragment.

Then, gradually—and by this time it had become spring, wakening to the white-and-pink fragrance of the southern breezes—spring that, occasionally, even in Pell Street, painted a sapphire sky as pure as the laughter of little children—he had stilled the poignant questionings of his unfulfilled desires, his fleshly love, and had

turned the search for his *tao* into more practical channels.

Practical, though of the soul! For, again, to him, a Chinese, the soul was a tangible thing. Matter it was, to be constructively influenced and molded and clouted and fashioned. It had seemed to him to hold the life of to-morrow, beside which his life of to-day and yesterday had faded into the drabness of a wretched dream. He had wanted this to-morrow, had craved it, sensing in it a freedom magnificently remote from the smaller personal existence he had known heretofore, feeling that, presently, when he would have achieved merit, it would stab out of the heavens with a giant rush of splendour and, greatly, blessedly, overwhelm him and destroy his clogging, individual entity.

But how was this to be attained? Had he been a Hindu ascetic, or even a member of certain Christian sects, he would have flagellated his body, would have gone through the ordeal of physical pain. But, a Mongol, thus stolidly unromantic and rational, almost torpidly sane, he had done nothing of the sort. On the contrary, he had continued to take good care of himself. True, he had begun to eat less, but not purposely; simply because his appetite had decreased. And his real reason for keeping his wife's Pekinese spaniel tucked in his sleeve was because "Reverential and Sedate" reminded him when it was time for luncheon or dinner, hours he might otherwise have forgotten.

The idea of suicide had never entered his reckoning, since he held the belief of half Asia, that suicide destroys the body and not the soul; that it is only a crude and slightly amateurish interruption of the present life, leaving the thread of it still more raveled and tangled and knotted for the next life, and yet the next.

He had passed over the obvious solution of devoting himself to charity, to the weal of others, as it had seemed to him but another instance of weak and selfish vanity, fully as weak and selfish as the love of woman; and the solace of religion he had dismissed with the same ready, smiling ease. Religion, to him, was not an idea, but a stout, rectangular entity, a great force and principle, that did its appointed duty not because people believed in it, but because it *was*. The Buddha would help him, if it be so incumbent by fate upon the Buddha, regardless, if he prayed to him or not, if he memorized the sacred scriptures, if he burned sweet-scented Hun-shuh incense-sticks before the gilt altar or not. For the Buddha, too, was tied firmly to the Wheel of Things. The Buddha, too, had to do his appointed task. Thus, Li Ping-Yeng had decided, prayers would be a waste of time, since they could not influence the Excellent One one way or the other.

How, then, could he acquire sufficient merit so as to reach his *tao*, beyond the good and the evil?

Of course, first of all, mainly, by tearing from his body and heart even the last root of the liana of desire, of love, of regret for his wife; by again and again denying, impugning, destroying the thought of her, though, again and again, it would rise to the nostrils of his remembrance, with a stalely sweet scent like the ghost of dead lotus-blossoms.

She was on the shadow side of the forever. Her soul, he would repeat to himself, incessantly, defiantly, belligerently, had leaped the dragon gate. Broken were the fetters that had held him a captive to the tinkle-tinkle-tinkle of her jeweled ear-rings. A mere picture she was, painted on the screen of eternity, impersonal, immensely aloof, passed from the unrealities of the earth life to the realities of the further cosmos. He must banish the thought of her, must forget her.

And he did forget her, again and again, with the effort, the pain of forgetting choking his heart.

Sitting by the window, his subconscious mind centered on his *tao*, his salvation, the blessed destruction of his individual entity, "Reverential and Sedate" huddled in a fold of his loose sleeve, scrutinizing street and sky with unseeing eyes, he would forget her through the long, greasy days, while the reek of Pell Street rose up to the tortured clouds with a mingled aroma of sweat and blood and opium and suffering, while the strident clamour of Pell Street blended with the distant clamour of the Broadway mart.

He would forget her through the long, dim evenings, while the sun died in a gossamer veil of gold and mauve, and the moon cut out of the ether, bloated and anemic and sentimental, and the night vaulted to a purple canopy, pricked with chilly, indifferent stars.

He would sit there, silent, motionless, and forget, while the stars died, and the moon and the night, and the sky flushed to the opal of young morning, and again came day and the sun and the reek and the

maze and the soot and the clamours of Pell Street.

Forgetting, always forgetting; forgetting his love, forgetting the tiny bound feet of the Plum Blossom, the Lotus Bud, the Crimson Butterfly. Her little, little feet! Ahee! He had made his heart a carpet for her little, little feet.

Forgetting, reaching up to his *tao* with groping soul; and then again the thought of his dead wife, again his *tao* slipping back; again the travail of forgetting, to be forever repeated.

And so one day he died; and it was Wuh Wang, the little, onyx-eyed, flighty wife of Li Hsü, the hatchet-man, who, perhaps speaking to Tzu Mo, the daughter of Yu Ch'ang, the priest, grasped a fragment of the truth.

"Say, kid," she slurred in the Pell Street jargon, "that there Li Ping-Yeng wot's kicked the bucket th' other day, well, you know wot them Chinks said—how he was always trying to get next to that—now—*tao* of his by trying to forget his wife. Well, mebbe he was all wrong. Mebbe his *tao* wasn't forgetting at all. Mebbe it was just his love for her, his always thinking of her, his *not* forgetting her—that was his real *tao*."

"Mebbe," replied Tzu Mo. "I should worry!"

The Message

By WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

FRESH from his fastnesses
Wholesome and spacious,
The North Wind, the mad huntsman.
Halloas on his white hounds
Over the gray, roaring
Reaches and ridges,
The forest of ocean,
The chace of the world.
Hark to the peal
Of the pack in full cry,
As he thongs them before him,
Swarming voluminous,
Weltering, wide-wallowing,
Till in a ruining
Chaos of energy,
Hurled on their quarry,
They crash into foam!

Old Indefatigable,
Time's right-hand man, the sea
Laughs as in joy
From his millions of wrinkles:
Laughs that his destiny,
Great with the greatness
Of triumphing order,
Shows as a dwarf
By the strength of his heart
And the might of his hands.

Master of masters,
O maker of heroes,
Thunder the brave,
Irresistible message:—
"Life is worth living
Through every grain of it,
From the foundations
To the last edge
Of the cornerstone, death."

A Happy Life

By GUY DE MAUPASSANT

IT WAS tea time—the hour before the lamps were brought in. The villa overlooked the sea; the sun had disappeared and left in its wake a crimson sky flecked with gold; and the Mediterranean, not a ripple disturbing its smooth, gleaming surface, looked like a polished and limitless sheet of metal.

To the right, in the far distance, jagged mountain-peaks reared their dusky outline against the tender purple of the sunset.

The company were talking of love—that old, old theme—and were saying for the hundredth time things well known to them all. The gentle melancholy of twilight made their words slow and soft, their hearts more easily moved than usual; and the word "love," pronounced now in a man's firm voice, now in a woman's musical tones, held an unwonted glamour for them all. It seemed to fill the little drawing-room, to flutter, birdlike, through the air, to hover like a spirit above their heads.

"Can one's love last for years?"

"Yes," affirmed some.

"No," said others.

Cases were quoted, examples cited; and all the guests, men and women, full of recollections they could not reveal, which arose insistently in their minds, seemed profoundly moved, and spoke with hushed voices of that mystic, potent bond which unites man and woman for good or ill.

But suddenly some one who had been gazing out into the distance cried:

"Oh, look! look! What is that?"

Above the sea there rose, on the horizon, a large, grayish, indeterminate mass.

The women stood up, and looked wonderingly at this unexpected object, which they had never before seen.

Some one said:

"That is Corsica! It is visible like that only two or three times in the year, under certain exceptional atmospheric conditions, when the air, being absolutely clear, does not conceal it behind those curtains of sea mist which usually veil the horizon."

The Corsican mountains were vaguely distinguishable; the gazers fancied they could even see the snow on their peaks. And all were surprised, moved, well-nigh alarmed, at this sudden apparition of a world rising, phantom-like, out of the sea. Perhaps they saw strange visions, like those which appeared to Columbus from beyond the unexplored, the unknown, ocean.

Presently an old man who had not yet spoken said:

"Stay! In that very island which appears before us now, as if to answer our question by recalling to my mind a long-banished memory, I once knew a wonderful example of constant love, of an enduring and supremely happy love. I will tell the story:

"Five years ago I went on a trip through Corsica. This semi-barbarous island is less known to us, and is in reality farther from us than America; although, as is the case to-day, it can sometimes be seen from the French coast.

"Picture to yourself a still chaotic world, a wilderness of mountains separated from one another by narrow valleys, through which rush swirling torrents; no plain, only immense waves of granite and huge undulations of the earth clothed with shrubs or with forests of lofty chestnut-trees and pines. The soil is a virgin one, untilled, neglected, though here and there one comes across a village, looking like a pile of rocks, at the summit of a hill. The Island boasts neither agriculture, industry, nor art. Never does one see a piece of carved wood or a block of sculptured stone, or any testimony whatever to artistic taste on the part of the aborigines. It is just this which strikes one most in this superb yet ungracious land: hereditary indifference toward that striving after the beautiful in form which we call art.

"Italy, where every place, full of works of art, is itself a work of art; where marble, wood, bronze, iron, metals, and stones all testify to the genius of man; where the smallest object lying in ancient houses reveals a divine regard for grace of form—Italy is for us the well-beloved and sacred country, because she shows us and proves to us the greatness, the power, and the triumph of creative intelligence.

"And right opposite her savage Corsica has remained what she was from the first. Her inhabitants dwell in their rough-hewn houses, indifferent to all that does not affect their actual existence or their family quarrels. And they have retained both the faults and the virtues of primitive races. They are violent, vindictive, bloodthirsty; but they are also simple, hospitable, generous, opening their doors to the passer-by, and rewarding with absolute fidelity the smallest mark of sympathy.

"Well, for a month I had been wandering through this magnificent island, with a kind of feeling that I had reached the end of the earth. No inns, no public-houses, no roads. You reach by mule paths those hamlets clinging to the mountainsides, where the never-ceasing roar of the torrent below assails the ear from morning till night. You knock at the door of a house; you ask a night's shelter and enough food to last you till the following evening. And you sit down at the humble board, you sleep under the humble roof, and next morning you part, with a hearty handshake, from your host, who has conducted you as far as the end of the village.

"One evening, after ten hours on the road, I came across a little dwelling standing by itself at the head of a narrow valley which debouched on the sea some three miles off. The two steep mountainsides, covered with shrubs, boulders, and lofty trees, were as two dark walls shutting in this cheerless ravine.

"Round the cottage were a few vines, a small garden, and one or two large chestnut-trees. Here were the means of subsistence, at all events—almost a fortune, indeed, in this poverty-stricken land.

"The woman who received me was old, of austere aspect, and—wonderful to relate—very clean. The man, sitting on a rush-bottomed chair, rose in sign of welcome, and then sat down again without a word.

"'Please excuse him,' said his companion. 'He's quite deaf. He's eighty-two years old.'

"She spoke the French of France. I was surprised.

"'You do not belong to Corsica?' I asked.

"'No,' she said; 'we are from the Continent; but we have lived here for the last fifty years.'

"I shuddered at the thought of fifty years spent in this God-forsaken spot, far from the haunts of men. An old shepherd joined us, and we all sat down to the single dish of which the dinner consisted—a thick soup in which potatoes, bacon, and cabbage had been boiled together.

"When the brief meal was over I went and sat before the door, a prey to that melancholy which sometimes seizes travelers in certain lonely places or on certain lonely evenings. At such times one feels that everything is at an end—one's life, the very universe. One gets a sudden, fearful glimpse of the abject misery of life; the isolation of every human being from his fellows; the black, hopeless solitude of the heart, which, nevertheless, cheats itself with dreams until the day of death.

"The old woman joined me, and, possessed with that curiosity which survives in even the most placid and resigned of mortals, said:

"'So you come from France?'

"'Yes. I am on a pleasure trip.'

"'You are from Paris, perhaps?'

"'No; I am from Nancy.'

"It seemed to me—but how or why I cannot tell—that some strange emotion worked in her. She repeated slowly:

"'You are from Nancy?'

"At this juncture the man, impassible like all deaf people, appeared in the doorway. She continued:

"'Never mind him; he can't hear.'

"Then, after a few moments' pause:

"'Do you know the Nancy people?'

"'Yes; nearly everybody.'

"'The Sainte-Allaize family?'

"'Yes, very well; they are friends of my father.'

"'What is your name?'

"I told her. She looked at me fixedly, then murmured in a pensive tone, occasioned by the stirring of long-forgotten memories:

"'Yes, yes; I remember well. And what has become of the Brismares?'

"'They are all dead.'

"'Ah! And did you know the Sirmonts?'

"'Yes; the last of them is a general.'

"Then she said, trembling with emotion and moved by an irresistible impulse to confess, to tell all, to speak of those things which had hitherto remained locked in her

own bosom, and of those people whose name affected her beyond words:

"'Yes; Henri de Sirmont. I know him; he is my brother.'

"I raised my eyes to her, speechless with astonishment. And suddenly I remembered.

"There had long ago been a great scandal in the Sirmont family. Suzanne de Sirmont, young, beautiful, and rich, eloped with a non-commissioned officer in the regiment of hussars her father commanded.

"He was a handsome man of peasant birth, a man who looked well in his uniform, this soldier who had seduced his colonel's daughter. She had, no doubt, seen him, singled him out, and fallen in love with him, when watching her father's squadrons file by. But how had she got speech with him? How had they managed to see each other and come to an understanding? No one ever knew.

"Such a catastrophe had never been dreamed of. One evening the soldier disappeared with her. Search was made, but the pair were never discovered. No news of them was ever received, and Suzanne de Sirmont was looked upon as dead.

"And now I had discovered her in this gloomy valley!

"Then I asked in my turn:

"'Yes; I remember. You are Mademoiselle Suzanne?'

"She nodded her head in sign of assent. Tears fell from her eyes. Then, pointing to the old man framed in the doorway, she said:

"'That is he.'

"And I saw that she still loved him, that she still looked at him with the eyes of affection.

"'Have you been happy?' I asked.

"'Oh, yes,' she replied in a voice that came straight from her heart; 'very happy. He has made me perfectly happy. I have never had a moment's regret.'

"I looked at her, astonished at this exhibition of the power of love. Here was a rich girl who had followed a mere peasant. She had become a peasant herself. She had resigned herself to a life destitute of charm, of luxury, of refinement of any sort; she had accommodated herself to her husband's simple ways. And she still loved him. She had become a woman of the people, wearing a cap and a coarse stuff skirt. She ate her food off an earthenware plate, on a rough wooden table, sitting on a rush-bottomed chair. Her dinner consisted of cabbage and potato soup. She lay on a hard mattress at his side.

"And she had never thought of anything but him! She had not regretted her jewels, her clothes, all the elegances of her toilet, the softness of her chairs, the perfumed warmth of her curtained boudoir, the downy softness of her bed. She had never needed aught but himself; if he were there, she desired nothing more.

"She had, when quite young, forsaken her life, the world, and all those who had brought her up and loved her. She had come, alone with him, to this desolate valley. And he had been everything to her—her hopes, her dreams, her desires. He had filled her whole existence with contentment.

"She could not have been happier.

"And all night long, listening to the harsh breathing of the old soldier, extended on his pallet beside her who had followed him so far, I thought of their story, strange in its simplicity; of their happiness, so complete, yet made up of so little."

The narrator was silent. A woman said:

"But she had too lowly an ideal. Her needs were too simple, her instincts too primitive. She must have been a weak sort of creature."

Another said slowly:

"What matter! She was happy."

And on the far-off horizon Corsica melted into the gray night, was slowly swallowed up by the sea, withdrew that shadowy outline which had risen up as if to tell the story of the two humble lovers its rugged shores had sheltered.

Pride

By KUSHAL KHAN
Translated by Achmed Abdullah

(His shortest poem. Written during his imprisonment by Aurungzeb, Mogul Emperor of India, in the late 17th Century.)

In spite of all my misfortunes, I am still grateful to Allah for two things:
The first is that I am an Afghan; the second that I am Kushal Khan, the Khatak.

The Mitimoni Raiders

By "FUNDI"

IN THE Portuguese side of the Rovuma River, some eighty miles east of Lake Nyasa, stands—or rather stood—the village of Mitimoni.

In its day it had been quite an important village. Formerly it was the seat of the local government, for the Portuguese commandant had his house there, from which he dispensed justice to the surrounding district. In our day, however, Mitimoni had fallen from this high estate, and when we first knew it, was nothing more than a rather large Yao village, presided over by a native police "capitao" and two constables.

These three gentlemen ruled with a rod of iron. They took the first-fruits of all harvests, especially of the rice crop. They commandeered the pick of the young girls. They levied toll on the river ford in the dry weather, and extracted an exorbitant fee for the canoe passage in the wet season. They inaugurated a system of free labour for themselves and their households, and collected a private tax, in addition to the regular Government poll tax, from every one in the district. Furthermore, they systematically robbed the stranger within the gate, and charged lodgings at a very high figure to every traveler passing through the village. In fact, if ever the old adage "Put a beggar on horseback" was exemplified anywhere in this world it was in the conduct of those three native police officials at the village of Mitimoni.

The groans of the oppressed population ascended unto heaven, but—and this was more important—they did not penetrate through the two hundred miles of jungle that separated Mitimoni from the nearest Portuguese administrator. The police watched that.

Many times my gorge has risen at the tales that drifted through the bush to our camp, but, of course, we could do nothing. We had not the ear of the Portuguese governor any more than the native had. We could neither of us speak Portuguese—and the governor could speak no language *but* Portuguese—so that we had to converse with him through his native interpreter, we speaking Yao and the native translating us into Portuguese. Naturally, the interpreter (who, of course, drew large sums of backsheesh from the police) told the governor anything but what we were complaining of. Then, turning to us, he would naïvely promise that "the matter would be looked into!" This was as far as we ever got, but we bided our time.

Our chance came when these three policemen stopped one of our boys, and through some misunderstanding as to where he came from, severely thrashed him prior to robbing him of his little store of money, and of our letters which he was bringing to the camp. Now although we could not interfere between the villagers and the police, we most certainly could between our own boys and the police, and as soon as ever I could get away, I set off with a small following—including the maltreated boy—for the village of Mitimoni. It lay rather over one hundred miles west of our camp, but the going was fairly easy, and the journey was accomplished in five days.

The police capitao was most obliging, and offered me the choice of half the houses in the village to sleep in. As a matter of fact, I elected to sleep in my own tents, and there, early next morning, I held my court. Having heard the evidence for and against my boy, I found a verdict against the police, and amid the terrified silence of the villagers, administered the thrashing of his life to Police Capitao Gombameti. I also gave a smaller dose to the two constables by way of thoroughly impressing upon them that the person of the white man *and all his household* were sacrosanct to police oppression.

To appreciate what followed it is necessary to go back a little to the previous year, when we had been doing a lot of hippo shooting. With an eye to our future comfort we had made it a rule that wherever we stopped for a night, the Angoni people

must build us a house. In later days these houses were remarkably useful as dâk-bungalows, for use when we were out after elephant.

Now during the dry season, whole villages would flock to the Rovuma to catch fish. Often they stayed for a month or more, and in time we began to realize that these hordes of natives were using our houses as a sort of home from home. In this way the places were becoming rapidly uninhabitable—from a European point of view—so we took steps to rectify matters. Boys were sent out from our camp with instructions to throw out any natives who might be found occupying the Bwanas' houses, and afterward to rebuild the houses and leave everything habitable.

This was done, and a good many sore heads were contracted in the doing of it. Imagine, then, my surprise when my partner shortly afterward returned from a shoot and informed me that twenty-five natives had not only taken possession of two of our houses but were actually digging their gardens round them! This was the limit, and we were still debating the best way of once and for all putting a stop to this kind of thing, when word was brought in that a native had been caught by a lion.

Selimani, our capitao, investigated the business, and strangely enough it turned out to be one of the boys who had trespassed on our property.

"Well, he's paid the price, Selimani," observed R. as the capitao related the tragedy to us. "He should not have slept in the Bwana's house, then the lion would not have caught him."

"No, Bwana," replied Selimani slowly, but I noticed that he looked very thoughtfully from one to the other of us.

"What's he got into his head now?" asked R. as Selimani went out. We could always distinguish his "great idea" look by this time.

However, we thought no more about it until later in the evening, when we happened to be returning through the compound from an inspection of our gardens. Selimani was sitting in the center of a circle of natives who were listening open-mouthed to his monologue. We paused in the shelter of a hut and listened.

"—— and you see," we heard Selimani proclaiming in his sonorous accents, "the lions caught him because he was in the Bwana's house. These are true words, because the Bwana told me so himself. Lions are the same as dogs to the white man. This I know—" and away he started on some long-winded story to illustrate his point.

We moved on, smiling, and went up to our house.

"That seems to me to be a strong line about the dogs," remarked R. "We might do worse than broadcast that yarn."

The more we thought about it the better we liked the idea, and eventually we decided to carry it out. Up and down the countryside went the word that the Bwanas' "dogs" (lions) had been warned to guard all their property, and to eat anybody whom they found living in the Bwanas' houses. The effect of this was highly satisfactory, and we had no further cause of complaint.

To return now to the Mitimoni affair.

Having executed justice on the police I arranged to leave the next day, but before going I called together the whole village, including the police, and delivered a short but powerful homily on the future penalties attached to the beating of any of the Bwanas' boys. I was rather good at this sort of thing, and made a vast impression. Feeling my eloquence beginning to fade before I had properly rounded off the period, I searched in my mind for a suitable climax. The sight of a mangy dog in the village gave me the idea. Looking the capitao straight in the eye, I said, as impressively as I could——

"—— and as for you, Gombameti. *Be careful!* If I hear anything more of you I shall send two of my 'dogs' over to fetch you to my camp!"

Thoroughly frightened, for of course he understood the allusion, Gombameti threw his arms in front of his eyes to ward off the threatened evil, and shrank back against the tent. For a moment I fixed him with what I imagined looked like an "evil eye," and then, in silence, departed, thoroughly satisfied that I had "put the wind up" Mitimoni. Indeed, from what I gathered on my way back to camp, my name was called blessed by the delighted villagers, though in the nostrils of the police it very properly stank.

The sequel to the affair was not long delayed.

Eleven days after my return we were sitting at dinner in Siwezi Camp, when the cook-boy rushed into the room to inform us that six boys had arrived from Mitimoni.

"Oh!" said I. "What do they want?"

The cook looked down awkwardly at his feet and said nothing.

"Didn't you hear?" roared R. in a voice

of thunder. (Severe toothache had very considerably shortened his already short enough temper.) But at that moment Selimani ran in. He had already been to bed, and his clothes showed signs of a very hasty toilet.

"Bwana, they've come for him," he burst out, his eyes rolling wildly in the lamplight.

"Who's come for who?" I asked petulantly.

"Gombameti," he mouthed. "The boys have come for him."

I looked from Selimani to where the cook stood, uneasily rubbing one foot against the other. I could see something was wrong.

"Bring the boys in, Selimani," said R., and presently we heard them approaching.

"Come near," I answered to their ceremonious inquiry, and in they came—six sweat-smeared natives, each hiding his eyes behind his hands.

"What is it? What do you here so far from your homes?" I began.

"Oh, Great One, we have come for the bones of Capitao Gombameti," quavered the spokesman.

"What! Is he dead, then?" I asked incredulously.

"You know it," he answered in a low voice. "You sent your dogs for him even as you said."

"Good Lord! You mean a lion got him?"

"*Two*, oh Great One! Two you said would come—*and two came.*"

"But Gombameti isn't here," explained R. "We haven't got him—*or* his bones!"

"The Great Ones but jest," answered the old man solemnly,

"But I tell you I know nothing about Gombameti. He is not here. This is foolish talk. I have no dogs. White men don't do things like that. Lions eat white men the same as black men," I protested.

"Two dogs would be sent, the Great One said, and two dogs *were* sent," intoned the old man. "This we know, and so we have come for the bones that we may bury them, or else the spirit of Gombameti will haunt the village."

We saw it was useless to argue further. The unfortunate words I had spoken had, by an extraordinary coincidence, come true. The fact that two lions had caught the man only gave additional colour to the prophecy, and now nothing on earth would ever convince the natives that I had not sent my "dogs" to fetch the ill-fated capitao, as I said I would. Finally, I spoke again to the six men.

"Very well! To-night you shall sleep in my compound, and to-morrow we will speak further of these things; and for heaven's sake," I added irritably, "do take your hands from your eyes."

"Gombameti saw—Gombameti died," observed the old man in a sepulchral voice, as he turned and went out through the door.

It was a very sad-faced party that crept away from our camp the following day. We had had long talks throughout the morning, but had come no nearer toward convincing the natives of the error of their belief than we had been able to the previous night.

During one lull in the conversation my partner went out to the kitchen and came back with the leg bones of a waterbuck, which he solemnly handed to the committee. I roared with laughter, but it was immediately obvious that the jest only heightened their belief that we were deliberately playing with them. Anyway, in the end they went back to their village, carrying with them my assurance that I would not again send my dogs to Mitimoni.

As events turned out, I was very wide of the mark in this prophecy, for hardly a week had passed before more messengers were back with the doleful news that two more people had been taken—one man and one woman. I recommended these people to strengthen their doors, and lock up early in the evening before the sun went down. Beyond that, I told them, I could do nothing.

From time to time word came down that more boys had been taken, and then one day a harassed party came into camp to report the death of one of the constables. I gathered that the remaining villagers thought that this man's death would appease me, and that I would now hold off the dogs altogether. They had apparently formed the idea that I hated the police, and had therefore sent my dogs to catch them. They explained away the other outrages by saying that my dogs did not "know" Mitimoni, and were not sure in which house the police lived.

We thought things over, and decided that it was about time we went up to Mitimoni to see exactly what was happening there. That some particularly bad man-eater was hanging round the village seemed tolerably certain, and it looked as though he had his lioness with him.

Accordingly we set off, and in due course reached the village. Already it presented a very different aspect from the Mitimoni

I had known but three short months previously. Everywhere was desolation. Houses empty, crops uncared for, and no work at all being done in the fields. We took over the late Gombameti's house, and breached the walls for our rifles. It was a good strong house, standing in the exact center of the village, and commanding a good field of fire in every direction. As the moon was at the full just about this time, we thought we might possibly get a chance at it in the moonlight if the lion should happen to come again sniffing around Gombameti's house during the night.

Our arrival was the signal for great rejoicing in the village. I believe they looked upon us as their deliverers. At any rate, our boys were fêted and feasted in a manner that quickly earned their entire approbation. Unfortunately for everybody, our very first night in residence was marked by the next tragedy, for a woman was taken from an outlying house. We heard the sudden uproar, and ran to the spot, but were too late to do anything. The next day we followed up the spoor, and were successful in recovering the remains; but of the lion we found no trace.

After that there were no further signs of the lions for six days, and we thought they must have disappeared altogether. On the seventh day we decided to leave, and issued instructions for our kit to be packed, but so great was the outcry from the villagers when they heard of our decision that we canceled our arrangements, and definitely decided on a further three days' stay.

Opposite Gombameti's house stood the house of one Ufupu. Now Ufupu was the local potter, and his drying-ground was also a favourite playground with the village children. They would scamper about all day in and out among the great pots until a sudden crash would bring Ufupu to his door with a rush. Here he would stand and curse the startled children to all eternity, but the moment his back was turned they would return to the fray. The house itself was enclosed on three sides by the gardens, and the long ten-feet Indian corn grew to within a pace or so of the very walls. The remaining side, with the doorway, fronted on to the drying-ground and the village square.

Late in the afternoon of the day after our decision to stay, R. was sitting out on the verandah of our house reading. The book was not very interesting (he had read it at least ten times before, but literature in the bush is very precious—and very scarce), and presently he laid it down on his knees and fell to watching the children playing among Ufupu's pots. Of a sudden there was a rattle in the long corn. The children sprang away with terrified cries and ran toward the doorway, but it was too late. An immense lion leapt from the shelter of the corn, and seizing the nearest child in its mouth, turned and was gone. It was all over in a flash. Just one single scream of fear and the lion and the child had vanished.

I was inside, in my bath, when R. crashed into the room and seizing his rifle, disappeared, leaving the door on the ground where it had fallen, and myself in my bath on full view to the village. I was furious at this outraging of what R. facetiously called my "second principle of sahibdom," and, clutching my towel round me, called wildly to Selimani to put up the door again. The only answer I got was from a *woman*, who suddenly dived into the room and hid herself in one corner, sobbing loudly! In the intervals of calling for Selimani I ordered the woman outside, but the louder I cursed the louder she sobbed, and Selimani not putting in an appearance, I rose from my bath, like Cytherea from the Ægean Sea, and wrapped in the simple dignity of a badly-torn bath-towel, forcibly ejected the shrieking female from the house and banged the door.

Up till now I had been so occupied with my own affair that I had clean forgotten R.'s hasty exit or the *raison d'être* of it. As it flashed across my mind again I hastily dragged on my boots and clothes, and, taking a rifle, sallied into the village to find out the trouble. A small knot of villagers was gathered round the house of Ufupu, and they gave me the first news of the lion, and also of the fact that R. had gone after it. Taking one of the men with me as a guide, I started off and scotched up my partner as hard as I could go. Before very long I found him, and he told me the history of the affair as I have recounted it here.

We followed the spoor for over two miles; and those folk who say that a lion cannot carry its kill for any distance know simply nothing about lions. It is marvelous the distance they can drag a kill. In this instance we followed a full two miles before the fading light compelled us to return.

That night we sat in our house in consultation with Selimani. The wrath of the villagers at this latest exploit knew no bounds, and they were beginning to regard

us with a vast distaste. Nothing would persuade them that it was not my fault. I had loosed the dogs on the village, and now I could not control them. That, briefly, was what they thought. For our own part we were at our wits' end. So bold had the man-eaters become that one could not cope with them. Traps they avoided like the plague, and they had an uncanny instinct which appeared to warn them when we were about. Added to this, they hunted day and night. They had no set hours, and a daylight raider is immeasurably more difficult to deal with than a night raider. In the end we decided that the only thing to do was to stay in the village another day or two on the chance of catching him red-handed—or rather, red-mouthed—and, failing that, to take our departure.

As luck would have it, we were still in bed next morning when a fearful commotion arose at the other end of the village. Immediately we were out of the house, and racing madly across the square. A handful of wildly gesticulating natives were gathered in front of a house situated some little way behind the local prayer hut.

"The lion, Bwana," they shouted as we raced up.

"Where?"

"Gone away! There!! Look!!!"

We looked through an opening in the mealie patch away into the bush, where they were pointing, but could see nothing. Looking back at the house I noticed that a heavy wooden pestle lay on the ground just in front of it, and on the verandah I noticed a few spots of blood.

"Why, it's got somebody, then?" I asked, turning to the one remaining policeman, who happened to be standing near me.

"Ay! But it's only a woman!" answered the constable.

I snorted, and at that moment Selimani, who had been following the spoor into the bush, returned with a mystified expression on his face.

"Bwana," said he, "that lion is lame. Its foot is bleeding—its front foot. It will not go very far."

Here was good news, and while we ran back to our house to dress, Selimani went on with his investigation. When we returned he had already reconstructed the drama of the morning.

"You see, Bwana, the woman was standing here crushing her food for the mid-day meal. The lion came from here," and he indicated a spot in the mealie patch where the stalks were trodden down. "The woman heard it in the mealies, and turned, but the lion sprang at her. This woman, Bwana, was like a man, because she hit the lion hard with her pestle. Look at this!"—and at one end of the pestle were a few hairs and stains—"that's why the lion is lame. I think she hit it on the foot."

"Sherlock Holmes," breathed R. "Still, it looks all right."

Accompanied by the majority of the men we started off. It was an easy trail to follow, and, sure enough, the spoor was the spoor of a lame animal. Several times we came to patches of trodden-down grass, where the lion had evidently laid down his burden for a rest. For over a mile we followed at a good round pace, and then Selimani stopped.

"I think it is near here," he whispered, and motioning the followers back, we crept forward cautiously, alone.

For some two hundred yards we crept silently through the long grass, and of a sudden came out into a perfect English meadow. The grass was green and short, and a little brook trickled gently through the centre. Beyond the brook was a heavy line of boulders, and toward these we made our way, keeping a cautious lookout for any sign of the lion. As we crossed the brook I happened to glance back, and I noticed that the villagers had already taken to the high trees. A movement to one side caught my attention, and I saw that one of the boys was gesticulating violently, and stabbing the air in a direction quarter-right from our line of progression.

Tapping Selimani on the shoulder, I pointed out this particular boy to him. For a second he watched him, and then, putting his lips to my ears, he whispered.

"They can see it, Bwana, over there."

I motioned to R., and, ramming a round into the breech of our rifles, we crept along in the direction indicated, while Selimani turned back and made for the line of trees, where he, too, was soon safely ensconced. (Selimani never took any unnecessary risks.)

Arriving at the boulders, R. removed his helmet and peered cautiously over the top. In a flash he was down again, and it did not need the wild jabs of his finger in the air for me to understand that he had seen the lion.

Side by side we rose behind our respective boulders, and as my eye topped the stone

there, not fifty yards away, his tawny skin glistening in the early sunlight, was a fine lion. He was lying three-quarters away from us, and was blissfully unconscious of our presence; nor was there any sign of the woman he had captured. It was always "first sight, first shot" in our camp, and I glanced across at R. Having first scratched himself, monkey fashion—his invariable habit when he wanted to show his pleasure—he laid his rifle alongside the boulder. I did the same with mine, and waited.

"Crack!" went R.'s rifle, and the lion jumped to his feet with a roar.

"Crack!" went mine on the instant, and he swung round to meet us.

"Crack!" went R.'s again. The lion staggered and rolled completely over. I waited, expectantly, but there was no further movement, and I glanced at my partner. He nodded his head, and together we rose and moved carefully forward. R. put another shot into him at twenty yards but it was quite unnecessary, for the lion was stone dead.

As we came right up to it we heard a noise behind us. With fearful yells the villagers were coming on like a pack of wolves, and before we could prevent it, they had plunged their spears into the carcass and literally torn it to pieces. It was a great pity because, apart from being a fine skin, it had such a good history attached to it. Anyway, it was ruined, and *our* day was spoilt.

Not so that of the villagers, however! Theirs had only just begun. They first of all scoured the countryside until they found the remains of the woman, and these they carefully carried back to the village for burial. After this ceremony the village was given over to orgy. Beer was brought out, and supplied unstintingly to all comers. A dance was started, and every time the frenzied performers passed the remains of the lion—which they had brought into the village—the men drove their spears into it or the women spat at it. Selimani—very drunk—was well to the fore in the dance, though long before the orgy reached its height he had to be carried bodily away and placed in an empty hut, there to sleep off the effects of his celebrations.

The curious feature of the whole case, to us, was that the body of the woman was hardly damaged at all. Apparently the lion had made no attempt to eat her, and from this fact, together with the fact that the lion was young and in splendid condition, we formed the opinion that it had raided for pure cussedness rather than from stern necessity.

Rather late the next morning we set off for our camp, but we had not yet seen the last of Mitimoni.

Hardly a fortnight had passed since the death of the first lion, when four boys arrived at the camp with news that another lion had arrived, and was terrifying the village. This was a bit too steep. While being ready to help the helpless villagers wherever possible, we felt that we had already done our duty by Mitimoni. Furthermore, we had other plans, and had arranged a shoot for ourselves down the river. We explained this to the villagers, and they were about to depart when news arrived that a woman had been taken since the first party had left the village.

"At this rate," remarked R., "there won't be any Mitimoni left in a few days' time. I suppose we had better go up again—poor devils!"

We talked the matter over, and at length decided to go back and try conclusions with this gentleman. We remembered that the old man had complained of two "dogs," in the first instance, and we thought that this second lion might be the first one's lioness. R. suggested that it would be a good idea to take some arsenic with us, of which we had a good supply, in case we could arrange a poisoned bait. We were not in the sweetest of tempers when we left Siwezi Camp, but fortunately for Mitimoni, we happened upon a fine bull elephant *en route*. R. bagged this with a brilliant shot, and as its tusks weighed 78 and 82 pounds, we went on with considerably more gusto than we had set out.

By the time we arrived at the village the inhabitants were properly terrified. This lion, they said, was much more ferocious than the last, and had actually torn a way through the thatch of one house to get to the folks inside. This has to be seen to be believed, but we were shown the hole in the roof where the lion had clawed through; and what is more marvelous still, had got back with a girl of some eighteen years in its mouth. We measured the distance of the leap, and I entered it in my diary as "exactly seven feet eight inches from the floor to the thatch," with a further note that "two other people were sleeping in the hut at the time but were not molested."

Once more we took up our quarters in poor Gombameti's house and prepared for action. From the natives we gathered that the lion had visited the village eight nights

out of the seventeen since it had made its first appearance, and in five cases had made a "kill." From this we reckoned we should not have to wait long. And we didn't!

By an outrageous fortune the very next victim was the sole remaining policeman, Swalayo. He was taken the second day after our arrival, and this was the manner of it.

At about a quarter to six of the morning after our arrival R. was standing in the doorway smoking a cigarette, while I was still in bed drinking my morning tea. There was a distinct chill in the air, for the sun had not yet risen above the horizon, and looking past R. through the doorway, I noticed that a thick mist shrouded the course of the river.

"It looks as though the rains are pretty near," I observed.

"It does," said R., "and we've still got that blessed roof to fix up. I wish——" but his wish was never spoken, for from across the way came a man's cry of sheer terror.

"God above!" ejaculated R., and before I had time to get clear of the bedclothes he had reached for his rifle and fired through the doorway. A moment later he was gone.

I ran to the door in my pyjamas, and away across the square, I could see R. bending over a figure on the ground.

"Who is it?" I shouted.

"The last of the Mohicans—the policeman!" he shouted back, and with a final glance at the remnants of humanity on the floor, he came across to me.

"Did you hit it?" I asked as he came near.

"No, I didn't get a chance. I fired blindly. I saw the whole thing," he went on excitedly. "At least I didn't see the blighter arrive, but I saw it bolting with Swalayo in its mouth. I frightened it enough to make it drop the fellow, though. What a pity I didn't notice it coming. He's as dead as a doornail. Got him straight through the neck!"

By this time the villagers had arrived, and their lamentations were both loud and long, though Swalayo was not the best-loved man in the village.

To escape the noise we retired into the house and called for breakfast.

"Bwana," observed Selimani suddenly, from where he stood cleaning the rifle in the doorway, "that lion will come back for Swalayo to-night."

For a moment we took no notice of this, and then R. suddenly slapped his knee.

"By George! The very idea. *Salt Swalayo!*"

I looked across at my partner, and lifted an inquiring eyebrow.

"Explain," I suggested.

"Pickle Swalayo in the arsenic and leave him where he lies. Lion comes—eats Swalayo—lion dies—everything splendid!" he expounded, with a graceful spread of his hands.

"Humph! There's something in that idea," said I judiciously.

"Usually is in *my* ideas," commented my partner airily.

Presently I called Selimani.

"Order the boys not to bury Swalayo but to bring him here," I said.

"I expect we shall have a job to get him," prophesied R., and as events proved, we did, for no sooner had we explained the idea to the assembled villagers than a cry of pious horror rent the air.

"No, this thing can never be," cried one old fellow. "To feed the lion with Swalayo would mean great trouble with the Portuguese," and the excited natives vociferously upheld him. Indeed, there seemed every likelihood of a riot until we ordered Selimani to clear the room. Once they had gone I instructed Selimani to fetch the old man who had first come to our camp when Gombameti had been taken.

To this gentleman we carefully explained that it was quite true that we *had* sent our "dogs" to the village in the first case, and that now, since all the policemen were dead, we proposed to send the dog's spirit back to Siwezi Camp. To this end it was necessary that we had one of the dead policemen upon which to work our "white man's magic," and if he would see that Swalayo were brought to us, then we, on our part, would give not only Swalayo back to the villagers but also the lion—dead!

"—— and so the spirit of Swalayo will be glad, and when the villagers dance tomorrow night around the dead lion, the spirit of——"

"Here, go easy!" interrupted R. in English, stopping my flood of eloquence. "Stick to facts. What are you going to do if the blighter doesn't come for him? We don't want to look bigger fools than we are—by nature!"

"Shut up!" I retorted. "What's it matter, anyway?" and turning to the old boy, who was listening with all his ears to our strange language——

"—— and the spirit of Swalayo will come and dance with you, and he will drive his spear deep into the lion, and his heart will laugh with glee and——"

"You said that before," interrupted R. "Ask the old buffer what he intends to do about it, and stop that Rider Haggarding." (R.'s soul could never rise above the practical tin-tacks of anything.)

In the end the old gentleman promised to do his best, and—I flatter myself—very impressed, he left the room.

He worked with such good effect upon the minds of the villagers that by the afternoon they had given in, and by half-past three the corpse of Swalayo lay at our front door. The gruesome task of filling him with arsenic fell to my lot—R. facetiously superintending the operation—and finally, we had him carried across the square. Now outside his house there was a big banana-tree, and in the shadow of this we sat him down with his back leaning against the tree. The natives having once overcome their aversion, entered into the spirit of the thing and propped his head upright in a forked stick. In the end Swalayo, well arseniced, was sitting in the shade of his own banana-tree as naturally as ever he had done in life.

That night the, by now, sadly depleted village was agog with excitement. R. was distinctly nervous about the lion not coming, while I maintained an air of masterly optimism.

But our luck was in, for the lion did come, and the hour of its coming was shouted from every house as the inhabitants heard it dragging at the poor corpse beneath the banana-tree.

Loudest of all was the voice of the faithful Selimani who, perched aloft in the safety of an empty corn-bin, announced that the lion had made off with the body.

"Then it's dead," said I, remembering the quantity of arsenic I had put into Swalayo, and smiling cheerfully into the darkness, I turned over and went to sleep.

Before dawn next morning we were astir. One glance was enough to show that the bait had gone, and followed by the villagers *en masse*, we went along the trail. We soon found Swalayo, very little damaged by his post-death adventure, and a little farther on—the lion. The "lion" proved to be a lioness, and very old and very mangy it was, too. R. came to the conclusion that the young lion we had shot was this one's son, and had learnt his raiding from his decrepit mother. This I leave to better informed authorities to judge; but in any case, right or wrong, after the death of this old lioness Mitimoni was never troubled again during the time we were camped in those parts.

Our reputation was sky-high after this last episode, and wherever the story was told, no decent-minded native ever doubted for one single moment but that the Bwanas were working hand in glove with the lions.

His Favourite Reading

THE only person of whom I ever heard who really liked the speeches sent out from Washington was a hermit in Arkansas, who is said to have written inquiring whether they had any more speeches about dead Congressmen: that if there was anything in the world about which he liked to read it was a dead Congressman.

Thomas R. Marshall.

A Recent Debate at Moscow on "Idealism and Darwinism"

Vvedenski
Priest of the "Living Church"

"You say you are descended from a monkey. And we, we say we are children of God. Very well. That proves each of us knows his true ancestors better than anybody else does."

Lounatcharsky
Commissary of Public Instruction

"Agreed. But place me beside a monkey and you will be forced to recognize that from the monkey to me is a formidable advance. But you, who class yourself in the image and likeness of God,—put yourself by the side of the All Powerful, and it will be quite clear, miserable creature that you are, that you bear but slight resemblance to Him."

JUAN PONCE DE LEON

and his Landing in Florida

Ponce Seeks the Fountain of Youth

The Greek believed that after death he must taste of the spring whose waters conferred immortality. Also his native land had fountains that destroyed life, inspired with poetry, restored virginity, and prolonged one's days on earth.

But the original home of the Fountain whose flow rejuvenated man or beast seems to have been in India; and the Western world learned of this marvel, as applied to the eagle, in the first centuries after Christ; in connection with man, about the tenth century.

By way of the Near East came the tale of Alexander's search in India for the waters of youth, and how he found there apples to eat which secured a life of four hundred years. (Let us blush for the modesty of our exploiters of "Apple Week," with their pitiful "apple a day" keeping the doctor away.)

That Dr. Cook of the Fourteenth Century, Sir John Mandeville, declared he himself had drunk of those waters; and since his character was so homogeneous that even the name signed to his "Travels" apparently didn't belong to him, the statement may not be disproved. Perhaps he is still with us under the name of ——. But that would be invidious.

But long before his day, about 1165 A.D., all Europe was agog over a letter from "Presbyter Joannes, by the power and virtue of God" (Prester John) to the Emperor Manuel Commenus of Constantinople, which was circulated so widely that we have to-day at least 100 Mss. of it in various great libraries. Among the thronging marvels of the regions ruled by this "greatest monarch under heaven" was the Fountain of Youth:

> *"At the foot of Mount Olympus" (Olympus being a corruption of Polombe—used by Mandeville—which, in turn, was corrupted from Colombo in Ceylon,) "bubbles up a spring which changes its flavour hour by hour, night and day, and the spring is scarcely three days' journey from Paradise, out of which Adam was driven. If any one has tasted thrice of the fountain, from that day he will feel no fatigue, but will as long as he lives be as a man of thirty years."*

And when a man publicly asserted he had drunk five times of those waters, and was consequently in his sixth century of life, who was there to contradict him? Certainly not Juan Ponce de Leon, Spanish adventurer, companion of Columbus on the second voyage, and in 1510 Governor of Porto Rico.

Moreover, the same legend was current among the Indians of the New World. Peter Martyr (Pietro Martire d'Anghiera) refers to an island "Boiuca or Agnanes" with a continual spring of running water which "beinge dronk, perhappes with some dyete, maketh old men younge ageyne"; and this eager compiler even gathered one case of a man who had been so reiuvenated:

> *"Dene, Aiglianus the Senator, gave one example hereof. He hath a Jucaian, one of his household servants, surnamed Andreas Barbatus, for that hee havinge a beard, escaped amonge his beardie countrymen. This fellow is sayd to have had a father now grievously oppressed with old age. Wherefore moved with the fame of that fountaine, and allured through the love of longer life, havinge prepared necessary provision for his journey, he went from his native Ilande neere unto the country of Florida, to drinke of the desired fountaine, as our countrimen doe from Rome or Naples to the Puteolane bathes, for the recovery of their health. Hee went, and stayd, and havinge well drunke and washed himselfe for many dayes, with the appointed remedies by them who kept the bath, hee is reported to have brought home a manly strength, and to have used all manly exercises, and that hee married againe, and begatt children. The sonne bringeth many witnesses heereof, amonge them who weere carried away from his country Jucaia, who affirme they sawe him almost oppressed with decrepit age, and after that flourishinge, and lusty in strength and ability of body."*

In 1511, Peter Martyr's "Decades" displayed a map of the regions north of Hispaniola, showing a large island, Bimini—and one tradition of the Fountain located it on Bimini. So there seems little doubt that, besides the omnipresent lure of gold, Governor Ponce did have this in mind when he set out from San German in Porto Rico.

Incidentally, there is hardly another picturesque figure in American history who has had such slight attention from modern chroniclers as Ponce de Leon: it was necessary to delve into Spanish and Spanish-American sources—rare volumes, and documents—even for the purposes of this little presentation.

An Adventurer's Beginnings

Juan Ponce de Leon was the page of Don Pero Nuñez de Guzmán, Commandant of Calatrava. He went to the Indies as a foot-soldier with Christopher Columbus, and there, in Hispaniola, married the maid-servant at an inn; afterwards going to the island of San Juan (Porto Rico) with the understanding that he should give half his gains to the King; and though this arrangement has yielded no profit to His Highness, Juan Ponce acquired so much for himself that he sent to Conchillos a chain of six or seven hundred castellanos, as well as other gifts to him and his officers; which persuaded them to obtain for Juan Ponce the King's appointment as Governor of the said Isle of San Juan.

(*Letter to Cardinal Cisneros. Probably 1517.*)

The Dog who Was a Conquistador

In 1509 Ponce de Leon was appointed governor of Porto Rico. Among his supporters he "had a dog, called Bezerillo, that made wonderful havoc among those people, and knew which of them were in war and which in peace, like a man; for which reason the Indians were more afraid of ten Spaniards with the dog, than of one hundred without him, and therefore he had one share and a half of all that was taken allowed him, as was done to one that carried a crossbow, as well in gold as slaves and other things, which his master received. Very extraordinary things were reported of this dog." Herrera.

Testimony Forty Years Later

The governor of the Ilande of Boriquena, John Ponce of Leon, being discharged of his office and very rich, furnished and sent forth two caravels to seek the Ilandes of Boyuca, in the which the Indians affirmed to be a fountain or spring whose water is of virtue to make old men young. Francisco Lopez de Gomara (1552).

The Expedition of Ponce

John Ponce de Leon being out of Employment, because the Government of the Island of *St. John de Puerto Rico* had been restor'd to *John Ceron* and *Michael Dias*, and having

gather'd much Wealth, he resolv'd to do something that might gain him Honour, and encrease his Estate; and being inform'd, that there were Lands to the Northward, thought fit to go make Discoveries that Way. To this Purpose, he fitted out three Ships well stor'd with Provisions, and Men, and sail'd from the Port of St. *German*, on *Thursday* the third of *March* 1512, making for *Aguada*, to steer his Course from thence.

The next Night he stood away North-West and by North, running eight Leagues by Sun-Rising. Proceeding till *Tuesday* following, being the eighth of the same Month, they came to an Anchor at the Shoals of *Babueca*, near an Island call'd *del Viejo*, or the Old Man's, lying in the Latitude of twenty-two Degrees and a half. The next Day they anchor'd again at one of the *Lucayo* Islands, call'd *Caycos*, and then at another call'd *Yaguna*, in twenty-four Degrees Latitude. The eleventh of the same Month, they arriv'd at the Island *Anaguayo*, where they lay by, and then pass'd by the Island *Manegua*, in twenty-four Degrees and a half. The fourteenth they come up with *Guanahani*, in twenty-five Degrees four Minutes, where they refitted a Ship to cross the Bay to the Windward of the *Lucayos*. This Island *Guanahani* was the first the Admiral *Christopher Columbus* discover'd, when he landed at his first Voyage, and call'd it *San Salvador*, or St. Saviour.

From hence they steer'd North-West, and on *Sunday* the twenty-seventh, being *Easter-Day*, in *Spanish*, call'd *Pasqua de Flores*, they saw an Island, and pass'd by. *Monday* the twenty-eighth, they held on fifteen Leagues the same Way, as they did on *Wednesday*, when the Weather proving foul, they stood till the second of *April* West North-West, the Water growing Shoal till they came to nine Fathoms, a League from the Land, which was in thirty Degrees eight Minutes. They ran along the Coast seeking some Harbour, and at Night anchor'd near the Shore in eight Fathoms Water. Believing that Land to be an Island, they nam'd it *Florida*, because it appear'd very delightful, having many pleasant Groves, and it was all level; as also because they discover'd it at *Easter*, as has been said, the *Spaniards* call *Pasqua de Flores*, or *Florida*. *John Ponce* went ashore to discover and take Possession. *Friday* the eighth they sail'd again the same Way, and on *Saturday* South and by East till the twentieth of *April*, they perceiv'd some *Indian* Bohios, or Cottages, where they anchor'd. The next Day the three Ships keeping along the Edge of the Sea, they met with a Current so strong that it drove them back, tho' they had the Wind large. The two Ships that were nearest to Land dropp'd their Anchors, but the Force of the Current was so great that it strain'd the Cables. The third which was a Brigantine, and farther out at Sea, either found no Bottom, or was not sensible of the Current, which carry'd it so far from the Shore that they lost Sight of it, tho' the Day was bright, and the Weather fair.

John Ponce being call'd by the *Indians*, went ashore, and they immediately endeavour'd to possess themselves of the Boat, the Oars, and the Arms, which was born with, rather than provoke them; till one of them stunning a Sailor with a Stroak of a Cudgel he gave him on the Head, the *Spaniards* were oblig'd to fight, and had two of their Men wounded with Darts, and Arrows, pointed with sharp Bones, and the *Indians* receiv'd little Damage. Night parting them, *John Ponce* with some Difficulty got his Men together, and sail'd from thence to a River, where they wooded and water'd, and waited for the Brigantine. Sixty *Indians* came to oppose them, one of whom was taken to give some Information, and to learn *Spanish*. This River they call'd *de la Cruz*, or of the Cross, leaving one of Stone there with an Inscription. *Sunday* the eighth of *May* they doubled the Cape of *Florida*, giving it the Name of *Cabo de las Corrientes*, or Cape Currents, because they are stronger there than the Wind, and came to an Anchor near a Town call'd *Abaioa*.

They held on, sometimes North and sometimes North-East, till the twenty-third of *May*, and on the twenty-fourth ran along the Coast, to the Southward, as far as some small Islands that lay out at Sea, and yet did not perceive that was the Continent. A Way appearing to be between them and the Coast for the Ships to take Wood and Water, they continued there till the third of *June*, and careen'd one of the Ships call'd St. *Christopher*. Here the *Indians* came out in Canoes to view the Christians, being the first Time they did so, for the *Spaniards*, tho' call'd by them, would not go ashore. When they went about to weigh an Anchor only to remove it, those People thinking they were going away, came out in their Canoes, and laid hold of the Cable, to draw the Ship away; whereupon the Long-Boat was sent after them, and the Men going ashore took four Women, and broke two old Canoes. At other Times when they came, there was no falling out, as finding no Opportunity, but on the contrary they barter'd some Skins, and low Gold.

Friday the fourth of *June*, whilst they were waiting for a Wind to go in Quest of the Cazique *Carlos*, who the *Indians* that were aboard said had Gold, a Canoe came to the Ships with an *Indian* that understood the *Spaniards*, suppos'd to be a Native of *Hispaniola*, or some of the Islands inhabited by Christians, he bid them stay, for the Cazique would send Gold to barter. They waiting accordingly saw twenty Canoes, Part of them made fast two and two together; some of them went to the Anchors, others to the Ships, and begun to fight. Those at the Anchors not being able to weigh them, attempted to cut the Cables. A Long-Boat was sent out, which put them to Flight, taking four and killing some *Indians*. *John Ponce* sent two of them to tell the Cazique, that tho' he had kill'd a *Spaniard*, he would make Peace with him. The next Day the Boat went to sound the Harbour, and the Men landed. Some *Indians* came and told them, that the Cazique would come the next Day to trade; but it was an Imposition, to gain Time to draw Men and Canoes together, as it appear'd, for at eleven of the Clock, eighty Canoes well equipp'd, attack'd the nearest Ship, and fought from Morning till Night, without doing the *Spaniards* any Harm, the Arrows falling short, because they durst not come near, for fear of the Cross-Bows and Great Guns.

At length they drew off, and the *Spaniards* having stay'd there nine Days, resolv'd on *Monday* the fourteenth to return to *Hispaniola* and *Puerto Rico*, discovering some Islands in the Way, of which the *Indians* they had with them gave an Account. They sail'd among Islands till *Tuesday* the twenty-first, when they arriv'd at the small Islands they call'd *las Tortugas*, or the Tortoises, because they took one hundred and seventy of them in a short Time one Night in one of them, and might have taken more if they would. They also took fourteen Dog-fishes, and kill'd many Sea Gulls, and as many of other Sorts of Birds as made up five thousand. *Friday* the twenty-fourth, they steer'd South-West and by West. On *Sunday* they saw Land, sail'd along it all *Monday*, and on *Wednesday* came to an Anchor, to trim their Yards and Sails, but could not tell what Country it was. Most of them took it for *Cuba*, because they found Canoes, Dogs, Cuts of Knives, and othere iron Tools; yet none of them knew it to be that Island. The twenty-fifth of *July* they were among a Parcel of low Islands, without knowing, any Thing of that Place, till *John Ponce* sent to view an Island, which appear'd to be *Bahama*, and so an old *Indian* Woman they had found alone in another Island told them, as did *James Miruelo*, a Pilot, who happened to be there with a Boat from *Hispaniola*. Having rang'd backward and forward till the twenty-third of *September*, and refitted the Ships, *John Ponce* resolv'd to send one of them to take a View of the Island of *Bimini*, where the *Indians* said there was much Wealth, and a Spring that made old People young again. *John Perez de Ortubia* was appointed Captain of that Ship, and *Antony de Alaminos* Pilot. They took two *Indians* to show the Shoals, there being so many, that it is a difficult Matter to pass between them.

Twenty Days after, *John Ponce* return'd to *Puerto Rico*, as did some Time after him the Ship he had sent, which found the Island of *Bimini*, but not the wonderful Spring; yet the Island was large, pleasant, and abounding in other Waters, and delightful Groves.

It is certain, that *John Ponce de Leon*, besides the main Design of making new Discoveries, as all the *Spaniards* then aspir'd to do, was intent upon finding out the Spring of *Bimini*, and a River in *Florida*, the *Indians* of *Cuba* and *Hispaniola* affirming that old People bathing themselves in them, became young again, and it was certain that many *Indians* of *Cuba*, firmly believing that there was such a River, had, not long before the *Spaniards* discover'd that Island, pass'd over into *Florida* in Quest of that River, and there built a Town, where the Race of them continues to this Day. This Report prevail'd with all the Princes and Caziques in those Parts, to endeavour to find out a River that wrought such a wonderful Change as making of old People young, so that there was not a River, or Brook, nor scarce a Lake, or Puddle in all *Florida*, but what they bath'd themselves in, and there are some still that persist in it, ignorantly believing that it is the River now call'd *Jordan*, at the Cape of *Santa Elena*, never reflecting, that the *Spaniards* first gave it that Name in the Year 1520, when the Country of *Chicora* was discover'd. Tho' this Voyage made by *John Ponce* turn'd to little or no Account to him, yet it gave him Encouragement to go to Court to sue for some Reward for the Countries he had discover'd, believing them to be all Islands, and no Continent, which Notion continu'd some Years. However that Voyage was beneficial on account of the Way soon after found out to return to *Spain*, through the Chanel of *Bahama*, which was first perform'd by the Pilot *Antony de Alaminos*, as shall be said in its Place.

ANTONIO DE HERRERA Y TORDESILLAS (1601-1615).

A Former Captive Among the Florida Indians

Juan Ponz de Leon, giving heed to the tales of the Indians of Cuba and Santo Domingo, went to Florida in search of the River Jordan, that he might have some enterprise on foot, or that he might earn greater fame than he already possessed and close his life—which is the most probable supposition; or, if not for these objects, then that he might become young from bathing in such a stream. This thought was of itself proof that all must have been fiction that was told by the Indians of Cuba and its whole neighborhood, who, to satisfy their tradition, said that the Jordan was in Florida; to which at least I can say, that while I was a captive there, I bathed in many streams, but to my misfortune I never came upon the river.

Anciently many Indians from Cuba entered the ports of the Province of Carlos in search of it; and the father of King Carlos, whose name was Senquene, stopped those persons, and made a settlement of them, the descendants of whom remain to this day. And the same objects that they who left their country came in quest of in the River Jordan, the kings and caciques of Florida, although savages, took information of and sought after, as though they had been a more polite people, that they might see what river that could be that did such good work, even to the turning of aged men and women back to their youth. So earnestly did they engage in the pursuit that there remained not a river nor a brook in all Florida, not even lakes and ponds, in which they did not bathe; and to this day they persist in seeking that water, and never are satisfied. In the attainment of the promises of their faith, those of Cuba determined, for such was their vow, to venture their lives on that sea; and it ended in all that numerous people who went over to Carlos forming a settlement; but to this day youth and age find alike that they are mocked, and many have destroyed themselves. It is cause for merriment, that Juan Ponz de Leon went to Florida to find the River Jordan. Hernando de Escalante Fontaneda (about 1575).

An Opinion from One on the Spot

The Jordan that is talked of, is a superstition of the Indians of Cuba which they hold because it is their creed, not because there is such a river. Hernando de Soto (July 9, 1539).

Ponce's Second Attempt

By the intercession of Nicolas de Quando and Peter Nuñez de Gusmán, the king did not only make him governor of Bimini and Florida, but also sent forth with him three ships from Sivile toward his second voyage in the year 1515. He touched in the Ilande of Guacana otherwise called Guadalupe, and sent to land certain of his men with the landresses of the ships: whom the Canibales lyinge in ambush, assailed with their envenomed arrows: and slaying the most part, carried away the women. With this evil beginning, John Ponce departed from hence to Boriquen and from thence to Florida where he went aland with his soldiers to espy a place most commodious to inhabit and plant a colony. But the Indians coming forth against him to defend the entrance, assailed the Spaniards fiercely and slew and wounded many of them. At which conflict also he himself being wounded with an arrow died shortly after in the Ilande of Cuba: and so ending his life, consumed a great part of the riches he had before begotten at Saint Johns of Boriquen. This John Ponce had before sailed with Christopher Colon to the Ilande of Hispaniola in the year 1493. He was a gentle soldier in the wars of this Ilande, and captain of the province of Higuel for Nicolas de Quando that conquested the same.

Francisco Lopez de Gomara (1552).

Credentials

With the utmost cunning give the natives of Bimini and of Florida to understand all the Bible story, from the Creation of the Universe by God the Three and One to the Crucifixion of Jesus Christ; and likewise make them comprehend the omnipotent authority which the Redeemer delegated to St. Peter over human creatures . . . and the generosity with which one of them, a successor of St. Peter, had awarded to the Spanish crown the isles and coasts of the Ocean, with all that in them was.

From the Grant of Ferdinand the Catholic to Ponce de Leon.

Reporting Progress

To His Highness:
7th of August, 1515.

I wrote from San Lucar and La Palma. In Guadalupe, taking on water, the inhabitants inflicted certain wounds upon us. They were punished. Juan Ponce de Leon.

A Letter to the Emperor Six Years Later

Most Powerful Lord:

As my usage and custom has been to serve in these lands the Royal Crown, at the orders of the Catholic King and for the increase of his rents and realm; at present, though poverty-stricken, I have desired to continue in Your Majesty's service and to expect his largesse, as I do expect it. Among those services which I mention, I discovered at my own cost and charge the Isle of Florida and other isles thereabout of which I make no mention, since they are small and useless. Now, if it be God's will, I am returning to that Isle, taking with me what will serve to exalt there the name of Jesus Christ, and to serve Your Majesty with the fruit of the land. I plan likewise to explore the coast of that Isle to ascertain if it borders upon that land wherein is Diego Velasquez, or upon some other; and I shall attempt to learn the most possible regarding it. I shall set out from here upon this voyage some five or six days hence. Upon my return I shall relate to Your Majesty, pleading your favour, all that we do and see in whatever lands we touch upon. From this moment indeed I ask your favour, because I should not dare attempt such a great undertaking nor one of such cost, nor could I emerge from it successfully, except by means of Your Imperial Majesty's favour and largesse. If, up to the present, I have not asked your assistance, it has been because I realized Your Majesty had little repose and much work; which truly I feel as deeply as if I myself bore it. May Our Lord preserve his very royal person, with increase of long life and of many more realms and kingdoms. From the Isle of San Juan and the City of Puerto Rico which is in the Indies of the Ocean Sea, on the 10th of the month of February of 1521.

Your Sacred Imperial Majesty's slave and servant, who kisses your very royal feet and hands. Juan Ponce de Leon.

Inscription on Ponce de Leon's Tomb

Beneath this Stone lie
the bones of a mighty
LION
Who won many titles
by his deeds.

The Wolves and the Lamb

By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Mr. Horace Milliken (*a Widower, a wealthy City Merchant*).
George Milliken, (*a Child, his Son*).
Captain Touchit, (*his Friend*).
Clarence Kicklebury (*Brother to Milliken's late Wife*).
John Howell (*M.'s Butler and confidential Servant*).
Charles Page (*Foot-boy*).
Bulkeley (*Lady Kicklebury's Servant*).
Mr. Bonnington.

Coachman, Cabman; a Bluecoat Boy, another Boy (*Mrs. Prior's Sons*).

LADY KICKLEBURY (*Mother-in-law to Milliken*).

MRS. BONNINGTON (*Milliken's Mother, married again*).

MRS. PRIOR.

MISS PRIOR (*her Daughter, Governess to Milliken's Children*).

ARABELLA MILLIKEN (*a Child*).

MARY BARLOW (*Schoolroom Maid*).

A grown-up Girl and Child of Mrs. Prior's, Lady K.'s Maid, Cook.

ACT I

SCENE.—MILLIKEN'S *Villa at Richmond; two drawing-rooms opening into one another. The late* MRS. MILLIKEN'S *portrait over the mantelpiece; book-cases, writing-tables, piano, newspapers, a handsomely furnished saloon. The back room opens, with very large windows, on the lawn and pleasure-ground; gate, and wall—over which the heads of a cab and a carriage are seen, as persons arrive. Fruit, and a ladder on the walls. A door to the dining-room, another to the sleeping apartments, etc.*

JOHN—Everybody out; governor in the City; governess (heigh-ho!) walking in the Park with the children; Ladyship gone out in the carriage. Let's sit down and have a look at the papers. Buttons! fetch the *Morning Post* out of Lady Kicklebury's room. Where's the *Daily News*, sir?

PAGE—Think it's in Milliken's room.

JOHN—Milliken! you scoundrel! What do you mean by Milliken? Speak of your employer as your governor if you like; but not as simple Milliken. Confound your impudence! you'll be calling me Howell next.

PAGE—Well! I didn't know. *You* call him Milliken.

JOHN—Because I know him, because I'm intimate with him, because there's not a secret he has but I may have it for the asking; because the letters addressed to Horace Milliken, Esquire, might as well be addressed John Howell, Esquire, for I read 'em, I put 'em away and docket 'em, and remember 'em. I know his affairs better than he does: his income to a shilling, pay his tradesmen, wear his coats, if I like. *I* may call Mr. Milliken what I please; but not *you*, you little scamp of a clod-hopping ploughboy. Know your station and do your business, or you don't wear *them* buttons long, I promise you. (*Exit Page.*) Let me go on with the paper. (*Reads.*) How brilliant this writing is! *Times, Chronicle, Daily News*, they're all good, blest if they ain't. How much better the nine leaders in them three daily papers is, than nine speeches in the House of Commons! Take a very best speech in the 'Ouse now, and compare it with an article in the *Times!* I say, the newspaper has the best of it for philosophy, for wit, novelty, good sense too. And the party that writes the leading article is nobody, and the chap that speaks in the House of Commons is a hero. Lord, Lord, how the world is 'umbugged! Pop'lar representation! What *is* pop'lar representation? Dammy, it's a farce. Hallo! this article is stole! I remember a passage in Montesquieu uncommonly like it. [*Goes and gets the book. As he is standing upon sofa to get it, and sitting down to read it,* MISS PRIOR *and the children have come in at the garden. Children pass across stage.* MISS PRIOR *enters by open window, bringing flowers into the room.*]

JOHN—It *is* like it. (*He slaps the book, and seeing* MISS PRIOR *who enters, then jumps up from sofa, saying very respectfully,*) I beg your pardon, miss.

MISS PRIOR (*sarcastically*)—Do I disturb you, Howell?

JOHN—Disturb! I have no right to say —a servant has no right to be disturbed, but I hope I may be pardoned for venturing to look at a volume in the libery, miss, just in reference to a newspaper harticle—that's all, miss.

MISS PRIOR—You are very fortunate in finding anything to interest you in the paper, I'm sure.

JOHN—Perhaps, miss, you are not accustomed to political discussion, and ignorant of—ah—I beg your pardon: a servant, I know, has no right to speak. [*Exit into dining-room, making a low bow.*]

MISS PRIOR—The coolness of some people is really quite extraordinary! the airs they give themselves, the way in which they answer one, the books they read! Montesquieu: *Esprit des Lois!* (*Takes book up which J. has left on sofa.*) I believe the man has actually taken this from the shelf. I am sure Mr. Milliken, or her Ladyship, never would. The other day *Helvetius* was found in Mr. Howell's pantry, forsooth! It is wonderful how he picked up French whilst we were abroad! *Esprit des Lois!* what is it? it must be dreadfully stupid. And as for reading *Helvetius* (who, I suppose, was a Roman general), I really

can't understand how——Dear, dear! what airs these persons give themselves! What will come next? A footman—I beg Mr. Howell's pardon—a butler and confidential valet lolls on the drawing-room sofa, and reads Montesquieu! Impudence! And add to this, he follows me for the last two or three months with eyes that are quite horrid. What can the creature mean? But I forgot—I am only a governess. A governess is not a lady—a governess is but a servant—a governess is to work and walk all day with the children, dine in the schoolroom, and come to the drawing-room to play the man of the house to sleep. A governess is a domestic, only her place is not the servants' hall, and she is paid not quite so well as the butler who serves her her glass of wine. Odious! George! Arabella! there are those little wretches quarreling again! [*Exit. Children are heard calling out, and seen quarreling in garden.*]

JOHN (*re-entering*)—See where she moves! grace is in all her steps. 'Eaven in her high—no—a-heaven in her heye, in every gesture dignity and love—ah, I wish I could say it! I wish you may procure it, poor fool! She passes by me—she tr-r-amples on me. Here's the chair she sets in. (*Kisses it.*) Here's the piano she plays on. Pretty keys, them fingers out-hivories you! When she plays on it, I stand and listen at the drawing-room door, and my hear thr-obs in time! Fool, fool, fool! why did you look on her, John Howell? why did you beat for her, busy heart? You were tranquil till you knew her! I thought I could have been a-happy with Mary till then. That girl's affection soothed me. Her conversation didn't amuse me much, her ideers ain't exactly elevated, but they are just and proper. Her attentions pleased me. She ever kep' the best cup of tea for me. She crisped my buttered toast, or mixed my quiet tumbler for me, as I sat of hevenings and read my newspaper in the kitching. She respected the sanctaty of my pantry. When I was a-studying there, she never interrupted me. She darned my stockings for me, she starched and folded my chokers, and she sowed on the habsent buttons of which time and chance had bereft my linning. She has a good heart, Mary has. I know she'd get up and black the boots for me of the coldest winter mornings. She did when we was in humbler life, she did. (*Enter* MARY). You have a good heart, Mary!

MARY—Have I, dear John? [*Sadly.*]

JOHN—Yes, child—yes. I think a better never beat in woman's bosom. You're good to everybody—good to your parents whom you send half your wages to: good to your employers whom you never robbed of a halfpenny.

MARY (*whimpering*)—Yes, I did, John. I took the jelly when you were in bed with the influenza; and brought you the pork-wine negus.

JOHN—Port, not pork, child. Pork is the hanimal which Jews ab'or. Port is from Oporto in Portugal.

MARY (*still crying*)—Yes, John; you know everything a'most, John.

JOHN—And you, poor child, but little! It's not heart you want, you little trump, it's education, Mary: it's information: it's head, head, head! You can't learn. You never can learn. Your ideers ain't no good. You never can hinterchange 'em with mine. Conversation between us is impossible. It's not your fault. Some people are born clever; some are born tall—I ain't tall.

MARY—Ho! you're big enough for me, John. [*Offers to take his hand.*]

JOHN—Let go my 'and—my a-hand, Mary! I say, some people are born with brains, and some with big figures. Look at that great ass, Bulkeley, Lady K.'s man—the besotted, stupid beast! He's as big as a life-guardsman, but he ain't no more education nor ideers than the ox he feeds on.

MARY—Law, John, whatever do you mean?

JOHN—H'm! you know not, little one! you never can know. Have *you* ever felt the pangs of imprisoned genius? have you ever felt what 'tis to be a slave?

MARY—Not in a free country, I should hope, John Howell—no such a thing. A place is a place, and I know mine, and am content with the spear of life in which it pleases Heaven to place me, John: and I wish you were, and remembered what we learned from our parson when we went to school together in dear old Pigeoncot, John—when you used to help little Mary with her lessons, John, and fought Bob Brown, the big butcher's boy, because he was rude to me, John, and he gave you that black hi.

JOHN—Say eye, Mary, not heye. [*Gently.*]

MARY—Eye; and I thought you never looked better in all your life than you did then: and we both took service at Squire Milliken's—me as dairy-girl, and you as knife-boy: and good masters have they been to us from our youth up = both old Squire

Milliken and Mr. Horace as is master now, and poor Mrs. as is dead, though she had her tantrums—and I thought we should save up and take the "Milliken Arms"—and now we have saved up—and now, now, now—oh, you are a stone, a stone, a stone! and I wish you were hung round my neck, and I were put down the well! There's the hupstairs bell. [*She starts, changing her manner as she hears the bell, and exit.*]

JOHN (*looking after her*)—It's all true. Gospel-true. We were children in the same village—sat on the same form at school. And it was for her sake that Bob Brown, the butcher's boy, whopped me. A black eye! I'm not handsome. But if I were ugly, ugly as the Saracen's 'Ead, ugly as that beast Bulkeley, I know it would be all the same to Mary. *She* has never forgot the boy she loved, that brought birds'-nests for her, and spent his halfpenny on cherries, and bought a fairing with his first half-crown—a brooch it was, I remember, of two billing doves a-hopping on one twig, and brought it home for little yellow-haired, blue-eyed, red-cheeked Mary. Lord, Lord! I don't like to think how I've kissed 'em, the pretty cheeks! they've got quite pale now with crying—and she has never once reproached me, not once, the trump, the little tr-rump! Is it my fault (*stamping*) that Fate has separated us? Why did my young master take me up to Oxford, and give me the run of his libery and the society of the best scouts in the University? Why did he take me abroad? Why have I been to Italy, France, Jummany with him—their manners noted and their realms surveyed, by Jingo! I've improved myself, and Mary has remained as you was. I try a conversation, and she can't respond. She's never got a word of poetry beyond Watts' Ims, and if I talk of Byron or Moore to her, I'm blest if she knows anything more about 'em than the cook, who is as hignorant as a pig, or that beast Bulkeley, Lady Kick's footman. Above all, why, why did I see the woman upon whom my wretched heart is fixed for ever, and who carries away my soul with her—prostrate, I say, prostrate, through the mud at the skirts of her gownd! Enslaver! why did I ever come near you? O enchantress Kelipso! how you have got hold of me! It was Fate, Fate, Fate. When Mrs. Milliken fell ill of scarlet fever at Naples, Milliken was away at Petersborough, Rooshia, looking after his property. Her foring woman fled. Me and the governess remained and nursed her and the children. We nursed the little ones out of the fever. We buried their mother. We brought the children home over Halp and Happenine. I nursed 'em all three, I tended 'em all three, the orphans, and the lovely gu-gu-governess. At Rome where she took ill, I waited on her; as we went to Florence, had we been attacked by twenty thousand brigands, this little arm had courage for them all! And if I loved thee, Julia, was I wrong? and if I basked in thy beauty day and night, Julia, am I not a man? and if, before this Peri, this enchantress, this gazelle, I forgot poor little Mary Barlow, how could I help it? I say, how the doose could I help it? [*Enter* LADY KICKLEBURY, BULKELEY *following with parcels and a spaniel.*]

LADY K.—Are the children and the governess come home?

JOHN—Yes, my Lady [*in a perfectly altered tone.*]

LADY K.—Bulkeley, take those parcels to my sitting-room.

JOHN—Get up, old stoopid. Push along, old daddylonglegs [*aside to* BULKELEY].

LADY K.—Does any one dine her to-day, Howell?

JOHN—Captain Touchit, my Lady.

LADY K.—He's always dining here.

JOHN—My master's oldest friend.

LADY K.—Don't tell me. He comes from his Club. He smells of smoke; he is a low vulgar person. Send Pinhorn up to me when you go downstairs. [*Exit* LADY K.]

JOHN—I know. Send Pinhorn to me means, send my bonny brown hair, and send my beautiful complexion, and send my figure—and, O Lord! O Lord! what an old tigress that is! What an old Hector! How she do twist Milliken round her thumb! He's born to be bullied by women: and I remember him henpecked—let's see, ever since—ever since the time of that little gloveress at Woodstock, whose picter poor Mrs. M. made such a noise about when she found it in the lumber-room. Heh! *her* picture will be going into the lumber-room some day. M. must marry to get rid of his mother-in-law and mother over him: no man can stand it, not M. himself, who's a Job of a man. Isn't he? look at him! [*As he has been speaking the bell has rung, the Page has run to the garden-door, and* MILLIKEN *enters through the garden, laden with a hamper, bandbox, and cricket-bat.*]

MILLIKEN—Why was the carriage not sent for me, Howell? There was no cab at the station, and I have had to toil all the

way up the hill with these confounded parcels of my Lady's.

JOHN—I suppose the shower took off all the cabs, sir. When *did* a man ever git a cab in a shower?—or a policeman at a pinch—or a friend when you wanted him—or anything at the right time, sir?

MILLIKEN—But, sir, why didn't the carriage come, I say?

JOHN—*You* know.

MILLIKEN—How do you mean I know? confound your impudence!

JOHN—Lady Kicklebury took it—your mother-in-law took it—went out a-visiting—Ham Common, Petersham—Twick'nam—doose knows where. She, and her footman, and her span'l dog.

MILLIKEN—Well, sir, suppose her Ladyship *did* take the carriage? Hasn't she a perfect right? And if the carriage was gone, I want to know, John, why the devil the pony-chaise wasn't sent with the groom? Am I to bring a bonnet-box and a hamper of fish in my own hands, I should like to know?

JOHN—Heh! [*Laughs.*]

MILLIKEN—Why do you grin, you Cheshire cat?

JOHN—Your mother-in-law had the carriage; and your mother sent for the pony-chaise. Your pa wanted to go and see the Wicar of Putney. Mr. Bonnington don't like walking when he can ride.

MILLIKEN—And why shouldn't Mr. Bonnington ride, sir, as long as there's a carriage in my stable? Mr. Bonnington has had the gout, sir! Mr. Bonnington is a clergyman, and married to my mother. He has *every* title to my respect.

JOHN—And to your pony-chaise—yes, sir.

MILLIKEN—And to everything he likes in this house, sir.

JOHN—What a good fellow you are, sir! You'd give your head off your shoulders, that you would. Is the fish for dinner to-day? Bandbox for my Lady, I suppose, sir? (*Looks in.*) Turban, feathers, bugles, marabouts, spangles—doose knows what. Yes, it's for her Ladyship. (*To Page.*) Charles, take this bandbox to her Ladyship's maid. (*To his master.*) What sauce would you like with the turbot? Lobster sauce or Hollandaise? Hollandaise is best—most wholesome for you. Anybody besides Captain Touchit coming to dinner?

MILLIKEN—No one that I know of.

JOHN—Very good. Bring up a bottle of the brown hock? He likes the brown hock, Touchit does. [*Exit* JOHN. *Enter Children. They run to* MILLIKEN.]

BOTH—How d'you do, papa? How do you do, papa?

MILLIKEN—Kiss your old father, Arabella. Come here, George— What?

GEORGE—Don't care for kissing—kissing's for gals. Have you brought me that bat from London?

MILLIKEN—Yes. Here's the bat; and here's the ball (*takes one from pocket*)—and——

GEORGE—Where's the wickets, papa? O-o-o—where's the wickets? [*Howls.*]

MILLIKEN—My dear darling boy! I left them at the office. What a silly papa I was to forget them! Parkings forgot them.

GEORGE—Then turn him away, I say! Turn him away! [*He stamps.*]

MILLIKEN—What! an old faithful clerk and servant of your father and grandfather for thirty years past? An old man, who loves us all, and has nothing but our pay to live on?

ARABELLA—Oh, you naughty boy!

GEORGE—I ain't a naughty boy.

ARABELLA—You *are* a naughty boy.

GEORGE—He! he! he! he! [*Grins at her.*]

MILLIKEN—Hush, children! Here, Arabella, darling, here is a book for you. Look—aren't they pretty pictures?

ARABELLA—Is it a story, papa? I don't care for stories in general. I like something instructive and serious. Grandmamma Bonnington and grandpapa say——

GEORGE—He's *not* your grandpapa.

ARABELLA—He *is* my grandpapa.

GEORGE—Oh, you great story! Look! look! there's a cab. [*Runs out. The head of a hansom cab is seen over the garden-gate. Bell rings. Page comes. Altercation between Cabman and* CAPTAIN TOUCHIT *appears to go on, during which*——]

MILLIKEN—Come and kiss your old father, Arabella. He's hungry for kisses.

ARABELLA—Don't. I want to go and look at the cab; and to tell Captain Touchit that he mustn't use naughty words. [*Runs towards garden. Page is seen carrying a carpet-bag. Enter* TOUCHIT *through the open window, smoking a cigar.*]

TOUCHIT—How d'ye do, Milliken? How are tallows, hey, my noble merchant? I have brought my bag, and intend to sleep——

GEORGE—I say, godpapa——

TOUCHIT—Well, godson!

GEORGE—Give us a cigar!

TOUCHIT—Oh, you *enfant terrible!*

MILLIKEN (*wheezily*)—Ah—ahem—George Touchit; you wouldn't mind—a—smoking that cigar in the garden, would you? Ah—ah!

TOUCHIT—Hullo! What's in the wind now? You used to be a most inveterate smoker, Horace.

MILLIKEN—The fact is—my mother-in-law—Lady Kicklebury—doesn't like it, and while she's with us, you know——

TOUCHIT—Of course, of course (*throws away cigar*). I beg her Ladyship's pardon. I remember when you were courting her daughter she used not to mind it.

MILLIKEN—Don't—don't allude to those times. [*He looks up at his wife's picture.*]

GEORGE—My mamma was a Kicklebury. The Kicklebury are the oldest family in all the world. My name is George Kicklebury Milliken, of Pigeoncot, Hants; the Grove, Richmond, Surrey; and Portland Place, London, Esquire—my name is.

TOUCHIT—You have forgotten Billiter Street, hemp and tallow merchant.

GEORGE—Oh, bother! I don't care about that. I shall leave that when I'm a man: when I'm a man and come into my property.

MILLIKEN—You come into your property?

GEORGE—I shall, you know, when you're dead, papa. I shall have this house, and Pigeoncot; and the house in town—no, I don't mind about the house in town—and I shan't let Bella live with me—no, I won't.

BELLA—No; *I* won't live with *you*. And *I'll* have Pigeoncot.

GEORGE—You shan't have Pigeoncot. I'll have it: and the ponies: and I won't let you ride them—and the dogs, and you shan't have even a puppy to play with—and the dairy—and won't I have as much cream as I like—that's all!

TOUCHIT—What a darling boy! Your children are brought up beautifully, Milliken. It's quite delightful to see them together.

GEORGE—And I shall sink the name of Milliken, I shall.

MILLIKEN—Sink the name? why, George?

GEORGE—Because the Millikens are nobodies—grandmamma says they are nobodies. The Kicklebury are gentlemen, and came over with William the Conqueror.

BELLA—I know when that was. One thousand one hundred and onety-one!

GEORGE—Bother when they came over! But I know this, when I come into the property I shall sink the name of Milliken.

MILLIKEN—So you are ashamed of your father's name, are you, George, my boy?

GEORGE—Ashamed! No, I ain't ashamed. Only Kicklebury is sweller. I know it is. Grandmamma says so.

BELLA—*My* grandmamma does not say so. *My* dear grandmamma says that family pride is sinful, and all belongs to this wicked world; and that in a very few years what our names are will not matter.

GEORGE—Yes, she says so because her father kept a shop; and so did pa's father keep a sort of shop—only pa's a gentleman now.

TOUCHIT—Darling child! How I wish I were married! If I had such a dear boy as you, George, do you know what I would give him?

GEORGE (*quite pleased*)—What would you give him, godpapa—

TOUCHIT—I would give him as sound a flogging as ever boy had, my darling. I would whip this nonsense out of him. I would send him to school, where I would pray that he might be well thrashed: and if when he came home he was still ashamed of his father, I would put him apprentice to a chimney-sweep—that's what I would do.

GEORGE—I'm glad you're not my father, that's all.

BELLA—And *I'm* glad you're not my father, because you are a wicked man!

MILLIKEN—Arabella!

BELLA—Grandmamma says so. He is a worldly man, and the world is wicked. And he goes to the play: and he smokes, and he says——

TOUCHIT—Bella, what do I say?

BELLA—Oh, something dreadful! You know you do! I heard you say it to the cabman.

TOUCHIT—So I did, so I did! He asked me fifteen shillings from Piccadilly, and I told him to go to—to somebody whose name begins with a D.

CHILDREN—Here's another carriage passing!

BELLA—The Lady Rumble's carriage.

GEORGE—No, it ain't: it's Captain Boxer's carriage. [*They run into the garden.*]

TOUCHIT—And this is the pass to which you have brought yourself, Horace Milliken! Why, in your wife's time, it was better than this, my poor fellow!

MILLIKEN—Don't speak of her in *that* way, George Touchit!

TOUCHIT—What have I said? I am only regretting her loss for your sake. She tyrannized over you; turned your friends out of doors; took your name out of your Clubs; dragged you about from party to party, though you can no more dance than a bear, and from opera to opera, though you don't know *God Save the Queen* from *Rule Britannia*. You don't, sir; you know you don't. But Arabella was better than her mother, who has taken possession of you since your widowhood.

MILLIKEN—My dear fellow! no, she hasn't. There's *my* mother.

TOUCHIT—Yes, to be sure, there's Mrs. Bonnington, and they quarrel over you like the two ladies over the baby before King Solomon.

MILLIKEN—Play the satirist, my good friend! laugh at my weakness!

TOUCHIT—I know you to be as plucky a fellow as ever stepped, Milliken, when a man's in the case. I know you and I stood up to each other for an hour and a half at Westminster.

MILLIKEN—Thank you! We were both dragons of war! tremendous champions! Perhaps *I am* a little soft as regards women. I know my weakness well enough; but in my case what is my remedy? Put yourself in my position. Be a widower with two young children. What is more natural than that the mother of my poor wife should come and superintend my family? My own mother can't. She has a half-dozen of little half brothers and sisters, and a husband of her own to attend to. I daresay Mr. Bonnington and my mother will come to dinner to-day.

TOUCHIT—Of course they will, my poor old Milliken; you don't dare to dine without them.

MILLIKEN—Don't go on in that manner, George Touchit! Why should not my step-father and my mother dine with me? I can afford it. I am a domestic man and like to see my relations about me. I am in the City all day.

TOUCHIT—Luckily for you.

MILLIKEN—And my pleasure of an evening is to sit under my own vine and under my own fig tree with my own olive-branches round about me; to sit by my fire with my children at my knees; to coze over a snug bottle of claret after dinner with a friend like you to share it; to see the young folks at the breakfast-table of a morning, and to kiss them and so off to business with a cheerful heart. This was my scheme in marrying, had it pleased Heaven to prosper my plan. When I was a boy, and came from school and college, I used to see Mr. Bonnington, my father-in-law, with *his* young ones clustering round about him, so happy to be with him! so eager to wait on him! all down on their little knees round my mother before breakfast or jumping up on his after dinner. It was who should reach his hat, and who should bring his coat, and who should fetch his umbrella, and who should get the last kiss.

TOUCHIT—What? didn't he kiss *you*? Oh, the hard-hearted old ogre!

MILLIKEN—*Don't*, Touchit! Don't laugh at Mr. Bonnington! He is as good a fellow as ever breathed. Between you and me, as my half brothers and sisters increased and multiplied year after year, I used to feel rather lonely, rather bowled out, you understand. But I saw them so happy that I longed to have a home of my own. When my mother proposed Arabella for me (for she and Lady Kicklebury were immense friends at one time), I was glad enough to give up Clubs and bachelorhood, and to settle down as a married man. My mother acted for the best. My poor wife's character, my mother used to say, changed after marriage. I was not as happy as I hoped to be; but I tried for it. George, I am not so comfortable now as I might be. A house without a mistress, with two mothers-in-law reigning over it—one worldly and aristocratic, another what you call serious, though she don't mind a rubber of whist: I give you my honour my mother plays a game at whist, and an uncommonly good game too—each woman dragging over a child to her side: of course such a family cannot be comfortable [*Bell rings.*] There's the first dinner-bell. Go and dress, for Heaven's sake!

TOUCHIT—Why dress? There is no company!

MILLIKEN—Why? ah! her Ladyship likes it, you see. And it costs nothing to humour her. Quick! for she don't like to be kept waiting.

TOUCHIT—Horace Milliken! what a pity it is the law declares a widower shall not marry his wife's mother! She would marry you else,—she would, on my word. [*Enter* JOHN.]

JOHN—I have took the Captain's things in the blue room, sir. [*Exeunt gentlemen,* JOHN *arranges tables, etc.*] Ha! Mrs. Prior! I ain't partial to Mrs. Prior. I think she's an artful old dodger, Mrs. Prior. I think there's mystery in her unfathomable pockets, and schemes in the folds of her umbrella. But—but she's Julia's mother, and for the beloved one's sake I am civil to her.

MRS. PRIOR—Thank you, Charles (*to the Page, who has been seen to let her in at the garden-gate*), I am so much obliged to you! Good afternoon, Mr. Howell. Is my daughter—are the darling children well? Oh, I am quite tired and weary! Three horrid omnibuses were full, and I have had to walk the whole weary long way. Ah, times are changed with me, Mr. Howell! Once

when I was young and strong, I had my husband's carriage to ride in.

JOHN (*aside*)—His carriage! his coal-waggon! I know well enough who old Prior was. A merchant? yes, a pretty merchant! kep' a lodging-house, share in a barge, touting for orders, and at last a snug little place in the *Gazette*.

MRS. PRIOR. How is your cough, Mr. Howell? I have brought you some lozenges for it (*takes numberless articles from her pocket*), and if you would take them of a night and morning—oh, indeed, you would get better! The late Sir Henry Halford recommended them to Mr. Prior. He was his late Majesty's physician and ours. You know we have seen happier times, Mr. Howell. Oh, I am quite tired and faint.

JOHN—Will you take anything before the schoolroom tea, ma'am? You will stop to tea, I hope, with Miss Prior, and our young folks?

MRS. PRIOR—Thank you: a little glass of wine when one is so faint—a little crumb of biscuit when one is so old and tired! I have not been accustomed to want, you know; and in my poor dear Mr. Prior's time——

JOHN—I'll fetch some wine, ma'am. [*Exit to the dining-room.*]

MRS. PRIOR—Bless the man, how abrupt he is in his manner! He quite shocks a poor lady who has been used to better days. What's here? Invitations—ho! Bills for Lady Kicklebury! *They* are not paid. Where is Mr. M. going to dine, I wonder? Captain and Mrs. Hopkinson, Sir John and Lady Tomkinson, request the pleasure. Request the pleasure! Of course they do. They are always asking Mr. M. to dinner. They have daughters to marry, and Mr. M. is a widower with three thousand a year, every shilling of it. I must tell Lady Kicklebury. He must never go to these places—never, never—mustn't be allowed. (*While talking, she opens all the letters on the table, rummages the portfolio and writing-box, looks at cards on mantelpiece, work in work-basket, tries tea-box, and shows the greatest activity and curiosity. Re-enter* JOHN, *bearing a tray with cakes, a decanter, etc.*) Thank you, thank you, Mr. Howell! Oh, oh, dear me, not so much as that! Half a glass, and *one* biscuit, please. What elegant sherry! (*Sips a little, and puts down glass on tray.*) Do you know, I remember in better days, Mr. Howell, when my poor dear husband——

JOHN—Beg your pardon. There's Milliken's bell going like mad. [*Exit* JOHN.]

MRS. PRIOR—What an abrupt person! Oh, but it's comfortable, this wine is! And—and I think how my poor Charlotte would like a little—she so weak, and ordered wine by the medical man! And when dear Adolphus comes home from Christ's Hospital, quite tired, poor boy, and hungry, wouldn't a bit of nice cake do him good? Adolphus is so fond of plum-cake, the darling child! And so is Frederick, little saucy rogue; and I'll give them *my* piece, and keep my glass of wine for my dear delicate angel Shatty! [*Takes bottle and paper out of her pocket, cuts off a great slice of cake, and pours wine from wine-glass and decanter into bottle. Enter* PAGE.]

PAGE—Master George and Miss Bella is going to have their teas down here with Miss Prior, Mrs. Prior, and she's up in the schoolroom, and my Lady says you may stay to tea.

MRS. PRIOR—Thank you, Charles! How tall you grow! Those trousers would fit my darling Frederick to a nicety. Thank you, Charles! *I* know the way to the nursery. [*Exit* MRS. P.]

PAGE—Know the way! I believe she *do* know the way. Been a-having cake and wine. Howell always gives her cake and wine—jolly cake, ain't it? and wine, oh, my! [*Re-enter* JOHN.]

JOHN—You young gormandising cormorant! What! five meals a day ain't enough for you! What! beer ain't good enough for you, hey? [*Pulls boy's ears.*]

PAGE (*crying*)—Oh, oh, do-o-n't, Mr. Howell! I only took half a glass, upon my honour.

JOHN—Your a-honour, you lying young vagabond! I wonder the ground don't open and swallow you. Half a glass! (*Holds up decanter.*) You've took half a bottle, you young Ananias! Mark this, sir! When I was a boy, a boy on my promotion, a child kindly took in from charity-school, a horphan in buttons like you, I never lied; no, nor never stole, and you've done both, you little scoundrel! Don't tell *me*, sir! there's plums on your coat, crumbs on your cheek, and you smell sherry, sir! I ain't time to whop you now, but come to my pantry to-night after you've took the tray down. Come *without your jacket on*, sir, and *then* I'll teach you what it is to lie and steal. There's the outer bell. Scud, you vagabond! [*Enter* LADY K.]

LADY K.—What was that noise, pray?

JOHN—A difference between me and young Page, my Lady. I was instructing him to keep his hands from picking and

stealing. I was learning him his lesson, my Lady, and he was a-crying it out.

LADY K.—It seems to me you are most unkind to that boy, Howell. He is my boy, sir. He comes from my estate. I will not have him ill-used. I think you presume on your long services. I shall speak to my son-in-law about you. ("Yes, my Lady; no, my Lady; very good, my Lady." *John has answered each sentence as she is speaking, and exits gravely bowing.*) That man must quit the house. Horace says he can't do without him, but he *must* do without him. My poor dear Arabella was fond of him, but he presumes on that defunct angel's partiality. Horace says this person keeps all his accounts, sorts all his letters, manages all his affairs, may be trusted with untold gold, and rescued little George out of the fire. Now I have come to live with my son-in-law, *I* will keep his accounts, sort his letters, and take charge of his money: and if little Georgy gets into the grate, *I* will take him out of the fire. What is here? Invitation from Captain and Mrs. Hopkinson. Invitation from Sir John and Lady Tomkinson, who don't even ask *me!* Monstrous! he never shall go—he shall not go! [MRS. PRIOR *has re-entered; she drops a very low curtsey to* LADY K., *as the latter, perceiving her, lays the cards down.*]

MRS. PRIOR—Ah, dear madam! how kind your Ladyship's message was to the poor lonely widow-woman! Oh, how thoughtful it was of your Ladyship to ask me to stay to tea!

LADY K.—With your daughter and the children. Indeed, my good Mrs. Prior, you are very welcome!

MRS. PRIOR—Ah! but isn't it a cause of thankfulness to be *made* welcome? Oughtn't I to be grateful for these blessings?—yes, I say *blessings*. And I am—I am, Lady Kicklebury—to the mother—of—that angel who is gone. (*Points to the picture.*) It was your sainted daughter left us—left my child to the care of Mr. Milliken, and—and you, who are now his guardian angel I may say. You *are*, Lady Kicklebury—you are. I say to my girl, Julia, Lady Kicklebury is Mr. Milliken's guardian angel, is *your* guardian angel—for without you could she keep her place as governess to these darling children? It would tear her heart in two to leave them, and yet she would be forced to do so. You know that some one—shall I hesitate to say whom *I mean?*—that Mr. Milliken's mother, excellent lady though she is, does not love my child because *you* love her. You *do* love her, Lady Kicklebury, and oh! a mother's fond heart pays you back! But for you, my poor Julia must go—go, and leave the children whom a dying angel confided to her!

LADY K.—Go! no, never! not whilst *I* am in this house, Mrs. Prior. Your daughter is a well-behaved young woman: you have confided to me her long engagement to Lieutenant—Lieutenant What-d'-you-call-'im, in the Indian service. She has been very, very good to my grandchildren—she brought them over from Naples when my—my angel of an Arabella died there, and I will protect Miss Prior.

MRS. PRIOR—Bless you, bless you, noble, admirable woman! Don't take it away! I must, I *will* kiss your dear generous hand! Take a mother's, a widow's blessings, Lady Kicklebury—the blessings of one who has known misfortune and seen better days, and thanks Heaven—yes, Heaven—! for the protectors she has found!

LADY K.—You said—you had—several children, I think, my good Mrs. Prior?

MRS. PRIOR—Three boys—one, my eldest blessing, is in a wine-merchant's office—ah, if Mr. Milliken *would* but give him an order! an order from *this* house! an order from Lady Kicklebury's son-in-law!——

LADY K.—It shall be done, my good Prior—we will see.

MRS. PRIOR—Another, Adolphus, dear fellow! is in Christ's Hospital. It was dear good Mr. Milliken's nomination. Frederick is at Merchant Taylors': my darling Julia pays his schooling. Besides, I have two girls—Amelia, quite a little toddles, just the size, though not so beautiful—but in a mother's eyes all children are lovely, dear Lady Kicklebury—just the size of your dear granddaughter, whose clothes would fit her, I am sure. And my second, Charlotte, a girl as tall as your Ladyship, though not with so fine a figure. "Ah, no, Shatty!" I say to her, "you are as tall as our dear patroness, Lady Kicklebury, whom you long so to see; but you have not got her Ladyship's carriage and figure, child." Five children have I, left fatherless and penniless by my poor dear husband—but Heaven takes care of the widow and orphan, madam—and Heaven's *best creatures* feed them!—*you* know whom I mean.

LADY K.—Should you not like, would you object to take—a frock or two of little Arabella's to your child? and if Pinhorn, my maid, will let me, Mrs. Prior, I will see if I can not find something against winter

for your second daughter, as you say we are of a size.

MRS. PRIOR—The widow's and orphans' blessings upon you! I said my Charlotte was as tall, but I never said she had such a figure as yours—who has?

PAGE (*announces*)—Mrs. Bonnington! [*Enter* MRS. BONNINGTON.]

MRS. B.—How do you do, Lady Kicklebury?

LADY K.—My dear Mrs. Bonnington! and you come to dinner, of course?

MRS. B.—To dine with my own son, I may take the liberty. How are my grandchildren? my darling little Emily, is she well, Mrs. Prior?

LADY K. (*aside*)—Emily? why does she not call the child by her blessed mother's name of Arabella? (*To* MRS. B.) Arabella is quite well, Mrs. Bonnington. Mr. Squillings said it was nothing; only her Grandmamma Bonnington spoiling her, as usual. Mr. Bonnington and all your numerous young folk are well, I hope?

MRS. B.—My family are all in perfect health, I thank you. Is Horace come home from the city?

LADY K.—Goodness! there's the dinner-bell—I must run to dress.

MRS. PRIOR—Shall I come with you, dear Lady Kicklebury?

LADY K.—Not for worlds, my good Mrs. Prior. [*Exit* LADY K.]

MRS. PRIOR—How do you do, my *dear* madam? Is dear Mr. Bonnington *quite* well? What a sweet, sweet sermon he gave us last Sunday! I often say to my girl, I must not go to hear Mr. Bonnington, I really must not, he makes me cry so. Oh! he is a great and gifted man, and shall I not have one glimpse of him?

MRS. B.—Saturday evening, my good Mrs. Prior. Don't you know that my husband never goes out on Saturday, having his sermon to compose?

MRS. P.—Oh, those dear, dear sermons! Do you know, madam, that my little Adolphus, for whom your son's bounty procured his place at Christ's Hospital, was very much touched indeed, the dear child, with Mr. Bonnington's discourse last Sunday three weeks, and refused to play marbles afterwards at school? The wicked naughty boys beat the poor child; but Adolphus has his consolation! Is Master Edward well, ma'am, and Master Robert, and Master Frederick, and dear little funny Master William?

MRS. B.—Thank you, Mrs. Prior; you have a good heart, indeed!

MRS. P.—Ah, what blessings those dears are to you! I wish your dearest little *grandson*——

MRS. B.—The little naughty wretch! Do you know, Mrs. Prior, my grandson, George Milliken, spilt the ink over my dear husbands' bands, which he keeps in his great dictionary; and fought with my child, Frederick, who is three years older than George—actually beat his own uncle!

MRS. P.—Gracious mercy! Master Frederick was not hurt, I hope?

MRS. B.—No; he cried a great deal; and then Robert came up, and that graceless little George took a stick; and then my husband came out, and do you know George Milliken actually kicked Mr. Bonnington on his shins, and butted him like a little naughty ram?

MRS. P.—Mercy! mercy! what a little rebel! He is spoiled, dear madam, and you know by *whom*.

MRS. B.—By his Grandmamma Kicklebury. I know it. I want my son to whip that child, but he refuses. He will come to no good, that child.

MRS. P.—Ah, madam! don't say so! Let us hope for the best. Master George's high temper will subside when certain persons who pet him are gone away.

MRS. B.—Gone away! they never will go away! No, mark my words, Mrs. Prior, that woman will never go away. She has made the house her own: she commands everything and everybody in it. She has driven me—me—Mr. Milliken's own mother—almost out of it. She has so annoyed my dear husband, that Mr. Bonnington will scarcely come here. Is she not always sneering at private tutors, because Mr. Bonnington was my son's private tutor, and greatly valued by the late Mr. Milliken? Is she not making constant allusions to old women marrying young men, because Mr. Bonnington happens to be younger than me? I have no words to express my indignation respecting Lady Kicklebury. She never pays any one, and runs up debts in the whole town. Her man Bulkeley's conduct in the neighbourhood is quite—quite——

MRS. P.—Gracious goodness, ma'am, you don't say so! And then what an appetite the gormandising monster has? Mary tells me that what he eats in the servants' hall is something perfectly frightful.

MRS. B.—Everybody feeds on my poor son! You are looking at my cap, Mrs. Prior? (*During this time* MRS. PRIOR *has*

been peering into a parcel which MRS. BONNINGTON *brought in her hand.*) I brought it with me across the Park. I could not walk through the Park in my cap. Isn't it a pretty ribbon, Mrs. Prior?

MRS. P.—Beautiful! beautiful! How blue becomes you! Who would think you were the mother of Mr. Milliken and seven other darling children? You can afford what Lady Kicklebury cannot.

MRS. B.—And what is that, Prior? A poor clergyman's wife, with a large family, cannot afford much.

MRS. P.—He! he! You can afford to be seen as you are, which Lady K. cannot. Did you not remark how afraid she seemed lest I should enter her dressing-room? Only Pinhorn, her maid, goes there, to arrange the roses, and the lilies, and the figure—he! he! Oh, what a sweet sweet cap-ribbon! When you have worn it, and are tired of it, you will give it me, won't you? It will be good enough for poor old Martha Prior!

MRS. B.—Do you really like it? Call at Greenwood Place, Mrs. Prior, the next time you pay Richmond a visit, and bring your little girl with you, and we will see.

MRS. P.—Oh, thank you; thank you! Nay, don't be offended! I must! I must! [*Kisses* MRS. BONNINGTON.]

MRS. B.—There, there! We must not stay chattering! The bell has rung. I must go and put the cap on, Mrs. Prior.

MRS. P.—And I may come, too? *You* are not afraid of my seeing your hair, dear Mrs. Bonnington! Mr. Bonnington too young for *you!* Why, you don't look twenty!

MRS. B.—Oh, Mrs. Prior!

MRS. P.—Well, five-and-twenty, upon my word—not more than five-and-twenty—and that is the very prime of life! [*Exeunt* MRS. B. *and* MRS. P. *hand in hand. As* CAPTAIN TOUCHIT *enters dressed for dinner, he bows and passes on.*]

TOUCHIT—So, we are to wear our white cravats, and our varnished boots, and dine in ceremony. What is the use of a man being a widower if he can't dine in his shooting-jacket? Poor Mill! He has the slavery now without the wife. (*He speaks sarcastically to the picture.*) Well, well! Mrs. Milliken! *You* at any rate, are gone; and, with the utmost respect for you, I like your picture even better than the original Miss Prior! [*Enter* MISS PRIOR.]

MISS PRIOR—I beg pardon. I thought you were gone to dinner. I heard the second bell some time since. [*She is drawing back.*]

TOUCHIT—Stop! I say, Julia! (*She returns, he looks at her, takes her hand.*) Why do you dress yourself in this odd poky way? You used to be a very smartly dressed girl. Why do you hide your hair, and wear such a dowdy high gown, Julia?

JULIA—You mustn't call me Julia, Captain Touchit.

TOUCHIT—Why? when I lived in your mother's lodging, I called you Julia. When you brought up the tea, you didn't mind being called Julia. When we used to go to the play with the tickets the Editor gave us, who lived on the second floor——

JULIA—The wretch!—don't speak of him!

TOUCHIT—Ah! I am afraid he was a sad deceiver, that Editor. He was a very clever fellow. What droll songs he used to sing! What a heap of play-tickets, diorama-tickets, concert-tickets, he used to give you! Did he touch your heart, Julia?

JULIA—Fiddledededee! No man ever touched my heart, Captain Touchit.

TOUCHIT—What! not even Tom Flight, who had the second floor after the Editor left it—and who cried so bitterly at the idea of going out to India without you? You had a *tendre* for him—a little passion—you know you had. Why, even the ladies here know it. Mrs. Bonnington told me that you were waiting for a sweetheart in India, to whom you were engaged; and Lady Kicklebury thinks you are dying in love for the absent swain.

JULIA—I hope—I hope—you did not contradict them, Captain Touchit?

TOUCHIT—Why not, my dear?

JULIA—May I be frank with you? You were a kind, very kind friend to us—to me in my youth.

TOUCHIT—I paid my lodgings regularly, and my bills without asking questions. I never weighed the tea in the caddy, or counted the lumps of sugar, or heeded the rapid consumption of my *liqueur*——

JULIA—Hush, hush! I know they were taken. I know you were very good to us. You helped my poor papa out of many a difficulty.

TOUCHIT (*aside*)—Tipsy old coal-merchant! I did, and he helped himself too.

JULIA—And you were always our best friend, Captain Touchit. When our misfortunes came, you got me this situation with Mrs. Milliken—and, and—don't you see?——

TOUCHIT—Well—what?

JULIA (*laughing*)—I think it is best, under the circumstances, that the ladies here should suppose I am engaged to be married—or—or, they might be—might be

jealous, you understand. Women are sometimes jealous of others—especially mothers and mothers-in-law.

TOUCHIT—Oh, you arch-schemer! And it is for that you cover up that beautiful hair of yours, and wear that demure cap?

JULIA (*slyly*)—I am subject to rheumatism in the head, Captain Touchit.

TOUCHIT—It is for that you put on the spectacles, and make yourself look a hundred years old?

JULIA—My eyes are weak, Captain Touchit.

TOUCHIT—Weak with weeping for Tom Flight. You hypocrite Show me your eyes!

MISS P.—Nonsense!

TOUCHIT—Show me your eyes, I say, or I'll tell about Tom Flight, and that he has been married at Madras these two years.

MISS P.—Oh, you horrid man! (*Takes glasses off.*) There!

TOUCHIT—Translucent orbs! beams of flashing light! lovely lashes veiling celestial brightness! No, they haven't cried much for Tom Flight, that faithless captain! nor for Lawrence O'Reilly, that killing Editor. It is lucky you keep the glasses on them, or they would transfix Horace Milliken, my friend the widower here. *Do* you always wear them when you are alone with him?

MISS P.—I never *am* alone with him. Bless me! If Lady Kicklebury thought my eyes were—well, well—you know what I mean,—if she thought her son-in-law looked at me, I should be turned out of doors the next day, I am sure I should. And then, poor Mr. Milliken! he never looks at *me*—Heaven help him! Why, he can't see me for her Ladyship's nose and awful caps and ribbons! He sits and looks at the portrait yonder, and sighs so. He thinks that he is lost in grief for his wife at this very moment.

TOUCHIT—What a woman that was—eh, Julia?—that departed angel! What a temper she had before her departure!

MISS P.—But the wind was tempered to the lamb. If she was angry—the lamb was so very lamblike, and meek, and fleecy.

TOUCHIT—And what a desperate flirt the departed angel was! I knew half-a-dozen fellows, before her marriage, whom she threw over because Milliken was so rich.

MISS P.—She was consistent, at least, and did not change after marriage, as some ladies do; but flirted, as you call it, just as much as before. At Paris, young Mr. Verney, the attaché, was never out of the house: at Rome, Mr. Beard, the artist, was always drawing pictures of her: at Naples, when poor Mr. M. went away to look after his affairs at Saint Petersburg, little Count Posilippo was forever coming to learn English and practise duets. She scarcely ever saw the poor children. (*Changing her manner as* LADY KICKLEBURY *enters.*) Hush—my Lady!

TOUCHIT—You may well say, "poor children," deprived of such a woman! Miss Prior, whom I knew in very early days—as your Ladyship knows—was speaking—was speaking of the loss our poor friend sustained.

LADY K.—Ah, sir, what a loss! [*Looking at the picture.*]

TOUCHIT—What a woman she was—what a superior creature!

LADY K.—A creature—an angel!

TOUCHIT—Mercy upon us! how she and my Lady used to quarrel! (*Aside.*) What a temper!

LADY K.—Hm—oh yes—what a temper! [*Rather doubtfully at first.*]

TOUCHIT—What a loss to Milliken and the darling children!

MISS PRIOR—Luckily they have *you* with them, madam.

LADY K.—And I will stay with them, Miss Prior; I will stay with them! I will never part from Horace, I am determined.

MISS P.—Ah! I am very glad you stay, for if I had not you for a protector, I think you know I must go, Lady Kicklebury. I think you know there are those who would forget my attachment to these darling children, my services to—to her—and dismiss the poor governess. But while you stay I can stay, dear Lady Kicklebury! With you to defend me from jealousy I need not *quite* be afraid.

LADY K.—Of Mrs. Bonnington? Of Mr. Milliken's mother; of the parson's wife who writes out his stupid sermons, and has half-a-dozen children of her own? I should think *not*, indeed! *I* am the natural protector of these children. *I* am their mother. *I* have no husband. You *stay* in this house, Miss Prior. You are a faithful attached creature—though you were sent in by somebody I don't like very much. [*Pointing to* TOUCHIT, *who went off laughing when* JULIA *began her speech, and is now looking at prints, etc., in next room.*]

MISS P.—Captain Touchit may not be in all things what one could wish. But his kindness has formed the happiness of my life in making me acquainted with *you*, ma'am: and I am sure you would not have me be ungrateful to him.

LADY K.—A most highly principled

young woman. [*Goes out in garden and walks up and down with* CAPTAIN TOUCHIT. *Enter* MRS. BONNINGTON.]

MISS P.—Oh, how glad I am you are come, Mrs. Bonnington! Have you brought me that pretty hymn you promised me? You always keep your promises, even to poor governesses. I read dear Mr. Bonnington's sermon! It was so interesting that I really could not think of going to sleep until I had read it all through; it was delightful, but oh! it's still better when he preaches it! I hope I did not do wrong in copying a part of it? I wish to impress it on the children. There are some worldly influences at work with them, dear madam (*looking at* LADY K. *in the garden*) which I do my feeble effort to—to modify. I wish *you* could come oftener.

MRS. B.—I will try, my dear—I will try. Emily has sweet dispositions.

MISS P.—Ah, she takes after her Grandmamma Bonnington!

MRS. B.—But George was sadly fractious just now in the schoolroom because I tried him with a tract.

MISS P.—Let us hope for better times! Do be with your children, dear Mrs. Bonnington, as constantly as ever you can, for *my* sake as well as theirs! *I* want protection and advice as well as they do. The *governess*, dear lady, looks up to you as well as the pupils; *she* wants the teaching which you and dear Mr. Bonnington can give her! Ah, why could not Mr. and Mrs. Bonnington come and live here, I often think! The children would have companions in their dear young uncles and aunts; so pleasant it would be. The house is quite large enough: that is, if her Ladyship did not occupy the three south rooms in the left wing. Ah, why, *why* couldn't you come?

MRS. B.—You are a kind affectionate creature, Miss Prior. I do not very much like the gentleman who recommended you to Arabella, you know. But I do think he sent my son a good governess for his children. [*Ladies walk up and down in front garden.* TOUCHIT *enters.*]

TOUCHIT—Miss Julia Prior, you are a wonder! I watch you with respect and surprise.

MISS P.—Me! what have I done? a poor friendless governess—respect *me?*

TOUCHIT—I have a mind to tell those two ladies what I think of Miss Julia Prior. If they knew you as I know you, O Julia Prior, what a short reign yours would be!

MISS P.—I have to manage them a little. Each separately, it is not so difficult. But when they are together, oh, it is very hard sometimes. [*Enter* MILLIKEN *dressed, shakes hands with* MISS P.]

MILLIKEN—Miss Prior! are you well? Have the children been good? and learned their lessons?

MISS P.—The children are pretty good, sir.

MILLIKEN—Well, that's a great deal, as times go. Do not bother them with too much learning, Miss Prior. Let them have an easy life. Time enough for trouble when age comes. [*Enter* JOHN.]

JOHN—Dinner, sir. [*And exit.*]

MILLIKEN—Dinner, ladies. My Lady Kicklebury. [*Gives arm to* LADY K.]

LADY K.—My dear Horace, you *shouldn't* shake hands with Miss Prior. You should keep people of that class at a distance, my dear creature. [*They go in to dinner,* CAPTAIN TOUCHIT *following with* MRS. BONNINGTON. *As they go out, enter* MARY *with children's tea-tray, etc., Children following, and after them* MRS. PRIOR. MARY *gives her tea.*]

MRS. PRIOR—Thank you, Mary! You are so very kind! Oh, what delicious tea!

GEORGE—I say, Mrs. Prior, I daresay you would like to dine best, wouldn't you?

MRS. P.—Bless you, my darling love, I had my dinner at one o'clock with my children at home.

GEORGE—So had we: but we go in to dessert very often; and then don't we have cakes and oranges and candied peel and macaroons and things! We are not to go in to-day; because Bella ate so many strawberries she made herself ill.

BELLA—So did you.

GEORGE—I'm a man, and men eat more than women, twice as much as women. When I'm a man I'll eat as much cake as ever I like. I say, Mary, give us the marmalade.

MRS. P.—Oh, what nice marmalade! *I* know of some poor children——

MISS P.—Mamma! don't, mamma. [*In an imploring tone.*]

MRS. P.—I know of two poor children at home, who have very seldom nice marmalade and cake, young people.

GEORGE—You mean Adolphus and Frederick and Amelia, your children. Well, they shall have marmalade and cake.

BELLA—Oh yes! I'll give them mine.

MRS. P.—Darling dearest child!

GEORGE (*his mouth full*)—I won't give 'em mine; but they can have another pot, you know. You have always got a basket

with you, Mrs. Prior. I know you have. You had it that day you took the cold fowl.

MRS. P.—For the poor blind black man! oh, how thankful he was!

GEORGE—I don't know whether it was for a black man. Mary, get us another pot of marmalade.

MARY—I don't know, Master George.

GEORGE—I *will* have another pot of marmalade. If you don't, I'll—I'll smash everything—I will.

BELLA—Oh, you naughty rude boy!

GEORGE—Hold *your* tongue. I *will* have it. Mary shall go and get it.

MRS. P.—Do humour him, Mary; and I'm sure my poor children at home will be the better for it.

GEORGE—There's your basket! now put this cake in, and this pat of butter, and this sugar. Hurray, hurray! Oh, what jolly fun! Tell Adolphus and Amelia I sent it to them—tell 'em they shall never want for anything as long as George Kicklebury Milliken, Esquire, can give it 'em. Did Adolphus like my grey coat that I didn't want?

MISS P.—You did not give him your new grey coat?

GEORGE—Don't you speak to me; I'm going to school—I'm not going to have no more governesses soon.

MRS. P.—Oh, my dear Master George, what a nice coat it is, and how well my poor boy looked in it!

MISS P.—Don't, mamma! I pray and entreat you not to take the things! [*Enter* JOHN *from the dining-room with a tray.*]

JOHN—Some cream, some jelly, a little champagne, Miss Prior! I thought you might like some.

GEORGE—Oh, jolly! give us hold of the jelly! give us a glass of champagne.

JOHN—I will not give you any.

GEORGE—I'll smash every glass in the room, if you don't; I'll cut my fingers; I'll poison myself—there!—I'll eat all this sealing-wax if you don't, and it's rank poison, you know it is.

MRS. P.—My dear Master George! [*Exit* JOHN.]

GEORGE—Ha, ha! I knew you'd give it to me; another boy taught me that.

BELLA—And a very naughty, rude boy.

GEORGE—He, he, he! hold your tongue, miss! And said he always got wine so: and so I used to do it to my poor mamma, Mrs. Prior. Usedn't to like mamma much.

BELLA—Oh, you wicked boy!

GEORGE—She usedn't to see us much. She used to say I tried her nerves; what's nerves, Mrs. Prior? Give us some more champagne! Will have it! Ha, ha, ha! ain't it jolly? Now I'll go out and have a run in the garden. [*Runs into garden.*]

MRS. P.—And you, my dear?

BELLA—I shall go and resume the perusal of the "Pilgrim's Progress," which my grandpapa, Mr. Bonnington, sent me. [*Exit* ARABELLA.]

MISS P.—How those children are spoilt! Goodness, what can I do? If I correct one, he flies to Grandmamma Kicklebury; if I speak to another, she appeals to Grandmamma Bonnington. When I was alone with then, I had them in something like order. Now, between the one grandmother and the other, the children are going to ruin, and so would the house too, but that Howell—that odd, rude, but honest and intelligent creature, I must say—keeps it up. It is wonderful how a person in his rank of life should have instructed himself so. He really knows—I really think he knows more than I do myself.

MRS. P.—Julia dear!

MISS P.—What is it, mamma?

MRS. P.—Your little sister wants some underclothing sadly, Julia dear, and poor Adolphus's shoes are quite worn out.

MISS P.—I thought so; I have given you all I could, mamma.

MRS. P.—Yes, my love! you are a good love, and generous, Heaven knows, to your poor old mother who has seen better days. If we had not wanted, would I have ever allowed you to be a governess—a poor degraded governess? If that brute O'Reilly who lived on our second floor had not behaved so shamefully wicked to you, and married Miss Flack, the singer, might you not have been editress of the *Champion of Liberty* at this very moment, and had your opera-box every night? [*She drinks champagne while talking, and excites herself.*]

MISS P.—Don't take that, mamma!

MRS. P.—Don't take it? why, it costs nothing; Milliken can afford it. Do you suppose I get champagne every day? I might have had it as a girl when I first married your father, and we kep' our gig and horse, and lived at Clapham, and had the best of everything. But the coal-trade is not what it was, Julia. We met with misfortunes, Julia, and we went into poverty: and your poor father went into the Bench for twenty-three months—two year all but a month he did—and my poor girl was obliged to dance at the "Coburg Theater"—yes, you were, at ten shillings a week, in the Oriental ballet of "The

Bulbul and the Rose": you were, my poor darling child!

MISS P.—Hush, hush, mamma!

MRS. P.—And we kep' a lodging-house in Bury Street, Saint James's, which your father's brother furnished for us, who was an extensive oil-merchant. He brought you up; and afterwards he quarrelled with my poor James, Robert Prior did, and he died, not leaving us a shilling. And my dear eldest boy went into a wine-merchant's office: and my poor darling Julia became a governess, when you had had the best of education at Clapham; you had, Julia. And to think that you were obliged, my blessed thing, to go on in the Oriental ballet of "The Rose and the Bul——"

MISS P.—Mamma, hush, hush! forget that story. [*Enter* PAGE *from dining-room.*]

PAGE—Miss Prior! please, the ladies are coming from the dining-room. Mrs. B. have had her two glasses of port, and her Ladyship is now a-telling the story about the Prince of Wales when she danced with him at Carlton House. [*Exit* PAGE.]

MISS P.—Quick, quick! There, take your basket! Put on your bonnet, and good night, mamma. Here, here is a half-sovereign and three shillings: it is all the money I have in the world; take it, and buy the shoes for Adolphus.

MRS. P.—And the underclothing, my love—little Amelia's underclothing?

MISS P.—We will see about it. Good night. (*Kisses her.*) Don't be seen here—Lady K. doesn't like it. [*Enter* GENTLEMEN *and* LADIES *from dining-room.*]

LADY K.—We follow the Continental fashion. We don't sit after dinner, Captain Touchit.

TOUCHIT—Confound the Continental fashion! I like to sit a little while after dinner. [*Aside.*]

MRS. B.—So does my dear Mr. Bonnington, Captain Touchit. He likes a little port wine after dinner.

TOUCHIT—I'm not surprised at it, ma'am.

MRS. B.—When did you say your son was coming, Lady Kicklebury?

LADY K.—My Clarence? He will be here immediately, I hope, the dear boy! You know my Clarence?

TOUCHIT—Yes, ma'am.

LADY K.—And like him, I'm sure, Captain Touchit! Everybody does like Clarence Kicklebury.

TOUCHIT—The confounded young scamp! I say, Horace, do you like your brother-in-law?

MILLIKEN—Well—I—I can't say—I—like him—in fact, I don't. But that's no reason why his mother shouldn't. [*During this,* HOWELL, *preceded by* BULKELEY, *hands round coffee. The garden without has darkened, as if evening.* BULKELEY *is going away without offering coffee to* MISS PRIOR. JOHN *stamps on his foot, and points to her.* CAPTAIN TOUCHIT, *laughing, goes up and talks to her now the servants are gone.*]

MRS. B.—Horace! I must tell you that the waste at your table is shocking. What is the need of opening all this wine? You and Lady Kicklebury were the only persons who took champagne.

TOUCHIT—I never drink it—never touch the rubbish! Too old a stager!

LADY K.—Port, I think, is your favourite, Mrs. Bonnington?

MRS. B.—My dear lady, I do not mean that you should not have champagne, if you like. Pray, pray, don't be angry! But why on earth, for you, who take so little, and Horace, who only drinks it to keep you company, should not Howell open a pint instead of a great large bottle?

LADY K.—Oh, Howell! Howell! We must not mention Howell, my dear Mrs. Bonnington. Howell is faultless! Howell has the keys of everything! Howell is not to be controlled in anything! Howell is to be at liberty to be rude to my servant!

MILLIKEN—Is that all? I am sure I should have thought your man was big enough to resent any rudeness from poor little Howell.

LADY K.—Horace! Excuse me for saying that you don't know—the—the class of servant to whom Bulkeley belongs. I had him, as a great favour, from Lord Toddleby. That class of servant is accustomed generally not to go out single.

MILLIKEN—Unless they are two behind a carriage-perch, they pine away, as one lovebird does without his mate!

LADY K.—No doubt! no doubt! I only say you are not accustomed here—in this kind of establishment, you understand—to that class of——

MRS. B.—Lady Kicklebury! is my son's establishment not good enough for any powdered monster in England? Is the house of a British merchant?——

LADY K.—My dear creature! my dear creature! it *is* the house of a British merchant, and a very comfortable house.

MRS. B.—Yes, as you find it.

LADY K.—Yes, as I find it, when I come to take care of my departed angel's children, Mrs. Bonnington—(*pointing to picture*)—of *that* dear seraph's orphans, Mrs. Bon-

nington. *You* cannot. You have other duties—other children—a husband at home in delicate health, who——

MRS. B.—Lady Kicklebury, no one shall say I don't take care of my dear husband!

MILLIKEN—My dear mother! My dear Lady Kicklebury! (*To* T. *who has come forward.*) They spar so every night they meet, Touchit. Ain't it hard?

LADY K.—I say you *do* take care of Mr. Bonnington, Mrs. Bonnington, my dear creature! and that is why you can't attend to Horace. And as he is of very easy temper—except sometimes with his poor Arabella's mother—he allows all his tradesmen to cheat him, all his servants to cheat him, Howell to be rude to everybody—to me amongst other people, and why not to my servant Bulkeley, with whom Lord Toddleby's groom of the chambers gave me the very highest character?

MRS. B.—I'm surprised that noblemen *have* grooms in their chambers. I should think they were much better in the stables. I am sure I always think so when we dine with Doctor Clinker. His man does bring such a smell of the stable with him.

LADY K.—He! he! you mistake, my dearest creature! Your poor mother mistakes, my good Horace. You have lived in a quiet and most respectable sphere—but not—not——

MRS. B.—Not what, Lady Kicklebury? We have lived at Richmond twenty years—in my late husband's time—when we saw a great deal of company, and when this dear Horace was a dear boy at Westminster School. And we have *paid* for everything we have had for twenty years, and we have owed not a penny to any *tradesman*, though we mayn't have had *powdered footmen six feet high*, who were impertinent to all the maids in the place— Don't! I *will* speak, Horace—but servants who loved us, and who lived in our families.

MILLIKEN—Mamma, now, my dear good old mother! I am sure Lady Kicklebury meant no harm.

LADY K.—Me! my dear Horace! harm! What harm could I mean?

MILLIKEN—Come! let us have a game at whist. Touchit, will you make a fourth? They go on so every night almost. Ain't it a pity, now?

TOUCHIT—Miss Prior generally plays, doesn't she?

MILLIKEN—And a very good player, too. But I thought you might like it.

TOUCHIT—Well, not exactly. I don't like sixpenny points, Horace, or quarrelling with old dragons about the odd trick. I will go and smoke a cigar on the terrace, and contemplate the silver Thames, the darling woods, the starry hosts of heaven. I—I like smoking better than playing whist. [MILLIKEN *rings bell.*]

MILLIKEN—Ah, George! you're not fit for domestic felicity.

TOUCHIT—No, not exactly. [*Enter* HOWELL.]

MILLIKEN—Lights and a whist table. Oh, I see you bring 'em. You know everything I want. He knows everything I want, Howell does. Let us cut. Miss Prior. you and I are partners!

ACT II

SCENE.—*As before*

LADY K.—Don't smoke, you naughty boy! I don't like it. Besides, it will encourage your brother-in-law to smoke.

CLARENCE K.—Anything to oblige you, I'm sure. But can't do without it, mother; it's good for my health. When I was in the Plungers, our doctor used to say, "You ought never to smoke more than eight cigars a day"—an order, you know, to do it—don't you see?

LADY K.—Ah, my child! I am very glad you are not with those unfortunate people in the East.

K.—So am I. Sold out just in time. Much better fun being here, than having the cholera at Scutari. Nice house, Milliken's. Snob, but good fellow—good cellar, doosid good cook. Really, that salmi yesterday,—couldn't have it better done at the "Rag" now. You have got into good quarters here, mother.

LADY K.—The meals are very good, and the house is very good; the manners are not of the first order. But what can you expect of City people? I always told your poor dear sister, when she married Mr. Milliken that she might look for everything substantial,—but not manners. Poor dear Arabella *would* marry him.

K.—Would! that is a good one, mamma! Why, you made her! It's a dozen years ago. But I recollect, when I came home from Eton, seeing her crying because Charley Tufton——

LADY K.—Mr. Tufton had not a shilling to bless himself with. The marriage was absurd and impossible.

K.—He hadn't a shilling then. I guess

he has plenty now. Elder brother killed, out hunting. Father dead. Tuf a baronet, with four thousand a year if he's a shilling.

LADY K.—Not so much.

K.—Four thousand if it's a shilling. Why the property adjoins Kicklebury's—I ought to know. I've shot over it a thousand times. Heh! *I* remember, when I was quite a young 'un, how Arabella used to go out into Tufton Park to meet Charley—and he is a doosid good fellow, and a gentlemanlike fellow, and a doosid deal better than this City fellow.

LADY K.—If you don't like this City fellow, Clarence, why do you come here? why didn't you stop with your elder brother at Kicklebury?

K.—Why didn't I? Why didn't *you* stop at Kicklebury, mamma? Because you had notice to quit. Serious daughter-in-law, quarrels about management of the house—row in the building. My brother interferes, and politely requests mamma to shorten her visit. So it is with your other two daughters; so it was with Arabella when she was alive. What shindies you used to have with her, Lady Kicklebury! Heh! I had a row with my brother and sister about a confounded little nursery-maid.

LADY K.—Clarence!

K.—And so I had notice to quit too. And I'm in very good quarters here, and I intend to stay in 'em, mamma. I say——

LADY K.—What do you say?

K.—Since I sold out, you know, and the regiment went abroad, confound me, the brutes at the "Rag" will hardly speak to me! I was so ill, I couldn't go. Who the doose can live the life I've led and keep health enough for that infernal Crimea? Besides, how could I help it? I was so cursedly in debt that I was *obliged* to have the money, you know. *You* hadn't got any.

LADY K.—Not a halfpenny, my darling. I am dreadfully in debt myself.

K.—I know you are. So am I. My brother wouldn't give me any, not a dump. Hang him! Said he had his children to look to. Milliken wouldn't advance me any more—said I did him in that horse transaction. He! he! he! so I did! What had I to do but to sell out? And the fellows cut me, by Jove! Ain't it too bad? I'll take my name off the "Rag," I will, though.

LADY K.—We must sow our wild oats, and we must sober down; and we must live here, where the living is very good and very cheap, Clarence, you naughty boy! And we must get you a rich wife. Did you see at church yesterday that young woman in light green, with rather red hair and a pink bonnet?

K.—I was asleep, ma'am, most of the time, or I was bookin' up the odds for the Chester Cup. When I'm bookin' up, I think of nothin' else, ma'am,—nothin'.

LADY K.—That was Miss Brocksopp—Briggs, Brown, and Brocksopp, the great sugar-bakers. They say she will have eighty thousand pounds. We will ask her to dinner here.

K.—I say—why the doose do you have such old women to dinner here? Why don't you get some pretty girls? Such a set of confounded old frumps as eat Milliken's mutton I never saw. There's you, and his old mother Mrs. Bonnington, and old Mrs. Fogram, and old Miss What's-her-name, the woman with the squint eye, and that immense Mrs. Crowder. It's so stoopid, that if it weren't for Touchit coming down sometimes, and the billiards and boatin', I should die here—expire, by gad! Why don't you have some pretty women into the house, Lady Kicklebury?

LADY K.—Why! Do you think I want that picture taken down: and another Mrs. Milliken? Wisehead! If Horace married again, would he be your banker, and keep this house, now that ungrateful son of mine has turned me out of his? No pretty woman shall come into the house whilst I am here.

K.—Governess seems a pretty woman: weak eyes, bad figure, poky, badly dressed, but doosid pretty woman.

LADY K.—Bah! There is no danger from *her*. She is a most faithful creature, attached to me beyond everything. And her eyes—her eyes are weak with crying for some young man who is in India. She has his miniature in her room, locked up in one of her drawers.

K.—Then how the doose did you come to see it?

LADY K.—We see a number of things, Clarence. Will you drive with me?

K.—Not as I knows on, thank you. No, ma; drivin's *too* slow: and you're going to call on two or three old dowagers in the Park? Thank your Ladyship for the delightful offer. [*Enter* JOHN.]

JOHN—Please, sir, here's the man with the bill for the boats; two pound three.

K.—Damn it, pay it—don't bother *me*!

JOHN—Haven't got the money, sir.

LADY K.—Howell! I saw Mr. Milliken give you a cheque for twenty-five pounds before he went into town this morning. Look, sir. (*Runs, opens drawer, takes out*

cheque-book.) There it is, marked "Howell, £25."

JOHN—Would your Ladyship like to step down into my pantry and see what I've paid with the twenty-five pounds? Did my master leave any orders that your Ladyship was to inspect my accounts?

LADY K.—Step down into the pantry! inspect your accounts? I never heard such impertinence. What do you mean, sir?

K.—Dammy, sir, what do you mean?

JOHN—I thought as her Ladyship kept a heye over my master's private book, she might like to look at mine too.

LADY K.—Upon my word, this insolence is too much.

JOHN—I beg your Ladyship's pardon. I am sure I have said nothing.

K.—Said, sir! your manner is mutinous, by Jove, sir! if I had you in the regiment——

JOHN—I understood that you had left the regiment, sir, just before it went on the campaign, sir.

K.—Confound you, sir! [*Starts up.*]

LADY K.—Clarence, my child, my child!

JOHN — Your Ladyship needn't be alarmed; I'm a little man, my Lady, but I don't think Mr. Clarence was a-goin' for to hit me, my Lady; not before a lady, I'm sure. I suppose, sir, that you *won't* pay the boatman?

K.—No, sir, I won't pay him, nor any man who uses this sort of damned impertinence!

JOHN—I told Rullocks, sir, I thought it was *jest* possible you wouldn't [*Exit.*]

K.—That's a nice man, that is—an impudent villain!

LADY K.—Ruined by Horace's weakness. He ruins everybody, poor good-natured Horace!

K.—Why don't you get rid of the blackguard?

LADY K.—There is a time for all things, my dear. This man is very convenient to Horace. Mr. Milliken is exceedingly lazy, and Howell spares him a great deal of trouble. Some day or other I shall take all this domestic trouble off his hands. But not yet; your poor brother-in-law is restive, like many weak men. He is subjected to other influences: his odious mother thwarts me a great deal.

K.—Why, you used to be the dearest friends in the world. I recollect when I was at Eton——

LADY K.—Were; but friendship don't last forever. Mrs. Bonnington and I have had serious differences since I came to live here: she has a natural jealousy, perhaps, at my superintending her son's affairs. When she ceases to visit at the house, as she very possibly will, things will go more easily; and Mr. Howell will go too, you may depend upon it. I am always sorry when my temper breaks out, as it will sometimes.

K.—Won't it, that's all!

LADY K.—At his insolence, my temper is high; so is yours, my dear. Calm it for the present, especially as regards Howell.

K.—Gad! d'you know I was very nearly pitching into him? But once, one night in the Haymarket, at a lobster-shop, where I was with some fellows, we chaffed some other fellows, and there was one fellah—quite a little fellah—and I pitched into him, and he gave me the most confounded lickin' I ever had in my life, since my brother Kicklebury licked me when we were at Eton; and that, you see, was a lesson to me, ma'am. Never trust those little fellows, never chaff 'em: dammy, they may be boxers.

LADY K.—You quarrelsome boy! I remember you coming home with your naughty head *so* bruised. (*Looks at watch.*) I must go now to take my drive. [*Exit* LADY K.]

K.—I owe a doose of a tick at that billiard-room; I shall have that boatman dunnin' me. Why hasn't Milliken got any horses to ride? Hang him! suppose he can't ride—suppose he's a tailor. He ain't *my* tailor, though, though I owe him a doosid deal of money. There goes mamma with that darling nephew and niece of mine. (*Enter* BULKELEY.) Why haven't you gone with my Lady, you, sir? [*to* BULKELEY.]

BULKELEY—My Lady have a-took the pony-carriage, sir; Mrs. Bonnington have a-took the hopen carriage and 'orses, sir, this mornin', which the Bishop of London is 'olding a confirmation at Teddington, sir, and Mr. Bonnington is attending the serimony. And I have told Mr. 'Owell, sir, that my Lady would prefer the hopen carriage, sir, which I like the hexercise myself, sir, and that the pony-carriage was good enough for Mrs. Bonnington, sir; and Mr. 'Owell was very hinsolent to me, sir; and I don't think I can stay in the 'ouse with him.

K.—Hold your jaw, sir.

BULKELEY—Yes, sir. [*Exit* BULKELEY.]

K.—I wonder who that governess is—sang rather prettily last night—wish she'd come and sing now—wish she'd come and amuse me—I've seen her face before—where have I seen her face?—it ain't at all a bad one. What shall I do? dammy, I'll read a

book: I've not read a book this ever so long. What's here? [*Looks amongst books, selects one, sinks down in easy chair so as quite to be lost. Enter* MISS PRIOR.]

MISS PRIOR—There's peace in the house! those noisy children are away with their grandmamma. The weather is beautiful, and I hope they will take a long drive. Now I can have a quiet half-hour, and finish that dear pretty "Ruth"—oh, how it makes me cry, that pretty story! [*Lays down her bonnet on table—goes to glass—takes off cap and spectacles—arranges her hair* —CLARENCE *has got on chair looking at her.*]

K.—By Jove! I know who it is now! Remember her as well as possible. Four years ago, when little Foxbury used to dance in the ballet over the water. *Don't* I remember her! She boxed my ears behind the scenes, by jingo! (*Coming forward.*) Miss Pemberton! Star of the ballet! Light of the harem! Don't you remember the grand Oriental ballet of the "Bulbul and the Peri?"

MISS P.—Oh! (*screams*)—No, n—no, sir. You are mistaken: my name is Prior. I—never was at the "Coburg Theater." I——

K. (*seizing her hand*)—No, you don't, though! What! don't you remember well that little hand slapping this face? which nature hadn't then adorned with whiskers, by gad! You pretend you have forgotten little Foxbury, whom Charley Calverley used to come after, and who used to drive to the "Coburg" every night in her brougham. How did you know it was the "Coburg"? That *is* a good one! *Had* you there, I think.

MISS P.—Sir, in the name of Heaven, pity me! I have to keep my mother and my sisters and my brothers. When—when you saw me, we were in great poverty; and almost all the wretched earnings I made at that time were given to my poor father then lying in the Queen's Bench hard by. You know there was nothing against my character—you know there was not. Ask Captain Touchit whether I was not a good girl. It was he who brought me to this house.

K.—Touchit! the old villain!

MISS P.—I had your sister's confidence. I tended her abroad on her death-bed. I have brought up your nephew and niece. Ask any one if I have not been honest. As a man, as a gentleman, I entreat you to keep my secret! I implore you for the sake of my poor mother and her children! [*Kneeling.*]

K.—By Jove! how handsome you are! How crying becomes your eyes! Get up; get up. Of course I'll keep your secret, but——

MISS P.—Ah! ah! [*She screams as he tries to embrace her.* HOWELL *rushes in.*]

HOWELL. Hands off, you little villain! Stir a step, and I'll kill you, if you were a regiment of captains! What! insult this lady who kept watch at your sister's death-bed and has took charge of her children! Don't be frightened, Miss Prior. Julia—dear, dear Julia—I'm by you. If the scoundrel touches you, I'll kill him. I—I love you—there—it's here—love you madly—with all my 'art—my a-heart!

MISS P.—HOWELL—for Heaven's sake, Howell!

K.—Pooh—ooh! (*Bursting with laughter.*) Here's a novel, by jingo! Here's John in love with the governess. Fond of plush, Miss Pemberton—ey? Gad, it's the best thing I ever knew. Saved a good bit, ey, Jeames? Take a public-house? By Jove! I'll buy my beer there.

JOHN—Owe for it, you mean. I don't think your tradesmen profit much by your custom, ex-Cornet Kicklebury.

K.—By Jove! I'll do for you, you villain!

JOHN—No, not that way, Captain. [*Struggles with and throws him.*]

K. (*screams*)—Hallo, Bulkeley! [BULKELEY *is seen strolling in the garden. Enter* BULKELEY.]

BULKELEY—What is it, sir?

K.—Take this confounded villain off me, and pitch him into the Thames—do you hear?

JOHN—Come here, and I'll break every bone in your hulking body. [*To* BULKELEY.]

BULKLEY—Come, come! whatever his hall this year row about?

MISS P.—For Heaven's sake, don't strike that poor man!

BULKELEY—*You* be quiet. What's he a-hittin' about my master for?

JOHN—Take off your hat, sir, when you speak to a lady. (*Takes up a poker.*) And now come on both of you, cowards! [*Rushes at* BULKELEY *and knocks his hat off his head.*]

BULKELEY (*stepping back*)—If you'll put down that there poker, you know, then I'll pitch into you fast enough. But that there poker ain't fair, you know.

K.—You villain! of course you will leave this house. And, Miss Prior, I think you will understand that you will go, too. I don't think my niece wants to learn *dancin'*, you understand. Good-bye. Here, Bulkeley! [*Gets behind footman and exit.*]

MISS P.—Do you know the meaning of that threat, Mr. Howell?

JOHN—Yes, Miss Prior.

MISS P.—I was a dancer once, for three months, four years ago, when my poor father was in prison.

JOHN—Yes, Miss Prior, I knew it. And I saw you a many times.

MISS P.—And you kept my secret?

JOHN—Yes, Ju—Jul—Miss Prior.

MISS P.—Thank you, and God bless you, John Howell! There, there. You mustn't! indeed, you mustn't!

JOHN—You don't remember the printer's boy who used to come to Mr. O'Reilly, and sit in your 'all in Bury Street, Miss Prior? I was that boy. I was a country-bred boy—that is if you called Putney country, and Wimbledon Common and that. I served the Milliken family seven year. I went with Master Horace to College, and then I revolted against service, and I thought I'd be a man and turn printer like Doctor Frankling. And I got in an office: and I went with proofs to Mr. O'Reilly, and I saw you. And though I might have been in love with somebody else before I did—yet it was all hup when I saw you.

MISS P. (*kindly*)—You must not talk to me in that way, John Howell.

JOHN—Let's tell the tale out. I couldn't stand the newspaper night-work. I had a mother and brothers and sisters to keep, as you had. I went back to Horace Milliken and said, "Sir, I've lost my work. I and mine want bread. Will you take me back again?" And he did. He's a kind, kind soul is my master.

MISS P.—He *is* a kind, kind soul.

JOHN—He's good to all the poor. His hand's in his pocket for everybody. Everybody takes advantage of him. His mother-in-lor rides over him. So does his ma. So do I, I may say; but that's over now; and you and I have had our notice to quit, miss, I should say.

MISS P.—Yes.

JOHN—I have saved a bit of money—not much—a hundred pound. Miss Prior—Julia—here I am—look—I'm a poor feller—a poor servant—but I've the heart of a man—and—I love you—oh! I love you!

MARY—Oh—ho—ho! [MARY *has entered from garden, and bursts out crying.*]

MISS P.—It can't be, John Howell—My dear, brave, kind John Howell. It can't be. I have watched this for some time past, and poor Mary's despair here. (*Kisses* MARY, *who cries plentifully.*) You have the heart of a true brave man, and must show it and prove it now. I am not—am not of your—pardon me for saying so—of your class in life. I was bred by my uncle, away from my poor parents, though I came back to them after his sudden death; and to poverty, and to this dependent life I am now leading. I am a servant, like you, John, but in another sphere—have to seek another place now; and heaven knows if I shall procure one, now that that unlucky passage in my life is known. Oh, the coward to recall it! the coward!

MARY—But John whopped him, miss! that he did. He gave it him well, John did. [*Crying.*]

MISS P.—You can't—you ought not to forego an attachment like that, John Howell. A more honest and true-hearted creature never breathed than Mary Barlow.

JOHN—No, indeed.

MISS P.—She has loved you since she was a little child. And you loved her once, and do now, John.

MARY—Oh, miss! you hare a hangel,—I hallways said you were a hangel.

MISS P.—You are better than I am, my dear—much, much better than I am, John. The curse of my poverty has been that I have had to flatter and to dissemble, and hide the faults of those I wanted to help, and to smile when I was hurt, and laugh when I was sad, and to coax, and to tack, and to bide my time,—not with Mr. Milliken: he is all honour, and kindness, and simplicity. Whom did *he* ever injure, or what unkind word did *he* ever say? But do you think, with the jealousy of those two ladies over his house, I could have stayed here without being a hypocrite to both of them? Go, John. My good, dear friend, John Howell, marry Mary. You'll be happier with her than with me. There! There! [*They embrace.*]

MARY—O—o—o! I think I'll go and hiron hout Miss Harabella's frocks now. [*Exit. Enter* MILLIKEN *with* CLARENCE—*who is explaining things to him.*]

CLARENCE—Here they are, I give you my word of honour. Ask 'em, damn 'em!

MILLIKEN—What is this I hear? You, John Howell, have dared to strike a gentleman under my roof! Your master's brother-in-law?

JOHN—Yes, by Jove! and I'd do it again.

MILLIKEN—Are you drunk or mad, Howell?

JOHN—I'm as sober and as sensible as ever I was in my life, sir—I not only struck the master, but I struck the man, who's twice as big, only not quite as big a coward, I think.

MILLIKEN—Hold your scurrilous tongue,

sir! My good-nature ruins everybody about me. Make up your accounts. Pack your trunks—and never let me see your face again.

JOHN—Very good, sir.

MILLIKEN—I suppose, Miss Prior, you will also be disposed to—to follow Mr. Howell?

MISS P.—To quit you, now you know what has passed? I never supposed it could be otherwise. I deceived you, Mr. Milliken, as I kept a secret from you, and must pay the penalty. It is a relief to me: the sword has been hanging over me. I wish I had told your poor wife, as I was often minded to do.

MILLIKEN—Oh, you were minded to do it in Italy, were you?

MISS P.—Captain Touchit knew it, sir, all along: and that my motives and, thank God, my life were honourable.

MILLIKEN—Oh, Touchit knew it, did he? and thought it honourable—honourable? Ha! ha! to marry a footman—and keep a public-house? I—I beg your pardon, John Howell—I mean nothing against you, you know. You're an honourable man enough, except that you have been damned insolent to my brother-in-law.

JOHN—Oh, Heaven! [*Strikes his forehead, and walks away.*]

MISS P.—You mistake me, sir. What I wished to speak of was the fact which this gentleman has no doubt communicated to you—that I danced on the stage for three months.

MILLIKEN—Oh yes. Oh, damme, yes. I forgot. I wasn't thinking of that.

KICKLEBURY—You see she owns it.

MISS P.—We were in the depths of poverty. Our furniture and lodging-house under execution — from which Captain Touchit, when he came to know of our difficulties, nobly afterwards released us. My father was in prison, and wanted shillings for medicine, and I—I went and danced on the stage.

MILLIKEN—Well?

MISS P.—And I kept the secret afterwards; knowing that I could never hope as governess to obtain a place after having been a stage-dancer.

MILLIKEN—Of course you couldn't,—it's out of the question; and may I ask, are you going to resume that delightful profession when you enter the married state with Mr. Howell?

MISS P.—Poor John! it is not I who am going to—that is, it's Mary, the schoolroom maid.

MILLIKEN—Eternal blazes! Have you turned Mormon, John Howell, and are you going to marry the whole house?

JOHN—I made a hass of myself about Miss Prior. I couldn't help her being l—l—ovely.

K.—Gad, he proposed to her in my presence.

JOHN—What I proposed to her, Cornet Clarence Kicklebury, was my heart and my honour, and my best, and my everything—and you—you wanted to take advantage of her secret, and you offered her indignities, and you laid a cowardly hand on her—a cowardly hand!—and I struck you, and I'd do it again.

MILLIKEN—What? Is this true? [*Turning round very fiercely to* K.]

KICK—Gad! Well—I only——

MILLIKEN—You only what? You only insulted a lady under my roof—the friend and nurse of your dead sister—the guardian of my children. You only took advantage of a defenseless girl, and would have extorted your infernal pay out of her fear. You miserable sneak and coward!

KICK—Hallo! Come, come! I say I won't stand this sort of chaff. Dammy, I'll send a friend to you!

MILLIKEN—Go out of that window, sir! March! or I will tell my servant, John Howell, to kick you out, you wretched little scamp! Tell that big brute,—what's-his-name?—Lady Kicklebury's man, to pack this young man's portmanteau and bear's-grease pots; and if ever you enter these doors again, Clarence Kicklebury, by the Heaven that made me!—by your sister who is dead!—I will cane your life out of your bones. Angel in heaven! Shade of my Arabella—to think that your brother in your house should be found to insult the guardian of your children!

JOHN—By jingo, you're a good-plucked one! I knew he was, miss,—I told you he was. [*Exit, shaking hands with his master and with* MISS P., *and dancing for joy. Exit* CLARENCE, *scared, out of window.*]

JOHN (*without*)—Bulkeley! pack up the Capting's luggage!

MILLIKEN—How can I ask your pardon, Miss Prior? In my wife's name I ask it—in the name of that angel whose dying-bed you watched and soothed—of the innocent children whom you have faithfully tended since.

MISS P.—Ah, sir! it is granted when you speak so to me.

MILLIKEN—Eh, eh—d—don't call me sir!

MISS P.—It is for me to ask pardon for hiding what you know now: but if I had

told you—you—you never would have taken me into your house—your wife never would.

MILLIKEN—No, no. [*Weeping.*]

MISS P.—My dear kind Captain Touchit knows it all. It was by his counsel I acted. He it was who relieved our distress. Ask him whether my conduct was not honourable—ask him whether my life was not devoted to my parents—ask him when—when I am gone.

MILLIKEN—When you are gone, Julia! Why are you going? Why should you go, my love—that is—why need you go, in the devil's name?

MISS P.—Because, when your mother—when your mother-in-law come to hear that your children's governess has been a dancer on the stage, they will send me away, and you will not have the power to resist them. They ought to send me away, sir; but I have acted honestly by the children and their poor mother, and you'll think of me kindly when—I—am—gone?

MILLIKEN—Julia, my dearest—dear—noble—dar——the devil! here's old Kicklebury. [*Enter* LADY K., Children, *and* CLARENCE.]

LADY K.—So, Miss Prior! this is what I hear, is it? A dancer in my house! a serpent in my bosom—poisoning—yes, poisoning those blessed children! occasioning quarrels between my own son and my dearest son-in-law; flirting with the footman! When do you intend to leave, madam, the house which you have po—poll—luted?

MISS P.—I need no hard language, Lady Kicklebury: and I will reply to none. I have signified to Mr. Milliken my wish to leave his house.

MILLIKEN—Not, not, if you will stay. [*To* MISS P.]

LADY K.—Stay, Horace! she shall *never* stay as governess in this house!

MILLIKEN—Julia! will you stay as mistress? You have known me for a year alone—before, not so well, when the house had a mistress that is gone. You know what my temper is, and that my tastes are simple, and my heart not unkind. I have watched you, and have never seen you out of temper, though you have been tried. I have long thought you good and beautiful, but I never thought to ask the question which I put to you now:—come in, sir! (*to* CLARENCE *at door*):—now that you have been persecuted by those who ought to have upheld you, and insulted by those who owed you gratitude and respect. I am tired of their domination, and as weary of a man's cowardly impertinence (*to* CLARENCE) as of a woman's jealous tyranny. They have made what was my Arabella's home miserable by their oppression and their quarrels. Julia! my wife's friend, my children's friend! be mine, and make me happy! Don't leave me, Julia! say you won't—say you won't—dearest—dearest girl!

MISS P.—I won't—leave—you.

GEORGE (*without*)—Oh, I say! Arabella, look here: here's papa a-kissing Miss Prior!

LADY K.—Horace—Clarence my son! Shade of my Arabella! can you behold this horrible scene, and not shudder in heaven? Bulkeley! Clarence! go for a doctor—go to Doctor Straightwaist at the Asylum—Horace Milliken, who has married the descendant of the Kickleburys of the Conqueror, marry a dancing-girl off the stage! Horace Milliken! do you wish to see me die in convulsions at your feet? I writhe there, I grovel there. Look! look at me on my knees! your own mother-in-law! drive away this fiend!

MILLIKEN—Hem! I ought to thank you, Lady Kicklebury, for it is you that have given her to me.

LADY K.—He won't listen! he turns away and kisses her horrible hand. This will never do. Help me up, Clarence; I must go and fetch his mother. Ah, ah! there she is, there she is! [LADY K. *rushes out, as the top of a barouche, with* MR. *and* MRS. BONNINGTON *and Coachman, is seen over the gate.*]

MRS. B.—What is this I hear, my son, my son? You are going to marry a—a stage-dancer? you are driving me mad, Horace!

MILLIKEN—Give me my second chance, mother, to be happy. You have had yourself two chances.

MRS. B.—Speak to him, Mr. Bonnington. [BONNINGTON *makes dumb show.*]

LADY K.—Implore him, Mr. Bonnington.

MRS. B.—Pray, pray for him, Mr. Bonnington, my love—my lost abandoned boy!

LADY K.—Oh, my poor dear Mrs. Bonnington!

MRS. B.—Oh, my poor dear Lady Kicklebury! [*They embrace each other.*]

LADY K.—I have been down on my knees to him, dearest Mrs. Bonnington.

MRS. B.—Let us both—both go down on our knees—I *will* (*to her husband.*) Edward, I will! (*Both ladies on their knees. Bonnington with outstretched hands behind them.*) Look, unhappy boy! look, Horace! two mothers on their wretched knees

before you, imploring you to send away this monster! Speak to him, Mr. Bonnington. Edward! use authority with him, if he will not listen to his mother——

LADY K.—To his mothers! [*Enter* TOUCHIT.]

TOUCHIT—What is this comedy going on, ladies and gentlemen? The ladies on their elderly knees—Miss Prior with her hair down her back. Is it tragedy or comedy—is it a rehearsal for a charade, or are we acting for Horace's birthday? or, oh!—I beg your Reverence's pardon—you were perhaps going to a professional duty?

MRS. B.—It's *we* who are praying this child, Touchit. This child, with whom you used to come home from Westminster when you were boys. You have influence with him; he listens to you. Entreat him to pause in his madness.

TOUCHIT—What madness?

MRS. B.—That—that woman—that serpent yonder—that—that—dancing-woman, whom you introduced to Arabella Milliken,—ah! and I rue the day:—Horace is going to mum—mum—marry her!

TOUCHIT—Well! I always thought he would. Ever since I saw him and her playing at whist together, when I came down here a month ago, I thought he would do it.

MRS. B.—Oh, it's the whist, the whist! Why did I ever play at whist, Edward? My poor Mr. Milliken used to like his rubber.

TOUCHIT—Since he has been a widower—

LADY K.—A widower of that angel! [*Points to picture.*]

TOUCHIT—Pooh, pooh, angel! You two ladies have never given the poor fellow any peace. You were always quarrelling over him. You took possession of his house, bullied his servants, spoiled his children; you did, Lady Kicklebury.

LADY K.—Sir, you are a rude, low, presuming, vulgar man. Clarence! beat this rude man!

TOUCHIT—From what I have heard of your amiable son, he is not in the warlike line, I think. My dear Julia, I am delighted with all my heart that my old friend should have found a woman of sense, good conduct, good temper—a woman who has had many trials, and borne them with great patience—to take charge of him and make him happy. Horace, give me your hand! I knew Miss Prior in great poverty. I am sure she will bear as nobly her present good fortune; for good fortune it is to any woman to become the wife of such a loyal, honest, kindly gentleman as you are! [*Enter* JOHN.]

JOHN—If you please, my Lady—if you please, sir—Bulkeley——

LADY K.—What of Bulkeley, sir?

JOHN—He has packed his things, and Cornet Kicklebury's things, my Lady.

MILLIKEN—Let the fellow go.

JOHN—He won't go, sir, till my Lady have paid him his book and wages. Here's the book, sir!

LADY K.—Insolence! quit my presence! And I, Mr. Milliken, will quit a house——

JOHN—Shall I call your Ladyship a carriage?

LADY K.—Where I have met with rudeness, cruelty, and fiendish (*to* MISS P., *who smiles and curtsies*)—yes, fiendish ingratitude. I will go, I say, as soon as I have made arrangements for taking other lodgings. You can not expect a lady of fashion to turn out like a servant.

JOHN—Hire the "Star and Garter" for her, sir. Send down to the "Castle"; anything to get rid of her. I'll tell her maid to pack her traps. Pinhorn! [*Beckons maid and gives orders.*]

TOUCHIT—You had better go at once, my dear Lady Kicklebury.

LADY K.—Sir!

TOUCHIT—*The other mother-in-law is coming!* I met her on the road with all her family. He! he! he! [*Screams. Enter* MRS. PRIOR *and* children.]

MRS. P.—My Lady; I hope your Ladyship is quite well! Dear kind Mrs. Bonnington! I came to pay my duty to you, ma'am. This is Charlotte, my Lady—the great girl whom your Ladyship so kindly promised the gown for; and this is my little girl, Mrs. Bonnington, ma'am, please; and this is my Bluecoat boy. Go and speak to dear kind Mr. Milliken—our best friend and protector—the son and son-in-law of these dear ladies. Look, sir! He has brought his copy to show you. (*Boy shows copy.*) Ain't it creditable to a boy of his age, Captain Touchit? And my best and most grateful services to you, sir. Julia, Julia, my dear, where's your cap and spectacles, you stupid thing? You've let your hair drop down. What! what!—— [*Begins to be puzzled.*]

MRS. B.—Is this collusion, madam?

MRS. P.—Collusion, dear Mrs. Bonnington!

LADY K.—Or insolence, Mrs. Prior?

MRS. P.—Insolence, your Ladyship! What—what is it? what has happened? What's Julia's hair down for? Ah, you've

not sent the poor girl away? the poor, poor child and the poor, poor children!

TOUCHIT—That dancing at the "Coburg" has come out, Mrs. Prior.

MRS. P.—Not the darling's fault. It was to help her poor father in prison. It was I who forced her to do it. Oh! don't, don't, dear Lady Kicklebury, take the bread out of the mouths of these poor orphans! [*Crying.*]

MILLIKEN—Enough of this, Mrs. Prior; your daughter is not going away. Julia has promised to stay with me—and—never to leave me—as governess no longer, but as wife to me.

MRS. P.—Is it—is it true, Julia?

MISS P.—Yes, mamma.

MRS. P.—Oh! oh! oh! (*Flings down her umbrella, kisses* JULIA, *and running to* MILLIKEN)—My son, my son! Come here, children. Come, Adolphus, Amelia, Charlotte—kiss your dear brother, children. What, my dears! How do you do, dears? (*To* MILLIKEN'S *children.*) Have they heard the news? And do you know that my daughter is going to be your mamma? There—there—go and play with your little uncles and aunts, that's good children! (*She motions off the Children, who retire toward garden. Her manner changes to one of great patronage and intense satisfaction.*) Most hot weather, your Ladyship, I'm sure. Mr. Bonnington, you must find it hot weather for preachin'! Lor'! there's that little wretch beatin' Adolphus! George, sir! have done, sir! (*Runs to separate them.*) How ever shall we make those children agree, Julia?

MISS P.—They have been a little spoiled, and I think Mr. Milliken will send George and Arabella to school, mamma: will you not, Horace?

MR. MILLIKEN—I think school will be the very best thing for them.

MRS. P.—And (MRS. P. *whispers, pointing to her own children*) the blue room, the green room, the rooms old Lady Kick has—plenty of room for us, my dear!

MISS P.—No, mamma, I think it will be too large a party—Mr. Milliken has often said that he would like to go abroad, and I hope that now he will be able to make his tour.

MRS. P.—Oh, then! we can live in the house, you know: what's the use of payin' lodgin', my dear?

MISS P.—The house is going to be painted. You had best live in your own house, mamma; and if you want anything, Horace, Mr. Milliken, I am sure, will make it comfortable for you. He has had too many visitors of late, and will like a more quiet life, I think. Will you not?

MILLIKEN—I shall like a life with *you*, Julia.

JOHN—Cab, sir, for her Ladyship!

LADY K.—This instant let me go! Call my people. Clarence, your arm! Bulkeley, Pinhorn! Mrs. Bonnington, I wish you good morning! Arabella, angel! (*looks at picture*) I leave you. I shall come to you ere long. [*Exit, refusing* MILLIKEN'S *hand, passes up garden, with her servants following her. Mary and other servants of the house are collected together, whom* LADY K. *waves off. Bluecoat boy on wall eating plums. Page, as she goes, cries,* Hurray, hurray! *Bluecoat boy cries,* Hurray! *When* LADY K. *is gone,* JOHN *advances.*]

JOHN—I think I heard you say, sir, that it was your intention to go abroad?

MILLIKEN—Yes; oh yes! Are we going abroad, my Julia?

MISS P.—To settle matters, to have the house painted, and clear. (*Pointing to Children, Mother, etc.*) Don't you think it is the best thing that we can do?

MILLIKEN—Surely, surely: we are going abroad. Howell, you will come with us of course, and with your experience you will make a capital courier. Won't Howell make a capital courier, Julia? Good honest fellow, John Howell. Beg your pardon for being so rude to you just now. But my temper is very hot, very!

JOHN (*laughing*)—You are a Tartar, sir. Such a tyrant! isn't he, ma'am?

MISS P.—Well, no; I don't think you have a very bad temper, Mr. Milliken, a—Horace.

JOHN—You must—take care of him—alone, Miss Prior—Julia—I mean Mrs. Milliken. Man and boy I've waited on him this fifteen year: with the exception of that trial at the printing-office, which—which I won't talk of *now*, madam. I never knew him angry; though many a time I have known him provoked. I never knew him say a hard word, though sometimes perhaps we've deserved it. Not often—such a good master as that is pretty sure of getting a good servant—that is, if a man has a heart in his bosom; and these things are found both in and out of livery. Yes, I have been a honest servant to him—haven't I, Mr. Milliken?

MILLIKEN—Indeed, yes, John.

JOHN—And so has Mary Barlow. Mary, my dear! (MARY *comes forward*)—Will you allow me to introduce you, sir, to the

futur' Mrs. Howell?—if Mr. Bonnington does *your* little business for you, as I daresay (*turning to* MR. B.), hold gov'nor, you will!—Make it up with your poor son, Mrs. Bonnington, ma'am. You have took a second 'elpmate, why shouldn't Master Horace? (*To* MRS. B.) He—he wants somebody to help him, and take care of him, more than you do.

TOUCHIT—You never spoke a truer word in your life, Howell.

JOHN—It's my general 'abit, Capting, to indulge in them sort of statements. A true friend I have been to my master, and a true friend I'll remain when he's my master no more.

MILLIKEN—Why, John, you are not going to leave me?

JOHN—It's best, sir, I should go. I—I'm not fit to be a servant in this house any longer. I wish to sit in my own little home, with my own little wife by my side. Poor dear! you've no conversation, Mary, but you're a good little soul. We've saved a hundred pound apiece, and if we want more, I know who won't grudge it us, a good feller—a good master—for whom I've saved many a hundred pound myself, and will take the "Milliken Arms" at old Pigeoncot—and once a year or so, at this hanniversary we will pay our respects to you, sir, and madam. Perhaps we will bring some children with us, perhaps we will find some more in this villa. Bless 'em beforehand! Good-bye, sir, and madam—come away, Mary! [*Going.*]

MRS. P. (*entering with clothes, etc.*)—She has not left a single thing in her room. Amelia, come here! this cloak will do capital for you, and this—this garment is the very thing for Adolphus. Oh, John! eh, Howell! will you please to see that my children have something to eat, immediately! The Milliken children, I suppose, have dined already?

JOHN—Yes, ma'am: certainly ma'am.

MRS. P.—I see he is inclined to be civil to me *now!*

MISS P.—John Howell is about to leave us, mamma. He is engaged to Mary Barlow, and when we go away, he is going to set up housekeeping for himself. Good-bye, and thank you, John Howell (*gives her hand to John, but with great reserve of manner*). You have been a kind and true friend to us—if ever we can serve you, count upon us—may he not, Mr. Milliken?

MILLIKEN—Always, always.

MISS P.—But you will still wait upon us—upon Mr. Milliken, for a day or two, won't you, John? until we—until Mr. Milliken has found some one to replace you. He will never find any one more honest than you, and good kind little Mary. Thank you, Mary, for your goodness to the poor governess.

MARY—Oh, miss! oh, mum! [MISS P. *kisses* MARY *patronisingly.*]

MISS P. (*to* JOHN)—And after they have had some refreshment, get a cab for my brothers and sisters, if you please, John. Don't you think that will be best, my—my dear?

MILLIKEN—Of course, of course, dear Julia!

MISS P.—And, Captain Touchit, you will stay, I hope, and dine with Mr. Milliken? And, Mrs. Bonnington, if you will receive as a daughter one who has always had a sincere regard for you, I think you will aid in making your son happy, as I promise you with all my heart and all my life to endeavour to do. [MISS P. *and* M. *go up to* MRS. BONNINGTON.]

MRS. BONNINGTON—Well, there then, since it must be so, bless you, my children!

TOUCHIT—Spoken like a sensible woman! And now, as I do not wish to interrupt this felicity, I will go and dine at the "Star and Garter."

MISS P. My dear Captain Touchit, not for worlds! Don't you know I mustn't be alone with Mr. Milliken until—until—?

MILLIKEN—Until I am made the happiest man alive! And you will come down and see us often, Touchit, won't you? And we hope to see our friends here often. And we will have a little life and spirit and gaiety in the place. Oh, mother! oh, George! oh, Julia! what a comfort it is to me to think that I am released from the tyranny of that terrible mother-in-law!

MRS. PRIOR—Come in to your teas, children. Come this moment, I say. [*The Children pass, quarrelling, behind the characters,* MRS. PRIOR *summoning them;* JOHN *and* MARY *standing on each side of the dining-room door as the curtain falls.*]

The Middle Toe of the Right Foot

By AMBROSE BIERCE

Ambrose Bierce

I

IT IS well known that the old Manton house is haunted. In all the rural district near about, and even in the town of Marshall, a mile away, not one person of unbiased mind entertains a doubt of it; incredulity is confined to those opinionated persons who will be called "cranks" as soon as the useful word shall have penetrated the intellectual demesne of the Marshall *Advance*. The evidence that the house is haunted is of two kinds: the testimony of disinterested witnesses who have had ocular proof, and that of the house itself. The former may be disregarded and ruled out on any of the various grounds of objection which may be urged against it by the ingenious; but facts within the observation of all are material and controlling.

In the first place, the Manton house has been unoccupied by mortals for more than ten years, and with its outbuildings is slowly falling into decay—a circumstance which in itself the judicious will hardly venture to ignore. It stands a little way off the loneliest reach of the Marshall and Harriston road, in an opening which was once a farm and is still disfigured with strips of rotting fence and half covered with brambles overrunning a stony and sterile soil long unacquainted with the plow. The house itself is in tolerably good condition, though badly weather-stained and in dire need of attention from the glazier, the smaller male population of the region having attested in the manner of its kind its disapproval of dwelling without dwellers. It is two stories in height, nearly square, its front pierced by a single doorway flanked on each side by a window boarded up to the very top. Corresponding windows above, not protected, serve to admit light and rain to the rooms of the upper floor. Grass and weeds grow pretty rankly all about, and a few shade trees, somewhat the worse for wind, and leaning all in one direction, seem to be making a concerted effort to run away. In short, as the Marshall town humorist explained in the columns of the *Advance*, "the proposition that the Manton house is badly haunted is the only logical conclusion from the premises." The fact that in this dwelling Mr. Manton thought it expedient one night some ten years ago to rise and cut the throats of his wife and two small children, removing at once to another part of the country, has no doubt done its share in directing public attention to the fitness of the place for supernatural phenomena.

To this house, one summer evening, came four men in a wagon. Three of them promptly alighted, and the one who had been driving hitched the team to the only remaining post of what had been a fence. The fourth remained seated in the wagon. "Come," said one of his companions, approaching him, while the others moved away in the direction of the dwelling—"this is the place."

The man addressed did not move. "By God!" he said harshly, "this is a trick, and it looks to me as if you were in it."

"Perhaps I am," the other said, looking him straight in the face and speaking in a tone which had something of contempt in it. "You will remember, however, that the choice of place was with your own assent left to the other side. Of course if you are afraid of spooks——"

"I am afraid of nothing," the man interrupted with another oath, and sprang to the ground. The two then joined the others at the door, which one of them had already opened with some difficulty, caused by rust of lock and hinge. All entered. Inside it was dark, but the man who had unlocked the door produced a candle and matches and made a light. He then unlocked a door on their right as they stood in the passage.

This gave them entrance to a large, square room that the candle but dimly lighted. The floor had a thick carpeting of dust, which partly muffled their footfalls. Cobwebs were in the angles of the walls and depended from the ceiling like strips of rotting lace, making undulatory movements in the disturbed air. The room had two windows in adjoining sides, but from neither could anything be seen except the rough inner surfaces of boards a few inches from the glass. There was no fireplace, no furniture; there was nothing: besides the cobwebs and the dust, the four men were the only objects there which were not a part of the structure.

Strange enough they looked in the yellow light of the candle. The one who had so reluctantly alighted was especially spectacular—he might have been called sensational. He was of middle age, heavily built, deep chested and broad shouldered. Looking at his figure, one would have said that he had a giant's strength; at his features, that he would use it like a giant. He was clean shaven, his hair rather closely cropped and gray. His low forehead was seamed with wrinkles above the eyes, and over the nose these became vertical. The heavy black brows followed the same law, saved from meeting only by an upward turn at what would otherwise have been the point of contact. Deeply sunken beneath these, glowed in the obscure light a pair of eyes of uncertain colour, but obviously enough too small. There was something forbidding in their expression, which was not bettered by the cruel mouth and wide jaw. The nose was well enough, as noses go; one does not expect much of noses. All that was sinister in the man's face seemed accentuated by an unnatural pallor—he appeared altogether bloodless.

The appearance of the other men was sufficiently commonplace: they were such persons as one meets and forgets that he met. All were younger than the man described, between whom and the eldest of the others, who stood apart, there was apparently no kindly feeling. They avoided looking at each other.

"Gentlemen," said the man holding the candle and keys, "I believe everything is right. Are you ready, Mr. Rosser?"

The man standing apart from the group bowed and smiled.

"And you, Mr. Grossmith?"

The heavy man bowed and scowled.

"You will be pleased to remove your outer clothing."

Their hats, coats, waistcoats and neckwear were soon removed and thrown outside the door, in the passage. The man with the candle now nodded, and the fourth man—he who had urged Grossmith to leave the wagon—produced from the pocket of his overcoat two long, murderous-looking bowie-knives, which he drew now from their leather scabbards.

"They are exactly alike," he said, presenting one to each of the two principals—for by this time the dullest observer would have understood the nature of this meeting. It was to be a duel to the death.

Each combatant took a knife, examined it critically near the candle and tested the strength of blade and handle across his lifted knee. Their persons were then searched in turn, each by the second of the other.

"If it is agreeable to you, Mr. Grossmith," said the man holding the light, "you will place yourself in that corner."

He indicated the angle of the room farthest from the door, whither Grossmith retired, his second parting from him with a grasp of the hand which had nothing of cordiality in it. In the angle nearest the door Mr. Rosser stationed himself, and after a whispered consultation his second left him, joining the other near the door. At that moment the candle was suddenly extinguished, leaving all in profound darkness. This may have been done by a draught from the opened door; whatever the cause, the effect was startling.

"Gentlemen," said a voice which sounded strangely unfamiliar in the altered condition affecting the relations of the senses—"gentlemen, you will not move until you hear the closing of the outer door."

A sound of tramping ensued, then the closing of the inner door; and finally the outer one closed with a concussion which shook the entire building.

A few minutes afterward a belated farmer's boy met a light wagon which was being driven furiously toward the town of Marshall. He declared that behind the two figures on the front seat stood a third, with its hands upon the bowed shoulders of the others, who appeared to struggle vainly to free themselves from its grasp. This figure, unlike the others, was clad in white, and had undoubtedly boarded the wagon as it passed the haunted house. As the lad could boast a considerable former experience with the supernatural thereabouts his word had the weight justly due to the testimony of an expert. The story (in connection with the next day's events) eventually ap-

peared in the *Advance*, with some slight literary embellishments and a concluding intimation that the gentlemen referred to would be allowed the use of the paper's columns for their version of the night's adventure. But the privilege remained without a claimant.

II

THE events that led up to this "duel in the dark" were simple enough. One evening three young men of the town of Marshall were sitting in a quiet corner of the porch of the village hotel, smoking and discussing such matters as three educated young men of a Southern village would naturally find interesting. Their names were King, Sancher and Rosser. At a little distance, within easy hearing, but taking no part in the conversation, sat a fourth. He was a stranger to the others. They merely knew that on his arrival by the stage-coach that afternoon he had written in the hotel register the name Robert Grossmith. He had not been observed to speak to anyone except the hotel clerk. He seemed, indeed, singularly fond of his own company—or, as the *personnel* of the *Advance* expressed it, "grossly addicted to evil associations." But then it should be said in justice to the stranger that the *personnel* was himself of a too convivial disposition fairly to judge one differently gifted, and had, moreover, experienced a slight rebuff in an effort at an "interview."

"I hate any kind of deformity in a woman," said King, "whether natural or—acquired. I have a theory that any physical defect has its correlative mental and moral defect."

"I infer, then," said Rosser, gravely, "that a lady lacking the moral advantage of a nose would find the struggle to become Mrs. King an arduous enterprise."

"Of course you may put it that way," was the reply; "but, seriously, I once threw over a most charming girl on learning quite accidentally that she had suffered amputation of a toe. My conduct was brutal, if you like, but if I had married that girl I should have been miserable for life and should have made her so."

"Whereas," said Sancher, with a light laugh, "by marrying a gentleman of more liberal views she escaped with a parted throat."

"Ah, you know to whom I refer. Yes, she married Manton, but I don't know about his liberality; I'm not sure but he cut her throat because he discovered that she lacked that excellent thing in woman, the middle toe of the right foot."

"Look at that chap!" said Rosser in a low voice, his eyes fixed upon the stranger.

That chap was obviously listening intently to the conversation.

"Damn his impudence!" muttered King—"what ought we to do?"

"That's an easy one," Rosser replied, rising. "Sir," he continued, addressing the stranger, "I think it would be better if you would remove your chair to the other end of the veranda. The presence of gentlemen is evidently an unfamiliar situation to you."

The man sprang to his feet and strode forward with clenched hands, his face white with rage. All were now standing. Sancher stepped between the belligerents.

"You are hasty and unjust," he said to Rosser; "this gentleman has done nothing to deserve such language."

But Rosser would not withdraw a word. By the custom of the country and the time there could be but one outcome to the quarrel.

"I demand the satisfaction due to a gentleman," said the stranger, who had become more calm. "I have not an acquaintance in this region. Perhaps you, sir," bowing to Sancher, "will be kind enough to represent me in this matter."

Sancher accepted the trust—somewhat reluctantly, it must be confessed, for the man's appearance and manner were not at all to his liking. King, who during the colloquy had hardly removed his eyes from the stranger's face and had not spoken a word, consented with a nod to act for Rosser, and the upshot of it was that, the principals having retired, a meeting was arranged for the next evening. The nature of the arrangements has been already disclosed. The duel with knives in a dark room was once a commoner feature of Southwestern life than it is likely to be again. How thin a veneering of "chivalry" covered the essential brutality of the code under which such encounters were possible we shall see.

III

IN THE blaze of a midsummer noonday the old Manton house was hardly true to its traditions. It was of the earth, earthy. The sunshine caressed it warmly and affectionately, with evident disregard of its bad reputation. The grass greening all the expanse in its front seemed to grow, not rankly, but with a natural and joyous

exuberance, and the weeds blossomed quite like plants. Full of charming lights and shadows and populous with pleasant-voiced birds, the neglected shade trees no longer struggled to run away, but bent reverently beneath their burdens of sun and song. Even in the glassless upper windows was an expression of peace and contentment, due to the light within. Over the stony fields the visible heat danced with a lively tremor incompatible with the gravity which is an attribute of the supernatural.

Such was the aspect under which the place presented itself to Sheriff Adams and two other men who had come out from Marshall to look at it. One of these men was Mr. King, the sheriff's deputy; the other, whose name was Brewer, was a brother of the late Mrs. Manton. Under a beneficent law of the State relating to property which has been for a certain period abandoned by an owner whose residence can not be ascertained, the sheriff was the legal custodian of the Manton farm and appurtenances thereunto belonging. His present visit was in mere perfunctory compliance with some order of a court in which Mr. Brewer had an action to get possession of the property as heir to his deceased sister. By a mere coincidence, the visit was made on the day after the night that Deputy King had unlocked the house for another and very different purpose. His presence now was not of his own choosing: he had been ordered to accompany his superior and at the moment could think of nothing more prudent than simulated alacrity in obedience to the command.

Carelessly opening the front door, which to his surprise was not locked, the sheriff was amazed to see, lying on the floor of the passage into which it opened, a confused heap of men's apparel. Examination showed it to consist of two hats, and the same number of coats, waistcoats and scarves, all in a remarkably good state of preservation, albeit somewhat defiled by the dust in which they lay. Mr. Brewer was equally astonished, but Mr. King's emotion is not of record. With a new and lively interest in his own actions the sheriff now unlatched and pushed open a door on the right, and the three entered. The room was apparently vacant—no; as their eyes became accustomed to the dimmer light something was visible in the farthest angle of the wall. It was a human figure—that of a man crouching close in the corner. Something in the attitude made the intruders halt when they had barely passed the threshold. The figure more and more clearly defined itself. The man was upon one knee, his back in the angle of the wall, his shoulders elevated to the level of his ears, his hands before his face, palms outward, the fingers spread and crooked like claws; the white face turned upward on the retracted neck had an expression of unutterable fright, the mouth half open, the eyes incredibly expanded. He was stone dead. Yet, with the exception of a bowie-knife, which had evidently fallen from his own hand, not another object was in the room.

In thick dust that covered the floor were some confused footprints near the door and along the wall through which it opened. Along one of the adjoining walls, too, past the boarded-up windows, was the trail made by the man himself in reaching his corner. Instinctively in approaching the body the three men followed that trail. The sheriff grasped one of the outthrown arms; it was as rigid as iron, and the application of a gentle force rocked the entire body without altering the relation of its parts. Brewer, pale with excitement, gazed intently into the distorted face. "God of mercy!" he suddenly cried, "it is Manton!"

"You are right," said King, with an evident attempt at calmness: "I knew Manton. He then wore a full beard and his hair long, but this is he."

He might have added: "I recognized him when he challenged Rosser. I told Rosser and Sancher who he was before we played him this horrible trick. When Rosser left this dark room at our heels, forgetting his outer clothing in the excitement, and driving away with us in his shirt sleeves—all through the discreditable proceedings we knew whom we were dealing with, murderer and coward that he was!"

But nothing of this did Mr. King say, With his better light he was trying to penetrate the mystery of the man's death. That he had not once moved from the corner where he had been stationed; that his posture was that of neither attack nor defense; that he had dropped his weapon; that he had obviously perished of sheer horror of something that he *saw*—these were circumstances which Mr. King's disturbed intelligence could not rightly comprehend.

Groping in intellectual darkness for a clew to his maze of doubt, his gaze, directed mechanically downward in the way of one who ponders momentous matters, fell upon something which, there, in the light of day and in the presence of living companions, affected him with terror. In the dust of

years that lay thick upon the floor—leading from the door by which they had entered, straight across the room to within a yard of Manton's crouching corpse—were three parallel lines of footprints—light but definite impressions of bare feet, the outer ones those of small children, the inner a woman's. From the point at which they ended, they did not return; they pointed all one way. Brewer, who had observed them at the same moment, was leaning forward in an attitude of rapt attention, horribly pale.

"Look at that!" he cried, pointing with both hands at the nearest print of the woman's right foot, where she had apparently stopped and stood. "The middle toe is missing—it was Gertrude!"

Gertrude was the late Mrs. Manton, sister to Mr. Brewer.

The "Golden Vanity"

I

A SHIP I have got in the North Country
And she goes by the name of the *Golden Vanity*,
O I fear she'll be taken by a Spanish Ga-la-lee,
As she sails by the Low-lands low.

II

To the Captain then upspake the little Cabin-boy,
He said, "What is my fee, if the galley I destroy?
The Spanish Ga-la-lee, if no more it shall annoy,
As you sail by the Low-lands low."

III

"Of silver and of gold I will give to you a store;
And my pretty little daughter that dwelleth on the shore,
Of treasure and of fee as well, I'll give to thee galore,
As we sail by the Low-lands low."

IV

Then they row'd him up tight in a black bull's skin,
And he held all in his hand an augur sharp and thin,
And he swam until he came to the Spanish Gal-a-lin,
As she lay by the Low-lands low.

V

He bored with his augur, he bored once and twice,
And some were playing cards, and some were playing dice,
When the water flowèd in it dazzled their eyes,
And she sank by the Low-lands low.

VI

So the Cabin-boy did swim all to the larboard side,
Saying "Captain! take me in. I am drifting with the tide!"
"I will shoot you! I will kill you!" the cruel Captain cried,
"You may sink by the Low-lands low."

VII

Then the Cabin-boy did swim all to the starboard side,
Saying, "Messmates, take me in, I am drifting with the tide!"
Then they laid him on the deck, and he closed his eyes and died,
As they sailed by the Low-lands low.

VIII

They sew'd his body tight in an old cow's hide,
And they cast the gallant Cabin-boy out over the ship side,
And left him without more ado to drift with the tide,
And to sink by the Low-lands low.

So They Say

MRS. CHECO:
whose Tony won first prize, as the best specimen between four and five years, in the Greenwich Village Baby Show

"Oh, Tony eats spaghetti, lots of it, and he drinks wine like water."

STUART P. SHERMAN:
Ex-professor, Editor, Writer—in "Scribner's"

"The ordinary professor is overpaid . . . I am acquainted with no more essentially sluggish, improvident, resourceless and time-wasting creature."

ANNA PAVLOWA:
Danseuse of genius

"Popular dancing to-day is too frivolous. . . . As for the music, it is more awful than the dancing."

HUDSON MAXIM:
Inventor of "concentrated destruction"

"Drinking races have always dominated the world and will always do so."

A. LAWRENCE LOWELL:
President of Harvard University

"When I have one of Harvard's robust graduates come to me and loudly say, 'I am a red-blooded man; I want to know why the football team doesn't win,' I cannot help recalling what the physiologists say—that human blood is most red where it has not been through the brain."

LOUISE GROODY:
Musical Comedy star

"Beauty depends more than anything else on the gift of being able to put it over."

LADY ASTOR:
American-born Member of British Parliament

"If you look at a bachelor, you become a little more reconciled to your husband."

DR. W. LATHROP MEAKER:

"Ever since 1911, world conditions have been very bad for spirit messages."

WILLIAM GREEN:
President, American Federation of Labor

"The American labour movement is the only labour movement in the world that hasn't its hands at the throat of its government."

ALVIN YORK:
World War hero, talking in Tennessee on Evolution

"Yes, we've done a heap o' travelin' through the ages, but as I see it, we still have a right smart piece to go."

DR. VAN WATERS:
Referee of Juvenile Court, Los Angeles

"It is parents who are the great problem of youth. The big question is, 'What are we going to do with them?'"

SIR W. BLAIR BELL:
English surgeon and psychologist

"Whenever, after wars or other disturbances, you have women coming to the front in public affairs and professions, it is a sign that men are lacking in vitality."

THOMAS SCOTT FISKE:
Head of Dept. of Mathematics, Columbia University

"The head of one of the foremost educational institutions in the country is opposed to intelligence tests because they are so unintelligent."

Maj.-Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice:
Author and Military Correspondent

"Attempts to make war appear humane, which it can never be, can only lead to deception and disappointment, and, by presenting war in a false light, are likely to make it more frequent."

Owen D. Young:
Chairman of Board, General Electric Co. —advocating a super-power system

"Wherever you find a high wage level you also find a large supply of power back of the worker."

C. J. Rich:
of Dept. of Physiological Chemistry, University of Chicago

"Any one, be he neurotic or normal, can 'see a ghost' if he goes about it in the right way."

M. Joseph Caillaux:
after returning, unsuccessful, to France from his debt-adjustment visit to the United States

"The American nation, with which France had never before taken up the question of its debt, had an opinion of its own."

Bishop Collins Denny:
to the North Carolina Methodist Conference

"Wear a mustache. That's all the women have left us. . . . It is your badge of masculinity."

Theda Bara:
Long famous for "vampire" rôles in the movies

"Vamping requires no artistry whatever. For me, henceforth, high comedy."

Gen. Eric von Ludendorff:
formerly of the German High Command

"My German heart breaks when I see that the Field Marshal is prepared to give up his glory by putting his name to the document of shame and dishonour which is the Locarno pact."

Sir Harry E. Bruce-Porter:
London specialist in children's diseases

"It is a good thing to tickle babies. It makes them laugh and thus they expand their lungs and breathe fresh air."

Archbishop Michael Joseph Curley:
of Baltimore

"Let us have an end to the madness of attempting to club men into morality by laws that have no place in the life of any nation save to wreck national respect for law and Constitution."

President Marian Edward Parks:
of Bryn Mawr College, in granting formal permission for student smoking

If a regulation prohibiting anything "can no longer depend on the authority of conscience and convention which make up public opinion," it is no longer worth while.

Benito Mussolini:
Dictator of Italy through his Fascist organisation

"Today, Fascismo is the only live force in Italy."

Chauncey Olcott:
Musical comedy star

"There's no doubt in my mind at all that I have been healed through the miracle of prayer."

Dr. Karl Reiland:
Rector of St. George's P. E. Church, New York

"The divorce problem in no small measure is a mental hygiene problem."

Phyllis Archibald:
English operatic contralto, impersonator of "Delilah," "Carmen," and so on

"The only reason I can create the illusion of passion and intensity on the operatic stage is because I have learned to keep my emotions in private life under perfect control."

J. St. Loe Strachey:
Editor of the London "Spectator"

"As long as the English-speaking world sticks together, the world is safe."

Ignace Jan Paderewski:
Master Musician and Statesman, (through Col. E. M. House in "Harper's")

"Music is the only art that actually lives. Her elements, vibration, palpitation, are the elements of Life itself. Wherever Life is, she is also, stealthy, inaudible, unrecognized, yet mighty."

Verner von Heidenstam:
Swedish novelist and poet, to university members of Scandinavia

"Youth does not create; it receives but does not give."

James Douglas:
English editor, after recovering from an illness when he "saw a fragment of the curve of death"

"There is nothing in the functional process of dying to strike terror into the human heart. It is as natural to die as to be born."

Morality and the Novel

By D. H. LAWRENCE

THE business of art is to reveal the relation between man and his circumambient universe at the living moment. As mankind is always struggling in the toils of old relationships, art is always ahead of the "times," which themselves are always far in the rear of the living moment.

When Van Gogh paints sunflowers he reveals, or achieves, the vivid relation between himself, as man, and the sunflower, as sunflower, at the quick moment of time. His painting does not represent the sunflower itself. We shall never know what the sunflower itself is. And the camera will *visualize* the sunflower far more perfectly than Von Gogh can.

The vision on the canvas is a third thing, utterly intangible and inexplicable, the offspring of the sunflower itself and Van Gogh himself. The vision on the canvas is forever incommensurable with the canvas, or the paint, or Van Gogh as a human organism, or the sunflower as a botanical organism. You cannot weigh nor measure nor even describe the vision on the canvas. It exists, to tell the truth, only in the much-debated fourth dimension. In dimensional space it has no existence.

It is a revelation of the perfected relation, at a certain moment, between a man and a sunflower. It is neither man-in-the-mirror nor flower-in-the-mirror, neither is it above or below or across anything. It is in between everything, in the fourth dimension.

And this perfected relation between man and his circumambient universe is life itself for mankind. It has the fourth dimensional quality of eternity and perfection. Yet it is momentaneous.

Man and the sunflower both pass away from the moment, in the process of forming a new relationship. The relation between all things changes from day to day, in a subtle stealth of change. Hence art, which reveals or attains to another perfect relationship, will be forever new.

At the same time that which exists in the non-dimensional space of pure relationship is deathless, lifeless and eternal. That is, it gives us the *feeling* of being beyond life or death. We say an Assyrian lion or an Egyptian hawk's-head "lives." What we really mean is that it is beyond life and therefore beyond death. It gives us that feeling. And there is something inside us which must also be beyond life and beyond death, since that "feeling" which we get from an Assyrian lion or an Egyptian hawk's-head is so infinitely precious to us. As the evening star that spark of pure relation between night and day, has been precious to man since time began.

If we think about it, we find that our life *consists in* this achieving of a pure relationship between ourselves and the living universe about us. This is how I "save my soul" by accomplishing a pure relationship between me and another person, me and other people, me and a nation, me and a race of men, me and the animals, me and the trees or flowers, me and the earth, me and the skies and sun and stars, me and the moon; an infinity of pure relations, big and little, like the stars of the sky; that makes our eternity, for each one of us, me and the timber I am sawing, the lines of force I follow, me and the dough I knead for bread, me and the very motion with which I write, me and the bit of gold I have got. This, if we knew it, is our life and our eternity; the subtle, perfected relation between me and my whole circumambient universe.

And morality is that delicate, forever trembling and changing *balance* between me and my circumambient universe, which precedes and accompanies a true relatedness.

Now, here we see the beauty and the great value of the novel. Philosophy, religion, science, they are all of them busy nailing things down, to get a stable equilibrium. Religion, with its nailed down One God, who says *Thou shalt, Thou shan't*, and hammers home every time; philosophy, with its fixed ideas; science, with its "laws"; they, all of them, all the time, want to nail us on to some tree or other.

But the novel, no. The novel is the highest complex of subtle inter-relatedness that man has discovered. Everything is true in its own time, place, circumstance, and untrue outside of its own place, time, circumstance. If you try to nail anything down, in the novel, either it kills the novel, or the novel gets up and walks away with the nail.

Morality in the novel is the trembling instability of the balance. When the novelist puts his thumb in the scale, to pull down the balance to his own predilection, that is immorality.

The modern novel tends to become more and more immoral, as the novelist tends to press his thumb heavier and heavier in the pan; either on the side of love, pure love; or on the side of licentious "freedom."

The novel is not, as a rule, immoral because the novelist has any dominant *idea* or *purpose*. The immorality lies in the novelist's helpless, unconscious predilection. Love is a great emotion. But if you set out to write a novel, and you yourself are in the throes of the great predilection for love, love as the supreme, the only emotion worth living for, then you will write an immoral novel.

Because *no* emotion is supreme or exclusively worth living for. *All* emotions go to the achieving of a living relationship between a human being and the other human being or creature or thing he becomes purely related to. All emotions, including love and hate, and rage and tenderness, go to the adjusting of the oscillating, inestablished balance between two persons who amount to anything. If the novelist puts his thumb in the pan for love, tenderness, sweetness, peace, then he commits an immoral act; he *prevents* the possibility of a pure relationship, a pure relatedness, the only thing that matters; and he makes inevitable the horrible reaction, when he lets his thumb go, toward hate and brutality, cruelty and destruction.

Life is so made that opposites sway about a trembling center of balance. The sins of the fathers are visited on the children. If the fathers drag down the balance on the side of love, peace and production, then in the third or fourth generation the balance will swing back violently to hate, rage and destruction. We must balance as we go.

And of all the art forms, the novel most of all demands the trembling and oscillating of the balance. The "sweet" novel is more falsified, and therefore more immoral than the blood-and-thunder novel.

The same with the smart and smudgily cynical novel which says it doesn't matter what you do, because one thing is as good as another anyhow, and prostitution is just as much "life" as anything else.

This misses the point entirely. A thing isn't life just because somebody does it. This the artist ought to know perfectly well. The ordinary bank clerk buying himself a new straw hat isn't "life" at all; it is just existence, quite all right, like every-day dinners, but not "life."

By life we mean something that gleams, that has the fourth-dimensional quality. If the bank clerk feels really piquant about his hat, if he establishes a lively relation with it and goes out of the shop with the new straw on his head a changed man, be-aureoled, then that is life.

The same with the prostitute. If a man establishes a living relation to her, if only for one moment, then it is life. But if he *doesn't:* if it is just money and function, then it is no life, but sordidness and a betrayal of living.

If a novel reveals true and vivid relationship, it is a moral work, no matter what the relationships may consist in. If the novelist *honours* the relationship in itself, it will be a great novel.

But there are so many relationships which are not real. When the man in "Crime and Punishment" murders the old woman for sixpence, although it is *actual* enough, it is never quite real. The balance between the murderer and the old woman is gone entirely. It is only a mess. It is actuality, but it is not "life" in the living sense.

The popular novel, on the other hand, dishes up a rechauffé of old relationship: "If Winter Comes." And old relationships dished up are likewise immoral. Even a magnificent painter like Raphael does nothing more than dress up in gorgeous new dresses relationships which already have been experienced. And this gives a gluttonous kind of pleasure to the mass: a voluptuousness, a wallowing. For centuries men have said of their voluptuously ideal woman: "She is a Raphael Madonna." And women are only just learning to take it as an insult.

A new relation, a new relatedness hurts somewhat in the attaining, and always will hurt. So life always will hurt. Because real voluptuousness lies in reacting old relationships, and at the best, getting an alcoholic sort of pleasure out of it, slightly depraving.

Each time we strive to a new relation, with any one or anything, it is bound to hurt somewhat. Because it means the struggle with and the displacing of old connections, and this is never pleasant. And, moreover, between living things at least, an adjustment means also a fight, for each party inevitably must "seek its own" in the other, and be denied. When in the two parties each of them seeks his own, her own, absolutely, then it is a fight to the death. And this is true of the thing called "passion." On the other hand, when, of the two parties, one yields utterly to the other, this is called sacrifice, and it also means death. So the Constant Nymph died of her eighteen months of constancy.

It isn't the nature of nymphs to be constant. She should have been constant in her nymphhood. And it is unmanly to accept sacrifices. He should have abided by his own manhood.

There is, however, the third thing which is neither sacrifice nor fight to the death—when each seeks only the true relatedness to the other. Each must be true to himself, herself, his own manhood, her own womanhood, and let the relationship work out of itself. This means courage, above all things, and then discipline. Courage, to accept the life-thrust from within one's self and from the other person. Discipline, not to exceed one's self any more than one can help. Courage, when one has exceeded one's self, to accept the fact and not whine about it.

Obviously, to read a really new novel will *always* hurt, to some extent. There always will be resistance. The same with new pictures, new music. You may judge of their reality by the fact that they do arouse a certain resistance, and compel, at length, a certain acquiescence.

The great relationship, for humanity, always will be the relation between man and woman. The relation between man and man, woman and woman, parent and child, always will be subsidiary.

And the relation between man and woman will change forever, and will forever be the new central clew to human life. It is the *relation itself* which is the quick and the central clew to life, not the man, nor the woman, nor the children that result from the relationship, as a contingency.

It is no use thinking you can put a stamp on the relation between man and woman, to keep it in *status quo*. You can't. You might as well try to put a stamp on the rainbow or the rain.

As for the bond of love, better put it off when it galls. It is an absurdity to say that men and women *must love*. Men and women will be forever subtly and changingly related to one another; no need to yoke them with any "bond" at all. The only morality is to have man true to his manhood, woman to her womanhood, and let the relationship form of itself, in all honour. For it is, to each, *life itself*.

If we are going to be moral, let us refrain from driving pegs through anything, either through each other or through the third thing, the relationship, which is forever the ghost of both of us. Every sacrificial crucifixion needs five pegs, four short ones and a long one, each one an abomination. But when you try to nail down the relationship itself, and write over it *Love* instead of *This is the King of the Jews*, then you can go on putting in nails forever. Even Jesus called it the Holy Ghost.

The novel is a perfect medium for revealing to us the changing rainbow of our living relationships. The novel can help us to live as nothing else can—no didactic Scripture, anyhow—if the novelist keeps his thumb out of the pan.

The Shoreless Sea

By LI-HUNG-CHANG

OH dragon,
you who rule the shoreless sea of death,
steal away my beloved one
while, bending over her in passionate musing,
I drink in her breath,
bear her away on your ghostly ship,
so we may sail together always,
drunk with love. *Translated by Judith Gautier (Whitall).*

The Broken Idyll

By RUFINO BLANCO-FOMBONA

Translated by H. C. Schweikert

HOW and when had they become united? What compact was there among those marauders? The truth is that they were a robber band, bold and numerous like no other. They went through the forests gibbering at the tigers; they crossed rivers making sport of the alligators; and they even went near the villages chattering at human beings. But way down deep, the animal those monkey footpads feared most was man. No other carnivorous animal had done them such harm. One day one of the leaders of the band, having lagged behind in a clearing of the forest, heard a noise as of some one walking cautiously. The steps were distinctly perceptible on the dry leaves. The monkey was ready to die from fright. A tiger approached, magnificent in its beauty and terrifying, its eyes agleam, jaws wide open, its long tail like plush, its skin of speckled gold. It looked hungry. At the sight of that butcher the monkey, quite serene once more, burst into loud laughter which resounded in the immense cathedral of trees, under the emerald arch.

"Ah, I thought it was a man!" he said to himself, as he nimbly skipped away.

The band, organized in military fashion, had as their leader an old monkey, heroic and wise, a great expert in the matter of hiding-places in the forest, a crafty old fellow, an Epicurean philosopher who relished the good things of life.

"Life isn't as bad as some imagine," the old monkey used to preach. And he repeated that monkeys, even the most ironic and the worst, are only a few of the poor devils.

As to other animals, he held them to be inferior creatures. Nevertheless, in the bottom of his heart, he, in the manner of a philosopher free from prejudices, esteemed man very highly, considering him a monkey in evolution.

"Man! Man is an animal terrible and bloody like no one else," argued the reactionary monkeys. "To him things have happened that have never happened to any other animal."

But the old monkey cut the discussion short.

"Man is terrible, he is dangerous, because he is a monkey, because he is almost a monkey. When his evolution terminates; when he no longer needs houses in which to live, because his skin has fortified itself against rough weather; when his stomach may digest green fruits, raw flesh, and gamey fish; when the end of his spinal column transforms itself into an active tail and his arms develop, man will be the better. Cunning and intelligence, the weapons of the weak animal, will become changed into strength and boldness. I do not despair of the future of humanity."

The old philosopher monkey, the oracle and the idol of the band, gave paternal counsel to his people. Above all, he gave advice in those days to another old monkey, a former companion of his, somewhat mentally weak, something of a poet, who was madly in love with his wife, a young female of the species. Not long since this sentimental monkey had become taciturn. He was jealous of a young monkey of the tribe, a lively harebrained fellow. The wife, really adorable, was not insensible to the charms of the youth.

The tricks of that female! Hanging by her tail from the branches of a rain-tree or a cedar she cut capers with marvelous agility, and on a certain occasion, letting herself go, she fell upon the gallant Don Juan, who, from the ground, was applauding those squirrel-like antics, nearly dying of laughter. She excused herself by making believe that she had let go involuntarily; but her husband, consumed with jealousy, scolded her severely. There was a terrible scene. She shed a few tears, and on the following day began her flirtation anew.

How many times, at midnight, on the

nuptial couch in the shelter of a thicket, did the old monkey give vent to his sorrows by weeping, and open his heart to his wife!

"Listen, light of my life. I can't sleep. Listen to me a moment. Tell me that you love me a little bit, just a little bit; tell me and I shall sleep and be happy."

"Don't bother me; don't be a fool," she mumbled, yawning.

"But listen, light of my life. I don't beg you to like me; I am asking you to make me think so, that's all."

"Yes, I like you."

"Really? You like me as formerly; me, me only?"

"Yes, you only."

Then the sentimental old monkey became furious and struck her.

"False, perjured scoundrel, take that, and that; I am going to smash you to bits."

His wife yelled as though she were being skinned alive, until varying her tactics, in a humble and forlorn tone, she began to moan.

"What a misfortune! Great heavens, what a terrible misfortune! To have loved a monkey, to have given yourself to him, to have consecrated your whole youth to him, and for my only praise to hear myself called a scoundrel, and for every caress to receive a blow. I prefer death, yes, I prefer death a thousand times."

Then the old monkey broke out into tears.

"But listen, light of my life, don't you understand that if I beat you it is because I adore you? I am a madman, a wretch, a criminal. Despise me, hate me! I am not worthy of you."

And he began to lick her lips, her hands, her feet, her whole body.

One day, the morning after a certain night of storm in the heart of the jealous old monkey, the troop set out on a march. They intended to plunder a luxuriant cornfield, a field of rich Indian-corn, stretched at the bottom of a hillside, on the bank of a river. Not far away, on the plain which extended to the opposite bank of the river, a rancher's hut, that of the owner of the cornfield, slept in the shade of a mango-tree, thick with branches and woody, a haven from the wind and a palace for the birds.

From the roughest part of the mountain the troop began to descend, soaked by the dew, chattering to the dawn which was showering its flood of gold over the trees. The trees, freshened into green, opened like parasols of emerald stuck in the ground by the handle.

The band of nomads descended merrily, the old captain at their head. The other old monkey, the taciturn one, the lovesick one, brought up the rear. In the center were the females—daughters, wives, and mothers of the monkeys. While the males were pillaging cornfields and gardens, the females climbed the highest trees and served as sentinels. In this way the robbers were prevented from being surprised.

The horde continued its descent from the mountain.

With the day rose up the song of the birds.

From the foliage chirped the purple-crested cardinals, the coffee-coloured thrushes, canaries of the golden colour of champagne or hazel like jerez-wine, and the obstreperous and beautiful humming-birds, with bills of amber and eyes of turquoise.

A torrent which issued noisily from the heights blocked their passage. The torrent, precipitating itself into the abyss like a suicide, broke into foam, and the foam, changed to dust, rose up and turned the torrent into a mist of pearls which the kiss of the sun, at certain intervals, sprinkled with opals.

The passage across the torrent was full of danger, but it had to be made. A bold young monkey, the Don Juan who had given the sentimental old fellow the headache, wanted to cross first. He climbed up a high palm-tree which shed its flowers over the bed of the cascade; he proceeded to the end of a branch which extended over the chasm, and supporting himself by his tail he let go his body, which began to oscillate like a pendulum.

His coquettish inamorata devoured him with her eyes.

With every oscillation the body of Don Juan described a larger curve. At a given moment the monkey let go and dropped a considerable distance beyond the torrent. In this way they all crossed.

The troop continued on its way to the cornfield, making fun of a sickly companion, whose slight dexterity in gymnastics almost cost him his life in crossing the stream.

A short distance from there the band once more stopped. An imposing spectacle attracted their attention.

In a clearing of the forest a young deer, its eyes bursting from their sockets, trembling, in the ecstasy which comes from fright, from magnetism and from idiocy, was gazing with the strange fixedness of fascination at an object at the foot of a rain-tree. That object was a cylinder, like

a coiled rope, a thick rope and coloured like a tiger. The cylinder, about a meter high, ended in a flat triangular head, with little hypnotic eyes. It was a boa-constrictor. The open mouth of the boa gave vent to its small forked tongue and exhaled heavy and deadly fumes.

The young deer looked at the boa, trembling and fascinated. The boa looked at the deer, breathing over its face the hypnotic vapours. The boa was uncoiling itself little by little and approached the deer. The deer did not move. When near the animal's head the reptile slipped through between the hind legs, and twisting its head spiral fashion, it twined itself around the body of the deer. Little by little it contracted until the poor fawn, its bones crushed, gave one cry, only one, and rolled over on the ground in the agony of death. Then the boa, untwisting itself, began to gorge down the still palpitating and unfortunate deer. After a while the boa stretched out at the foot of the rain-tree, in the stupor of digestion, still retaining in its mouth the dappled head with growing horns and the four cloven feet of the quadruped.

The scene was long and moving. The monkey coquette, who suffered from nerves, fainted. The monkeys were accustomed to everything except death and sorrow.

The band set out in gloomy silence. They arrived at the cornfield at last, about noon.

The sun, a leaden sun, fell upon their heads from the center of the sky. The monkeys descried the cornfield, extending along the hillside; they saw the river, and the plain which came as far as the right bank, and beyond, on the horizon, very far away, the house of the ranchman.

Fatigued by their journey, and to avoid the heat of the dog-days, they once more penetrated the depths of the forest, resolved to begin the day's work after a rest.

Toward three in the afternoon, when they had finished their siesta and when the sun was already directing its horses to the west, the monkeys set to work. The old captain led the attack, but first the females were stationed as guards or lookouts on all tolu-trees at the four points of the horizon. This retreat, as a safeguard for the unexpected, was wisely organized in military fashion.

And the corn now began to disappear.

Some busied themselves solely in plucking the ears of corn, while two lines of monkeys, from the center of the field to the edge of the forest, passed on the ears with giddy swiftness. At the entrance of the thicket other monkeys were piling up the booty. Thrown from one monkey to another, caught in the air, the ears of corn wriggled through space in the direction of the mountain. You might say that the cornfield was *flying* toward the mountains.

Scarcely an hour had passed and already half the cornfield showed its stalks nearly stripped of their ears.

One of the monkeys, in the most difficult part of the work, uttered a shout of joy. He had just discovered, at the foot of some stalks, a watermelon plant. The stalks of the creeping vine, like green and very thin snakes, crept among the corn-stalks, while the melons, rich and huge, hid their ugliness under the foliage and the wild grass.

The discoverer began to devour a melon, mitigating his thirst and the fatiguing heat with the rosy core, the very sweet and watery pulp of the fruit. From the captain on down the whole army of marauders fell upon the melons and began to devour them greedily.

The sentimental old monkey remembered his beloved, a sentinel on a distant tree, and hastened to bring her a melon, the richest and most delicious of all. He ran the whole way, his soul in his eyes. Suddenly he stopped. Was he dreaming? Was it a vision that he beheld? The monkey, his wife, at the foot of a tree, was in the arms of his rival, his enemy, the hateful Don Juan. He did not become angry; he did not weep; nor did he hasten to kill. He only remained mute, spellbound, frantic, when face to face with his misfortune. He stood rooted to the spot, his eyes on the adulterous pair, the watermelon still under his arm. It was the matter of an instant. He was drawn from his lethargy by a slight sound, the noise made by three men who suddenly appeared a few steps away and who were coming forward with searching looks and muskets in their hands. "It is the judgment of God," thought the poor distracted husband. "Yes, let the men kill them; let them kill all of us."

No one had perceived the three men except himself. His wife, no longer on her watch-tower, and in the arms of her lover,—who could see them? And the rest of the band so far away!

The men advanced a little, toward the enamoured pair. The three guns were aimed; three shots rang out simultaneously, and Don Juan rolled over on the ground, bathed in his own blood. His companion sprang

up unhurt. She started to run away, but at the sight of her husband, who was coming to her, smiling nervously, she turned to her wounded lover; scorning the anger of her husband and the bullets of the men, she began to kiss Don Juan, to lick his wounds, and now that he was dead, to weep over his corpse.

"Miserable, a hundred times miserable," roared the old monkey, furious at the sight of those posthumous and infamous caresses.

"Yes, I loved him, I adored him; and as for you, I hate you, you ridiculous old fool," cried his wife.

Then the husband, silent, terrible, forcibly seized his wife, and fearlessly turned to the men who were aiming their guns.

But the men could not forget that they were men. When they saw those savage monkeys, struggling as they came toward them, they flung their muskets to the ground and began to run.

Song

Duet between the Black Knight and Wamba

By SIR WALTER SCOTT

THERE came three merry men from south, west, and north,
Ever more sing the roundelay;
To win the Widow of Wycombe forth,
And where was the widow might say them nay?

The first was a knight, and from Tynedale he came,
Ever more sing the roundelay;
And his fathers, God save us, were men of great fame,
And where was the widow might say him nay?

Of his father the laird, of his uncle the squire,
He boasted in rhyme and in roundelay;
She bade him go bask by his sea-coal fire,
For she was the widow would say him nay.

WAMBA

The next that came forth, swore by blood and by nails,
Merrily sing the roundelay;
Hur's a gentleman, God wot, and hur's lineage was of Wales,
And where was the widow might say him nay?

Sir David ap Morgan ap Griffith ap Hugh
Ap Tudor ap Rhice, quoth his roundelay;
She said that one widow for so many was too few,
And she bade the Welshman wend his way.

But then next came a yeoman, a yeoman of Kent,
Jollily singing his roundelay;
He spoke to the widow of living and rent,
And where was the widow could say him nay?

BOTH

So the knight and the squire were both left in the mire,
There for to sing their roundelay;
For a yeoman of Kent, with his yearly rent,
There ne'er was a widow could say him nay.

Bliss

By KATHERINE MANSFIELD

Faith Baldwin Cuyler
Katherine Mansfield.

ALTHOUGH Bertha Young was thirty, she still had moments like this when she wanted to run instead of walk, to take dancing steps on and off the pavement, to bowl a hoop, to throw something up in the air and catch it again, or to stand still and laugh at—nothing—at nothing, simply.

What can you do if you are thirty and, turning the corner of your own street, you are overcome, suddenly, by a feeling of bliss—absolute bliss!—as though you'd suddenly swallowed a bright piece of that late afternoon sun and it burned in your bosom, sending out a little shower of sparks into every particle, into every finger and toe? . . .

Oh, is there no way you can express it without being "drunk and disorderly"? How idiotic civilization is! Why be given a body if you have to keep it shut up in a case like a rare, rare fiddle?

"No, that about the fiddle is not quite what I mean," she thought, running up the steps and feeling in her bag for the key—she's forgotten it, as usual—and rattling the letter-box. "It's not what I mean, because— Thank you, Mary"—she went into the hall. "Is nurse back?"

"Yes, M'm."

"And has the fruit come?"

"Yes, M'm. Everything's come."

"Bring the fruit up to the dining-room, will you? I'll arrange it before I go upstairs."

It was dusky in the dining-room and quite chilly. But all the same Bertha threw off her coat; she could not bear the tight clasp of it another moment, and the cold air fell on her arms.

But in her bosom there was still that light glowing place—that shower of little sparks coming from it. It was almost unbearable. She hardly dared to breathe for fear of fanning it higher, and yet she breathed deeply, deeply. She hardly dared look into the cold mirror—but she did look, and it gave her back a woman, radiant, with smiling, trembling lips, with big, dark eyes and an air of listening, waiting for something . . . divine to happen . . . that she knew must happen . . . infallibly.

Mary brought in the fruit on a tray and with it a glass bowl, and a blue dish, very lovely, with a strange sheen on it as though it had been dipped in milk.

"Shall I turn on the light, M'm?"

"No, thank you. I can see quite well."

There were tangerines and apples stained with strawberry pink. Some yellow pears, smooth as silk, some white grapes covered with a silver bloom, and a big cluster of purple ones. These last she had bought to tone in with the new dining-room carpet. Yes, that did sound rather far-fetched and absurd, but it was really why she had bought them. She had thought in the shop: "I must have some purple ones to bring the carpet up to the table." And it had seemed quite sense at the time.

When she had finished with them and had made two pyramids of these bright, round shapes, she stood away from the table to get the effect—and it really was most curious. For the dark table seemed to melt into the dusky light and the glass dish and the blue bowl to float in the air. This, of course in her present mood, was so incredibly beautiful. . . . She began to laugh.

"No, no. I'm getting hysterical." And she seized her bag and coat and ran upstairs to the nursery.

Nurse sat at a low table giving Little B her supper after her bath. The baby had on a white flannel gown and a blue woollen jacket, and her dark, fine hair was brushed up into a funny little peak. She looked up when she saw her mother and began to jump.

"Now, my lovey, eat it up like a good girl," said Nurse, setting her lips in a way that Bertha knew, and that meant she had

come into the nursery at another wrong moment.

"Has she been good, Nanny?"

"She's been a little sweet all the afternoon," whispered Nanny. "We went to the park and I sat down on a chair and took her out of the pram and a big dog came along and put his head on my knee and she clutched its ear, tugged it. Oh, you should have seen her."

Bertha wanted to ask if it wasn't rather dangerous to let her clutch at a strange dog's ear. But she did not dare to. She stood watching them, her hands by her side, like the poor little girl in front of the rich little girl with the doll.

The baby looked up at her again, stared, and then smiled so charmingly that Bertha couldn't help crying:

"Oh, Nanny, do let me finish giving her supper while you put the bath things away."

"Well, M'm, she oughtn't to be changed hands while she's eating," said Nanny, still whispering. "It unsettles her; it's very likely to upset her."

How absurd it was. Why have a baby if it has to be kept—not in a case like a rare, rare fiddle—but in another woman's arms?

"Oh, I must!" said she.

Very offended, Nanny handed her over.

"Now, don't excite her after her supper. You know you do, M'm. And I have such a time with her after!"

Thank heaven! Nanny went out of the room with the bath towels.

"Now I've got you to myself, my little precious," said Bertha, as the baby leaned against her.

She ate delightfully, holding up her lips for the spoon and then waving her hands. Sometimes she wouldn't let the spoon go; and sometimes, just as Bertha had filled it, she waved it away to the four winds.

When the soup was finished, Bertha turned round to the fire.

"You're nice—you're very nice!" said she, kissing her warm baby. "I'm fond of you. I like you."

And, indeed, she loved Little B so much—her neck as she bent forward, her exquisite toes as they shone transparent in the firelight—that all her feeling of bliss came back again, and again she didn't know how to express it—what to do with it.

"You're wanted on the telephone," said Nanny, coming back in triumph and seizing *her* Little B.

Down she flew. It was Harry.

"Oh, is that you, Ber? Look here. I'll be late. I'll take a taxi and come along as quickly as I can, but get dinner put back ten minutes—will you? All right?"

"Yes, perfectly. Oh, Harry!"

"Yes?"

What had she to say? She'd nothing to say. She only wanted to get in touch with him for a moment. She couldn't absurdly cry: "Hasn't it been a divine day!"

"What is it?" rapped out the little voice.

"Nothing. *Entendu*," said Bertha, and hung up the receiver, thinking how more than idiotic civilization was.

They had people coming to dinner. The Norman Knights—a very sound couple—he was about to start a theater, and she was awfully keen on interior decoration, a young man, Eddie Warren, who had just published a little book of poems and whom everybody was asking to dine, and a "find" of Bertha's called Pearl Fulton. What Miss Fulton did, Bertha didn't know. They had met at the club and Bertha had fallen in love with her, as she always did fall in love with beautiful women who had something strange about them.

The provoking thing was that, though they had been about together and met a number of times and really talked, Bertha couldn't yet make her out. Up to a certain point Miss Fulton was rarely, wonderfully frank, but the certain point was there, and beyond that she would not go.

Was there anything beyond it? Harry said "No." Voted her dullish, and "cold like all blond women, with a touch, perhaps, of anæmia of the brain." But Bertha wouldn't agree with him; not yet, at any rate.

"No, the way she has of sitting with her head a little on one side, and smiling, has something behind it, Harry, and I must find out what that something is."

"Most likely it's a good stomach," answered Harry.

He made a point of catching Bertha's heels with replies of that kind . . . "liver frozen, my dear girl," or "pure flatulence," or "kidney disease," . . . and so on. For some strange reason Bertha liked this, and almost admired it in him very much.

She went into the drawing-room and lighted the fire; then, picking up the cushions, one by one, that Mary had disposed so carefully, she threw them back on to the chairs and the couches. That made all the difference; the room came alive at once. As she was about to throw the last one she surprised herself by suddenly hugging it to her, passionately, passionately.

But it did not put out the fire in her bosom. Oh, on the contrary!

The windows of the drawing-room opened on to a balcony overlooking the garden. At the far end, against the wall, there was a tall, slender pear tree in fullest, richest bloom; it stood perfect, as though becalmed against the jade-green sky. Bertha couldn't help feeling, even from this distance, that it had not a single bud or a faded petal. Down below, in the garden beds, the red and yellow tulips, heavy with flowers, seemed to lean upon the dusk. A gray cat, dragging its belly, crept across the lawn, and a black one, its shadow, trailed after. The sight of them, so intent and so quick, gave Bertha a curious shiver.

"What creepy things cats are!" she stammered, and she turned away from the window and began walking up and down. . . .

How strong the jonquils smelled in the warm room. Too strong? Oh, no. And yet, as though overcome, she flung down on a couch and pressed her hands to her eyes.

"I'm too happy—too happy!" she murmured.

And she seemed to see on her eyelids the lovely pear tree with its wide open blossoms as a symbol of her own life.

Really—really—she had everything. She was young. Harry and she were as much in love as ever, and they got on together splendidly and were really good pals. She had an adorable baby. They didn't have to worry about money. They had this absolutely satisfactory house and garden. And friends—modern, thrilling friends, writers and painters and poets or people keen on social questions—just the kind of friends they wanted. And then there were books, and there was music, and she had found a wonderful little dressmaker, and they were going abroad in the summer, and their new cook made the most superb omelettes. . . .

"I'm absurd! Absurd!" She sat up; but she felt quite dizzy, quite drunk. It must have been the spring.

Yes, it was the spring. Now she was so tired she could not drag herself upstairs to dress.

A white dress, a string of jade beads, green shoes and stockings. It wasn't intentional. She had thought of this scheme hours before she stood at the drawing-room window.

Her petals rustled softly into the hall, and she kissed Mrs. Norman Knight, who was taking off the most amusing orange coat with a procession of black monkeys round the hem and up the fronts.

". . . Why! Why! Why is the middle-class so stodgy—so utterly without a sense of humour! My dear, it's only by a fluke that I am here at all—Norman being the protective fluke. For my darling monkeys so upset the train that it rose to a man and simply ate me with its eyes. Didn't laugh—wasn't amused—that I should have loved. No, just stared—and bored me through and through."

"But the cream of it was," said Norman, pressing a large tortoise-shell-rimmed monocle into his eye, "you don't mind me telling this, Face, do you?" (In their home and among their friends they called each other Face and Mug.) "The cream of it was when she, being full fed, turned to the woman beside her and said: 'Haven't you ever seen a monkey before?'"

"Oh, yes!" Mrs. Norman Knight joined in the laughter. "Wasn't that too absolutely creamy?"

And a funnier thing still was that now her coat was off she did look like a very intelligent monkey—who had even made that yellow silk dress out of scraped banana skins. And her amber ear-rings, they were like little dangling nuts.

"This is a sad, sad fall!" said Mug, pausing in front of Little B's perambulator. "When the perambulator comes into the hall—" and he waved the rest of the quotation away.

The bell rang. It was lean, pale Eddie Warren (as usual) in a state of acute distress.

"It *is* the right house, *isn't* it?" he pleaded.

"Oh, I think so—I hope so," said Bertha brightly.

"I have had such a *dreadful* experience with a taxi-man; he was *most* sinister. I couldn't get him to *stop*. The *more* I knocked and called the *faster* he went. And *in* the moonlight this *bizarre* figure with the *flattened* head *crouching* over the *lit-tle* wheel. . . ."

He shuddered, taking off an immense while silk scarf. Bertha noticed that his socks were white, too—most charming.

"But how dreadful!" she cried.

"Yes, it really was," said Eddie, following her into the drawing-room. "I saw myself *driving* through Eternity in a *timeless* taxi."

He knew the Norman Knights. In fact, he was going to write a play for N. K. when the theater scheme came off.

"Well, Warren, how's the play?" said Norman Knight, dropping his monocle and giving his eye a moment in which to rise to the surface before it was screwed down again.

And Mrs. Norman Knight: "Oh, Mr. Warren, what happy socks!"

"I *am* so glad you like them," said he, staring at his feet. "They seem to have got so *much* whiter since the moon rose." And he turned his lean sorrowful young face to Bertha. "There *is* a moon, you know."

She wanted to cry: "I am sure there is—often—often!"

He really was a most attractive person. But so was Face, crouched before the fire in her banana skins, and so was Mug, smoking a cigarette and saying as he flicked the ash: "Why doth the bridegroom tarry?"

"There he is, now."

Bang went the front door open and shut. Harry shouted: "Hullo, you people. Down in five minutes." And they heard him swarm up the stairs. Bertha couldn't help smiling; she knew how he loved doing things at high pressure. What, after all, did an extra five minutes matter? But he would pretend to himself that they mattered beyond measure. And then he would make a great point of coming into the drawing-room, extravagantly cool and collected.

Harry had such a zest for life. Oh, how she appreciated it in him. And his passion for fighting—for seeking in everything that came up against him another test of his power and of his courage—that, too, she understood. Even when it made him just occasionally, to other people, who didn't know him well, a little ridiculous perhaps. . . . For there were moments when he rushed into battle where no battle was. . . . She talked and laughed and positively forgot until he had come in (just as she had imagined) that Pearl Fulton had not turned up.

"I wonder if Miss Fulton has forgotten?"

"I expect so," said Harry. "Is she on the 'phone?"

"Ah! There's a taxi, now." And Bertha smiled with that little air of proprietorship that she always assumed while her women finds were new and mysterious. "She lives in taxis."

"She'll run to fat if she does," said Harry coolly, ringing the bell for dinner. "Frightful danger for blond women."

"Harry—don't," warned Bertha, laughing up at him.

Came another tiny moment, while they waited, laughing and talking, just a trifle too much at their ease, a trifle too unaware. And then Miss Fulton, all in silver, with a silver fillet binding her pale blond hair, came in smiling, her head a little on one side.

"Am I late?"

"No, not at all," said Bertha. "Come along." And she took her arm and they moved into the dining-room.

What was there in the touch of that cool arm that could fan—fan—start blazing—blazing—the fire of bliss that Bertha did not know what to do with?

Miss Fulton did not look at her; but then she seldom did look at people directly. Her heavy eyelids lay upon her eyes and the strange half smile came and went upon her lips as though she lived by listening rather than seeing. But Bertha knew, suddenly, as if the longest, most intimate look had passed between them—as if they had said to each other: "You, too?"—that Pearl Fulton, stirring the beautiful red soup in the gray plate, was feeling just what she was feeling.

And the others? Face and Mug, Eddie and Harry, their spoons rising and falling—dabbing their lips with their napkins, crumbling bread, fiddling with the forks and glasses and talking.

"I met her at the Alpha shore—the weirdest little person. She'd not only cut off her hair, but she seemed to have taken a dreadfully good snip off her legs and arms and her neck and her poor little nose as well."

"Isn't she very *liée* with Michael Oat?"

"The man who wrote 'Love in False Teeth'?"

"He wants to write a play for me. One act. One man. Decides to commit suicide. Gives all the reasons why he should and why he shouldn't. And just as he has made up his mind either to do it or not to do it—curtain. Not half a bad idea."

"What's he going to call it—'Stomach Trouble'?"

"I *think* I've come across the *same* idea in a lit-tle French review, *quite* unknown in England."

No, they didn't share it. They were dears—dears—and she loved having them there, at her table, and giving them delicious food and wine. In fact, she longed to tell them how delightful they were, and what a decorative group they made, how they seemed to set one another off and how they reminded her of a play by Tchekof!

Harry was enjoying his dinner. It was

part of his—well, not his nature, exactly, and certainly not his pose—his—something or other—to talk about food and to glory in his "shameless passion for the white flesh of the lobster" and "the green of pistachio ices—green and cold like the eyelids of Egyptian dancers."

When he looked up at her and said: "Bertha, this is a very admirable *soufflée!*" she almost could have wept with childlike pleasure.

Oh, why did she feel so tender towards the whole world to-night? Everything was good—was right. All that happened seemed to fill again her brimming cup of bliss.

And still, in the back of her mind, there was the pear tree. It would be silver now, in the light of poor dear Eddie's moon, silver as Miss Fulton, who sat there turning a tangerine in her slender fingers that were so pale a light seemed to come from them.

What she simply couldn't make out—what was miraculous—was how she should have guessed Miss Fulton's mood so exactly and so instantly. For she never doubted for a moment that she was right, and yet what had she to go on? Less than nothing.

"I believe this does happen very, very rarely between women. Never between men," thought Bertha. "But while I am making the coffee in the drawing-room perhaps she will 'give a sign.'"

What she meant by that she did not know, and what would happen after that she could not imagine.

While she thought like this she saw herself talking and laughing. She had to talk because of her desire to laugh.

"I must laugh or die."

But when she noticed Face's funny little habit of tucking something down the front of her bodice—as if she kept a tiny secret hoard of nuts there, too—Bertha had to dig her nails into her hands—so as not to laugh too much.

It was over at last. And: "Come and see my new coffee machine," said Bertha.

"We only have a new coffee machine once a fortnight," said Harry. Face took her arm this time; Miss Fulton bent her head and followed after.

The fire had died down in the drawing-room to a red, flickering "nest of baby phœnixes," said Face.

"Don't turn up the light for a moment. It is so lovely." And down she crouched by the fire again. She was always cold . . . "without her little red flannel jacket, of course," thought Bertha.

At that moment Miss Fulton "gave the sign."

"Have you a garden?" said the cool, sleepy voice.

This was so exquisite on her part that all Bertha could do was to obey. She crossed the room, pulled the curtains apart, and opened those long windows.

"There!" she breathed.

And the two women stood side by side looking at the slender, flowering tree. Although it was so still it seemed, like the flame of a candle, to stretch up, to point, to quiver in the bright air, to grow taller and taller as they gazed—almost to touch the rim of the round, silver moon.

How long did they stand there? Both, as it were, caught in that circle of unearthly light, understanding each other perfectly, creatures of another world, and wondering what they were to do in this one with all this blissful treasure that burned in their bosoms and dropped, in silver flowers, from their hair and hands?

For ever—for a moment? And did Miss Fulton murmur: "Yes. Just *that.*" Or did Bertha dream it?

Then the light was snapped on and Face made the coffee and Harry said: "My dear Mrs. Knight, don't ask me about my baby. I never see her. I sha'n't feel the slightest interest in her until she has a lover," and Mug took his eye out of the conservatory for a moment and then put it under glass again and Eddie Warren drank his coffee and set down the cup with a face of anguish as though he had drunk and seen the spider.

"What I want to do is to give the young men a show. I believe London is simply teeming with first-chop, unwritten plays. What I want to say to 'em is: 'Here's the theater. Fire ahead.'"

"You know, my dear, I am going to decorate a room for the Jacob Nathans. Oh, I am so tempted to do a fried-fish scheme, with the backs of the chairs shaped like frying pans and lovely chip potatoes embroidered all over the curtains."

"The trouble with our young writing men is that they are still too romantic. You can't put out to sea without being seasick and wanting a basin. Well, why won't they have the courage of those basins?"

"A *dreadful* poem about a *girl* who was *violated* by a beggar *without* a nose in a lit-tle wood. . . ."

Miss Fulton sank into the lowest, deepest chair and Harry handed round the cigarettes.

From the way he stood in front of her shaking the silver box and saying abruptly:

"Egyptian? Turkish? Virginian? They're all mixed up," Bertha realized that she not only bored him; he really disliked her. And she decided from the way Miss Fulton said: "No, thank you, I won't smoke," that she felt it, too, and was hurt.

"Oh, Harry, don't dislike her. You are quite wrong about her. She's wonderful, wonderful. And, besides, how can you feel so differently about some one who means so much to me. I shall try to tell you when we are in bed to-night what has been happening. What she and I have shared."

At those last words something strange and almost terrifying darted into Bertha's mind. And this something blind and smiling whispered to her: "Soon these people will go. The house will be quiet—quiet. The lights will be out. And you and he will be alone together in the dark room—the warm bed. . . ."

She jumped up from her chair and ran over to the piano.

"What a pity some one does not play!" she cried. "What a pity somebody does not play."

For the first time in her life Bertha Young desired her husband.

Oh, she'd loved him—she'd been in love with him, of course, in every other way, but just not in that way. And, equally, of course, she'd understood that he was different. They'd discussed it so often. It had worried her dreadfully at first to find that she was so cold, but after a time it had not seemed to matter. They were so frank with each other—such good pals. That was the best of being modern.

But now—ardently! ardently! The word ached in her ardent body! Was this what that feeling of bliss had been leading up to? But then—then——

"My dear," said Mrs. Norman Knight, "you know our shame. We are the victims of time and train. We live in Hampstead. It's been so nice."

"I'll come with you into the hall," said Bertha. "I love having you. But you must not miss the last train. That's so awful, isn't it?"

"Have a whisky, Knight, before you go?" called Harry.

"No, thanks, old chap."

Bertha squeezed his hand for that as she shook it.

"Good-night, good-bye," she cried from the top step, feeling that this self of hers was taking leave of them forever.

When she got back into the drawing-room the others were on the move.

". . . Then you can come part of the way in my taxi."

"I shall be *so* thankful *not* to have to face *another* drive *alone* after my *dreadful* experience."

"You can get a taxi at the rank just at the end of the street. You won't have to walk more than a few yards."

"That's comfort. I'll go and put on my coat."

Miss Fulton moved towards the hall and Bertha was following when Harry almost pushed past.

"Let me help you."

Bertha knew that he was repenting his rudeness—she let him go. What a boy he was in some ways—so impulsive—so—simple.

And Eddie and she were left by the fire.

"I *wonder* if you have seen Bilks' *new* poem called 'Table d'Hote,'" said Eddie softly. "It's *so* wonderful. In the last Anthology. Have you got a copy? I'd *so* like to *show* it to you. It begins with an *incredibly* beautiful line: 'Why Must it Always be Tomato Soup?'"

"Yes," said Bertha. And she moved noiselessly to a table opposite the drawing-room door and Eddie glided noiselessly after her. She picked up the little book and gave it to him; they had not made a sound.

While he looked it up she turned her head towards the hall. And she saw . . . Harry with Miss Fulton's coat in his arms and Miss Fulton with her back turned to him and her head bent. He tossed the coat away, put his hands on her shoulders and turned her violently to him. His lips said: "I adore you," and Miss Fulton laid her moonbeam fingers on his cheeks and smiled her sleepy smile. Harry's nostrils quivered; his lips curled back in a hideous grin while he whispered: "To-morrow," and with her eyelids Miss Fulton said: "Yes."

"Here it is," said Eddie. "'Why Must it Always be Tomato Soup?' It's so *deeply* true, don't you feel? Tomato soup is so *dreadfully* eternal."

"If you prefer," said Harry's voice, very loud, from the hall, "I can 'phone you a cab to come to the door."

"Oh, no. It's not necessary," said Miss Fulton, and she came up to Bertha and gave her the slender fingers to hold.

"Good-bye. Thank you so much."

"Good-bye," said Bertha.

Miss Fulton held her hand a moment longer.

"Your lovely pear tree!" she murmured.

And then she was gone, with Eddie

following, like the black cat following the gray cat.

"I'll shut up shop," said Harry, extravagantly cool and collected.

"Your lovely pear tree—pear tree—pear tree!"

Bertha simply ran over to the long windows.

"Oh, what is going to happen now?" she cried.

But the pear tree was as lovely as ever and as full of flower and as still.

Ode to Tobacco

By CHARLES S. CALVERLEY

THOU who, when fears attack,
Bid'st them avaunt, and Black
Care, at the horseman's back
Perching, unseatest;
Sweet when the morn is gray;
Sweet when they've cleared away
Lunch; and at close of day
Possibly sweetest;

I have a liking old
For thee, though manifold
Stories, I know, are told
Not to thy credit;
How one (or two at most)
Drops make a cat a ghost—
Useless, except to roast—
Doctors have said it.

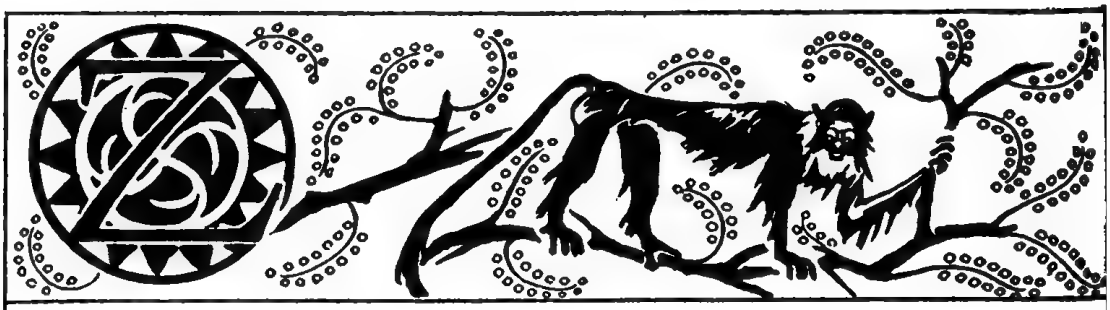
How they who use fusees
All grow by slow degrees
Brainless as chimpanzees,
Meagre as lizards;
Go mad, and beat their wives;
Plunge (after shocking lives)
Razors and carving-knives
Into their gizzards.

Confound such knavish tricks!
Yet know I five or six
Smokers who freely mix
Still with their neighbours;
Jones—(who I'm glad to say
Asked leave of Mrs. J.)—
Daily absorbs a clay
After his labours.

Cats may have had their goose
Cooked by tobacco-juice;
Still why deny its use
Thoughtfully taken?
We're not as tabbies are;
Smith, take a fresh cigar!
Jones, the tobacco-jar!
Here's to thee, Bacon.

Zarathustra Returns to Men

By FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE



WHEN Zarathustra was thirty years old, he left his home and the lake of his home, and went into the mountains. There he enjoyed his spirit and his solitude, and for ten years did not weary of it. But at last his heart changed,—and rising one morning with the rosy dawn, he went before the sun, and spake thus unto it:

"Thou great star! What would be thy happiness if thou hadst not those for whom thou shinest!

"For ten years hast thou climbed hither unto my cave: thou wouldst have wearied of thy light and of the journey, had it not been for me, mine eagle, and my serpent.

"But we awaited thee every morning, took from thee thine overflow, and blessed thee for it.

"Lo! I am weary of my wisdom, like the bee that hath gathered too much honey; I need hands outstretched to take it.

"I would fain bestow and distribute, until the wise have once more become joyous in their folly, and the poor happy in their riches.

"Therefore must I descend into the deep: as thou doest in the evening, when thou goest behind the sea, and givest light also to the nether-world, thou exuberant star!

"Like thee must I *go down* as men say, to whom I shall descend.

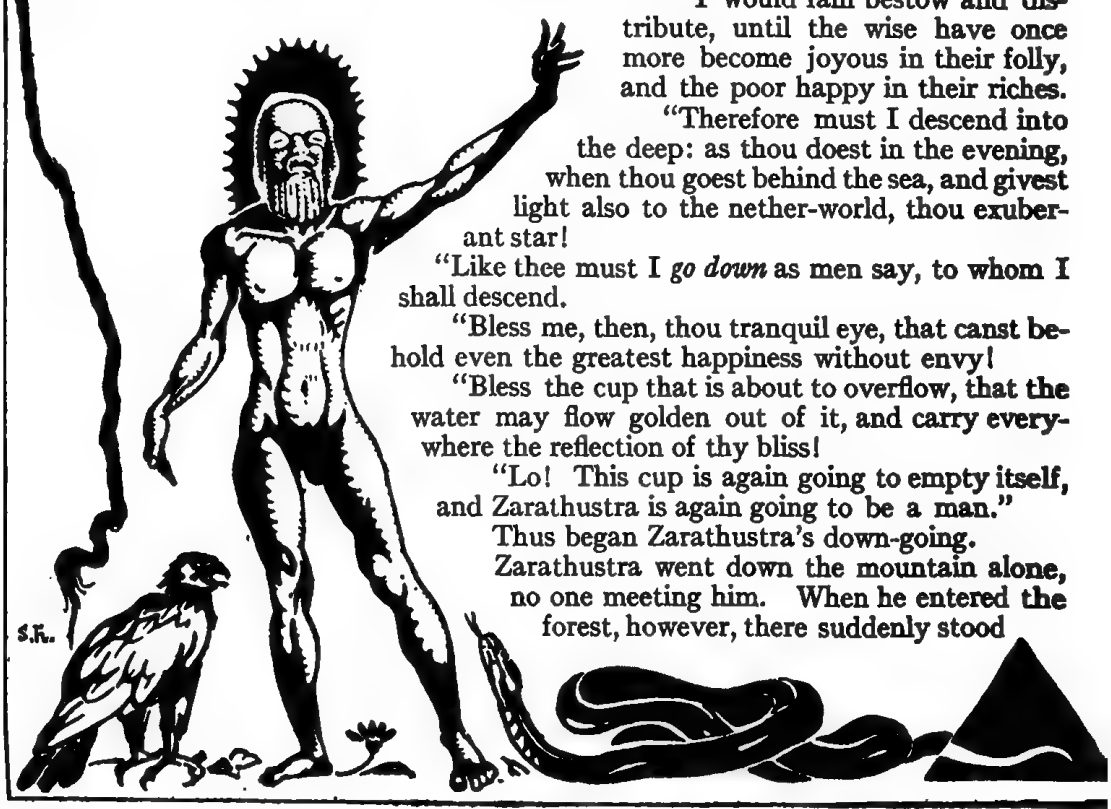
"Bless me, then, thou tranquil eye, that canst behold even the greatest happiness without envy!

"Bless the cup that is about to overflow, that the water may flow golden out of it, and carry everywhere the reflection of thy bliss!

"Lo! This cup is again going to empty itself, and Zarathustra is again going to be a man."

Thus began Zarathustra's down-going.

Zarathustra went down the mountain alone, no one meeting him. When he entered the forest, however, there suddenly stood



before him an old man, who had left his holy cot to seek roots. And thus spake the old man to Zarathustra:

"No stranger to me is this wanderer: many years ago passed he by. Zarathustra he was called; but he hath altered.

"Then thou carriedst thine ashes into the mountains: wilt thou now carry thy fire into the valleys? Fearest thou not the incendiary's doom?

"Yea, I recognize Zarathustra. Pure is his eye, and no loathing lurketh about his mouth. Goeth he not along like a dancer?

"Altered is Zarathustra; a child hath Zarathustra become; an awakened one is Zarathustra: what wilt thou do in the land of the sleepers?

"As in the sea hast thou lived in solitude, and it hath borne thee up. Alas, wilt thou now go ashore? Alas, wilt thou again drag thy body thyself?"

Zarathustra answered: "I love mankind."

"Why," said the saint, "did I go into the forest and the desert? Was it not because I loved men far too well?

"Now I love God: men, I do not love. Man is a thing too imperfect for me. Love to man would be fatal to me."

Zarathustra answered: "What spake I of love! I am bringing gifts unto men."

"Give them nothing," said the saint. 'Take rather part of their load, and carry it along with them—that will be most agreeable unto them: if only it be agreeable unto thee!

"If, however, thou wilt give unto them, give them no more than an alms, and let them also beg for it!"

"No," replied Zarathustra, "I give no alms. I am not poor enough for that."

The saint laughed at Zarathustra, and spake thus: "Then see to it that they accept thy treasures! They are distrustful of anchorites, and do not believe that we come with gifts.

"The fall of our footsteps ringeth too hollow through their streets. And just as at night, when they are in bed and hear a man abroad long before sunrise, so they ask themselves concerning us: 'Where goeth the thief?'

"Go not to men, but stay in the forest! Go rather to the animals! Why not be like me—a bear amongst bears, a bird amongst birds?"

"And what doeth the saint in the forest?" asked Zarathustra.

The saint answered: "I make hymns and sing them; and in making hymns I laugh and weep and mumble: thus do I praise God.

"With singing, weeping, laughing, and mumbling do I praise the God who is my God. But what dost thou bring us as a gift?"

When Zarathustra had heard these words, he bowed to the saint and said: "What should I have to give thee! Let me rather hurry hence lest I take aught away from thee!"—And thus they parted from one another, the old man and Zarathustra, laughing like schoolboys.

When Zarathustra was alone, however, he said to his heart: "Could it be possible! This old saint in the forest hath not yet heard of it, that *God is dead!*"

When Zarathustra arrived at the nearest town which adjoineth the forest, he found many people assembled in the marketplace; for it has been announced that a rope-dancer would give a performance. And Zarathustra spake thus unto the people:

"*I teach you the Superman.* Man is something that is to be surpassed. What have ye done to surpass man?

"All beings hitherto have created something beyond themselves; and ye want to be the ebb of that great tide, and would rather go back to the beast that surpass man?

"What is the ape to man? A laughing-stock, a thing of shame. And just the same shall man be to the Superman: a laughing-stock, a thing of shame.

"Ye have made your way from the worm to man, and much within you is still worm. Once were ye apes, and even yet man is more of an ape than any of the apes.

"Even the wisest among you is only a disharmony and hybrid of plant and phantom. But do I bid you become phantoms or plants?

"Lo, I teach you the Superman!"

Not a Drum Was Heard

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

I

THIS is, in all essentials, a true story. It came through an old friend from the Southwest, a newspaper man, who telephoned an invitation to lunch the other day. He says he remembers, as a boy, seeing the whole population of his home town embark on horseback, in wagons, and afoot to go to the hanging. That was in 1881; but it was not till twenty years afterward that he heard from one Chris O'Neill the true inwardness of that hanging, as he told it to me over our coffee. The thing happened in a little frontier town in the cow country; and since swift justice and a ready rope were characteristics of the time and the place, it occasioned only passing comment in that day. Nevertheless, the tale may well bear preserving.

I cannot hope to reproduce my friend's words, nor the atmosphere of those reckless times, so long dead, which he brought back to life for me. Nevertheless, here is the substance of the story that he told.

II

There were two cowboys in the O K O outfit, otherwise called the Hourglass; and these two men were pardners. This, I was given to understand, is a very different thing from being partners. In France, a few years ago, they would have called themselves "buddies." The relationship is the same, though it appears under another name. The two men were named Jack Mills and Bud Loupel. If you hired one, you hired both. If one was fired, the other quit. If you licked one, the other licked you; and if one became involved in a shooting affray, the other was apt to be somewhere in the background with a gun in his hand and an eye out for possible sharp practice by allies of the party of the second part. The foreman of the Hourglass, being wise in his generation, assigned the two to tasks at which they could work together; and they stayed with that outfit for a length of time that was considered extraordinary in those tempestuous days. That is to say, they laboured in the vineyard for the O K O for a matter of a year and a half. At the end of that time Jack Mills was twenty-one and Bud Loupel was twenty-two.

As they did their work jointly, so they took their pleasure together; and it came to pass on a certain day that they rode away to town with full pockets and lively plans for the evenings immediately before them. Jack Mills, always the gayer spirit of the two, pulled his gun at the edge of town and perforated the blue sky above him. At the same time he emitted certain shrill sounds and spurred his horse to the gallop. Bud was more given to a certain sobriety and decorum; he did not shoot and he did not yell. But his horse kept close beside the other's. They swung into the wide and dusty main street with hats flapping, horses racing jack rabbits, holsters pounding against their thighs. They swept up the street together, saw the same vision at the same instant, and jerked their horses to a sliding, tail-grinding stop with a single movement of their bridle hands.

The vision's name was Jeanie Ross. She was the daughter of old man Ross, the storekeeper, and she had just come home from the East. The rattle of the shots had brought her to the door of the store, and she stood there when the two cowboys discovered her. She looked at them; they stared at her. Then Jack Mills swung boldly to the ground and walked

toward her, grinning in his pleasantly likable way. He swept his wide hat low, and he said: "Ma'am, I'm Jack Mills of the Hourglass."

The girl, though she had lived long in the East, was a daughter of the West. She was amused and not displeased, for Jack was easy enough to look at. She smiled, and this emboldened Bud Loupel, who was always conservative, to imitate his pardner's example. He, too, dismounted and stepped forward, and Jack Mills bowed again to the girl and told her: "Furthermore, ma'am, this here is my bashful friend, Bud Loupel. The cat has got his tongue, but he's a nice little fellow. Now you know everybody worth knowing."

Jeanie Ross, still very much amused, asked: "Who were you shooting at?"

"The man in the moon," said Jack Mills. "But I missed him a mile."

She laughed and said she was glad of that. "I'd hate not to be able to see him up there once in a while," she told Jack.

"Just to prove he ain't hurt," he assured her, "I'll ride in and point him out to you when the signs is right."

She shook her head, looking from one man to the other, withdrawing a little into the doorway. Jack marked, even then, that her eyes rested longest on Bud Loupel. "I've studied astronomy my own self," she said, and while he was still crushed by that she backed into the store and disappeared.

The two mounted in silence and continued more demurely down the street. In front of Brady's they hitched their horses, tramped dustily inside, and touched elbows at the bar. The first drink was taken without speech; the second followed it.

After a while Bud Loupel said: "Jack!"

"Huh?"

"Me, you know what I aim to do?"

Mills grinned. "I don't know, but I'm waiting."

"I aim," said Bud Loupel, "to quit the range and get me a job in this here little old town."

Jack Mills banged his open hand upon the bar. "Bud, she sure is that and more," he cried. "Just make it the same for me."

III

THEY had ridden into town, as has been said, with full pockets. They had expected to ride out again in a day or two with empty ones. But the encounter with Jeanie Ross and their subsequent abrupt decision made all the difference in the world. The procedure of each one, in the circumstances, was characteristic. Bud Loupel crossed the street to the bank and opened an account, depositing his money. Jack Mills went into Brady's back room, where there was a bank of another kind, and set to work to double his.

The bank Bud patronized was owned by Sam Rand, who was also cashier, president, and board of directors. There had been, till some three days before, a teller, but Rand had let him go. Bud found the banker, as a consequence, up to his eyes in unaccustomed work. Rand knew Loupel, knew that the cowboy had a certain aptitude for figures. When Bud, in the casual talk that followed his deposit, mentioned the fact that he was hunting for a town job, Rand hired him on the spot.

An hour or so later Bud went back to Brady's to tell Jack of his good fortune, and Mills rolled a cigarette and said cheerfully: "Then you're fixed to lend me five dollars."

"As quick as this?" Bud asked. "You must have picked 'em mighty scant."

"I didn't pick them," Jack told him. "They picked me."

They went out together and sought a restaurant and food. By supper time Jack had a job in the blacksmith shop. He was as good with horses as Bud was with figures. That evening they hired a room, and Bud wrote a note to the Hourglass foreman, telling him not to expect them back again. Then they settled down to live the life of sober and substantial citizens. Object matrimony.

Now, this is not a story of how a woman came between two men and turned good friends into enemies. Jeanie Ross did nothing of the kind. It is a fact that they both loved her and that they both wooed her, but it is also a fact that they continued to be pardners just the same. And it is furthermore true that when Jeanie made up her mind between them, Jack was the first one she told.

She told him she was going to marry Bud. And Jack rolled a cigarette with both hands, slowly and with care; he fashioned it neatly, and stroked it between his fingers, and twisted the ends and lighted it before he spoke at all.

"Said so to him?" he asked then.

Jeanie shook her head. "No. I wanted you to know first, because I want you and Bud to keep on being friends. I like you, Jack. But you're—flighty. Bud's steady. You're more amusing sometimes, but he's

more reliable. I couldn't ever really count on you. I can count on Bud, Jack. But you will go on being friends with him, won't you? That's why I'm telling you."

"He's steady, he's reliable, and you can count on him," Jack repeated, ticking the points off upon his fingers. "Now, is there maybe any other little thing besides?"

"Yes," said Jeanie softly. "Yes. I love him, Jack."

He flicked his cigarette away. "Keno!" he exclaimed. "And Bud's a good scout too. I don't reckon you'll ever need to be sorry at all." He picked up his hat and started away.

"Where are you going?" she asked softly, and there were tears in her eyes for him.

"I aim to tell Bud you're a-waiting," he said.

And he did. Bud was working late that night at the bank. Jack bade him go and find her. "And, Bud," he warned good-humouredly, "I'll aim to perforate you, sudden and complete, if you don't name the first after me."

When Bud was gone Jack stood very still for a while, whistling a little tune between his teeth. Then he went across to Brady's and had a drink or two, but the liquor would not bite. It was still early in the evening when he sought the room he shared with Bud, and went to bed. Bud, returning two hours later, undressed quietly, because he thought his pardner was asleep.

But Jack Mills was not asleep.

IV

The first was a boy, and was well and duly named Jack Loupel; and Uncle Jack used to go to the house for Sunday dinner and play bear all over the floor of the sitting-room. The next was a girl, and the next was a boy again. Bud was by that time cashier of the bank, and Sam Rand left most of the work to him. Jack Mills was just what he had always been; that is to say, a likable, wild young chap with a quick gun and a reckless eye and a fondness for the society he found at Brady's. Sometimes, after eating one of Jeanie's dinners, he would take his horse and ride out of town and be gone for a day or two. He was always alone on these excursions; but ranging cowboys came across him now and then and reported that he seemed to be just sitting around, smoking, doing nothing at all. When he got ready he would drift back into town and go to work again. Old man Ross liked him; Jeanie liked him; everybody liked him. But the sober citizens were also inclined to disapprove of him; and some of the stories that came to Jeanie's ears made her think that when the children were a little older she had better quit asking Jack to come to the house. She hated to think of doing this; and because she was kind of heart, it is unlikely that she would ever have come to the actual point. But that the possibility should occur to her is some measure of the man's standing in the town.

One day, about seven years after Bud and Jeanie were married, Bud sought out Jack Mills and asked him to get his horse and come for a ride. "Want to tell you something, Jack," he explained.

Mills saw the trouble and distress in the other's eyes, so he saddled up, and they trotted out of town. When the last building was well behind them, Jack asked mildly: "What's on your mind, Bud?"

Bud Loupel, with some hesitation, said: "I'm in trouble."

"Yeah! I judged so," Mills told him. "Well, what brand?"

"I've been putting money in the market at Wichita," Loupel said. "I've had rotten luck. It's gone."

Jack nodded. "I got three-four hundred in the bank," he suggested. "Take that."

"It's not enough."

"Maybe I could look around and raise five hundred more."

"It wouldn't do a bit of good."

Mills produced tobacco and papers and rolled a slow cigarette while their horses jogged along. At last: "How much?" he asked.

"Forty-four hundred."

"You've saved a right smart, ain't you?"

"It's the bank's," Loupel confessed, and Jack puffed deeply and expelled the smoke in a cloud and remarked:

"Well, at a guess, I'd say you were a damned fool."

"I know it."

Their horses plodded on, and the dust cloud rose and hovered in the air behind them. For a space neither man spoke at all. Then Loupel bitterly exclaimed: "I'm not whining for my own sake, Jack. If it was me, I'd hop out. I'd take a chance. But Jeanie . . ."

"Sure," Jack Mills mildly agreed. "Sure."

"Damn it, Jack, Jeanie's proud of me. She's proud of me."

"Yeah!"

"I can't bear to think of her knowing. It would just about bust her."

Mills drawled: "Your sentiments does you credit, Bud."

There was a cold and scornful anger in his tone that kept the other for the moment silent. They rode on, side by side, and Loupel, covertly watching the younger man, waited for him to speak. Mills finished his cigarette, eyes straight before him, face unchanging. Then he flicked the butt away and turned in his saddle and looked at his pardner.

"What's Rand say?" he asked.

"He's been away. Due back to-morrow afternoon. He'll spot it in a minute."

Mills whistled for a moment, between his teeth, a gallant little tune; then he nodded, as though in decision, and he asked: "All right, Bud. What's your idea?"

While they rode on at the trot toward the low hills south of the town, Bud Loupel outlined his idea; and when they turned back again at sunset Jack had agreed to do what the other asked of him.

V

At ten o'clock next morning the town lay still and shimmering in the blistering sun of a summer day. There were one or two men in Brady's, and here and there along Main Street other figures lounged in the shade. Jack Mills rode in from the south on a strange horse, wearing new overalls and an indistinguishable hat. There was a red bandanna loosely knotted about his neck. He encountered no one within recognizing distance. In front of the bank he dropped off, hitched the horse, lifted the handkerchief so that it hid his mouth and nose, and stepped into the building. Two or three people at some distance saw him go in, and idly wondered who the stranger was.

He had hoped to find Loupel alone in the bank; but Jim Paine was there. Paine had just cashed a check and stood with his back toward the door, talking to Bud. When Bud saw the masked man he turned pale, and Jim marked the change in his countenance and whirled around. But Jack's gun was leveled, so Bud and Jim Paine reached for the ceiling.

Mills, with some attempt to disguise his voice, said harshly to Bud: "Paper money. All of it. Quick!"

Loupel, hands still in the air, started toward the safe. Jack looked that way and saw that the safe door was open. He changed his mind.

"Wait," he commanded. With a gesture he bade Paine face the wall. Then he leaped the counter, motioned Loupel aside, and himself approached the safe. Paine, watching sidewise, saw the masked man drag out half a dozen packets of bills and stuff them into the front of his shirt. Mills did this with his left hand; his right hand held the gun, and his eyes covered Paine and Loupel almost constantly. Loupel, backed into a corner, watched in silence.

When Mills had taken what he came for, he rose and turned toward the counter again. At that instant a gun roared behind him, and something tugged at his shirt, under the left arm. He whirled, saw Rand standing in the back door of the bank building. Rand's gun was going. Jack fanned his hammer twice, and the banker fell.

Paine had not moved. Mills swung, half crouching, toward Loupel. Loupel had double-crossed him. That was the thought that tightened his finger on the trigger. But—Jeanie! That was the thought which made his trigger finger relax. He slid across the counter, made the door in one jump. Five seconds after his shot, his horse was galloping out of town. And as he passed the last house a rifle spoke, somewhere behind him.

Half a mile from town he looked back and saw three or four horsemen just emerging from Main Street. On their heels others appeared. He laughed a grim little laugh, and slid forward in his stirrups to help his horse to greater speed. But when he reached the hills, some half a dozen miles south of town, they were close behind him, and their rifles were reaching out for him. He knew a certain cave, a narrow, shallow cover. Poor refuge, but better than none.

In this cave they brought him to bay. He lay prone behind the bowlder that screened and half closed the entrance, and watched them draw off and circle to inclose him. "Got a little while," he said to himself. "Fireworks won't start right away."

Satisfied of this, he rolled a little on his side and drew from the front of his shirt the packages he had taken from the safe. Strictly in line with Bud Loupel's well-laid plan, these were simply dummy packets of waste paper, with a genuine bill on the outside of each bundle. Mills laid them on the ground and studied them thoughtfully, considering their significance.

His situation was sufficiently desperate. Rand was dead. He had no doubt of that, and he regretted it. He had always liked Rand, but there had been no choice at the moment. The question was, what next?

These fake bundles of money had their place in the scheme of things. If he kept them, told the true story, they might well save his life. Frontier justice was swift, but it was also tempered by considerations not accepted under a more rigid system of law. If he proved Bud Loupel's part in this, Bud would be damned, and he might himself be saved. And the dummy bundles would prove Bud's guilty foreknowledge of the robbery.

A rifle bullet spattered on the rock above him, and he postponed decision. "Needs thinking over," he told himself. "We'll see what we will see."

They held him in siege all that afternoon, and toward sunset brought a barrel of kerosene from town. Men climbed the hill above the cave, where the bullets could not reach them, and poured this oil so that it ran down into a pool just in front of his retreat. Then they set fire to it. He saw at once that he could not endure the smoke and gas, and after some preparations shouted his surrender.

They bade him come out with his hands in the air, and he did so. His boots were somewhat scorched by the flames. Then they tied his hands behind his back and his ankles beneath the horse's belly, and took him back to town. Toward dusk he was lodged in the calaboose there, and Nick Russ, the deputy, went on guard outside.

VI

About nine o'clock that night Bud Loupel came to the calaboose and asked if he could talk with Mills. Russ told him to go ahead. Bud asked permission to talk privately; and, though Russ was inclined to protest, he was at length persuaded. The deputy moved away from the little, one-room building, and Bud went inside. Mills was confined in a rude cell of two-by-four timbers. Bud approached these bars, and Jack came to meet him.

Loupel was sweating faintly. "For God's sake, Jack," he whispered. "This is terrible!"

Mills grinned. "Well," he agreed. "It looks right critical to me."

"If Rand hadn't happened to get back ahead of time. . . . Hadn't come in right then . . ."

"You didn't happen to know he was coming, I don't reckon."

Loupel cried: "No, no, Jack. Honest to God!"

Mills nodded. "I know. I thought at first you did; but I reckon you wouldn't play it that low down. Is he—hurt much?"

"Oh, you got him."

"Yeah," said Mills. "Well, that's tough, too. When is it going to happen to me?"

"To-morrow morning."

"They're right prompt, ain't they?"

Loupel gripped the stout timbers to stop the trembling of his hands. There was a terrible and pitiful anxiety in his voice. "Jack!" he whispered.

"Yeah?"

"Have you told?"

Mills turned his head away; he could not bear to look upon this old friend of his. "Why, no," he said gently. "No, Bud, I ain't told. Don't aim to, if that helps any."

"But the money," Bud stammered. "The packages of bills. You couldn't get rid of them. When they find them, they'll know."

"They won t find them bundles," Jack Mills told him; and, while Bud could only stare with widening eyes, he cheerfully explained: "You see, I was cold for a spell. So I had me a little bonfire in that cave."

There was something hideous and craven in the relief that leaped into the eyes of Bud Loupel. Mills reached through the bars, caught the other's shoulder, shook him upright. "Take a brace, Bud," he said gently. "Go on home."

Bud Loupel could not speak. He turned and went stumbling toward the door; he forgot so little a thing as shaking his pardner's hand in farewell. Jack watched him go; and as the other reached the door he called:

"Take care of Jeanie, Bud."

Loupel turned to look back, muttered a low assent, went on his way. Mills heard him speak to Russ as he departed. Then the deputy came to look in and make sure that the prisoner was still secure. He resumed his seat on a chair tipped against the wall, just outside the door.

Mills went back to the bench against the rear of his cell and rolled and smoked a cigarette. Then he lay down, one knee crossed above the other, and the man on guard heard him whistling.

Heard him whistling softly, between his teeth, a gay and gallant and triumphant little tune.

A Stroke of Business

By CHARLES READE

A BELGIAN nobleman had a female friend who was dear to him, very.

She envied the equipage of a rival beauty, and was inconsolable by words. So he bought her an elegant calèche, and a pair of Hanoverian steppers; and, that she might not only equal but surpass and afflict the rival who had so afflicted her, he threw in a negro coachman. Him—as black is an excellent background, especially for gold—he blazoned and bedizened sore. The fair exulted, the darky was inflated almost to bursting.

But gratitude and affection are not so easy to purchase as horses, carriages, and coachmen; so the lady was fickle; and, as female friends will tell of each other, my lord was put on his guard. He took various measures to learn the truth. His agents discovered enough to increase his suspicions, but not enough to bring the matter home. So he determined to try his own hand. One day that *pulchra* had ordered the carriage unusually early, he pleaded business and left the house: but he went no farther than the stable-yard. He got hold of Cæsar, and, with his help, blackened his face, curled and darkened his hair, and put on the darky's livery. Cæsar complimented him on the improvement in his appearance. He started that vain mortal for a promenade in his clothes, and himself drove the carriage to the door and blazed on the box.

After a weary wait the fair emerged in a walking costume, and took her place in the carriage, telling the sham Cæsar, haughtily, which shop to drive to first.

She went from one shop to another, and showed the inquiring spirit on the box how time can be killed and yet money wasted.

Ennui crept gradually into the place of suspicion, and was the less tolerable of the two.

At last, she relieved his weariness, and renewed his excitement, by drawing the check-string at a young man.

The young man, who had evidently been waiting a weary while for her unpunctual, brightened up and came to the carriage: a fair hand was given him, kissed, and held fast, and then commenced the game of eager petition and feigned refusal; all before the door of a famous shop with a back issue.

It ended in the lady being persuaded to descend and place herself entirely under the protection and safeguard of this young gentleman—a Mentor whose qualifications as a "director" the disguised proprietor on the box happened to know too well.

"You can drive home, Cæsar," said the fair, with perfect nonchalance.

A coachman must obey orders, so my lord drove home. But first he did a little stroke of business on his own account; he lifted his whip high, gave two hearty slashes, one to the fair one's cheek, the other to her lover's nose, and venting the rest of his feelings on the horses, went home like mad.

He drove straight to the stable-yard, and there found Cæsar in an ill-humour too. Strolling on the boulevard in his master's clothes, this worthy had counted on admiration and conquests. Instead of that he had encountered ill-bred ridicule, and had strutted home disgusted. He now begged his master to give him back his sensible clothes, and resume these ridiculous garments that made people laugh even when Cæsar strutted within.

"You need not fear," said his master bitterly. "I will never wear these cursed things of yours again; one learns the truth in them."

He washed his face, and dirtied a bucketful of water to do it; resumed his toggery, and told Cæsar that in future he was to drive nobody but *him*.

Cæsar assented with gratified pride.

The lady came home, was very ill, sank

on a couch, and, through her maid, demanded an interview with her insulter.

Her insulter declined that honour; for he knew by experience that she would scold, storm, lament, confess half, weep, melt and manipulate him; so he "shunned that lovely snare."

Then she broke a tumbler and two Dresden plates, and sent for a doctor—the youngest for miles round—and took to her bed. Long linen dress with lace eight inches deep, bewitching cap, quart of eau-de-Cologne.

My lord retorted by selling the furniture of the other rooms, and stipulating for its prompt removal.

While he thus indulged his spleen came a letter, the terms almost as magnificent as the construction was ungrammatical; it was from Cæsar, who had heard all from the lady's maid, and more from a gossiping journal.

Cæsar's remonstrance translated into English appeared rational. "You can whip little missy in-doors, and in your own name," said he, "and if you whip her every time she deserves it, you will have a harder place than any of your servants have, the lazy trash—except me. But when you are wearing my clothes, and painted my colour, and seated on my box, you have no right to whip a lady publicly, because it is not the fashion here; and all the white trash will say, 'Cæsar is ungenteel; he whips the ladies.'"

The nobleman, on receiving this, sent his lackey out to buy a dog-whip; and when he had got it he proceeded to the stables in search of a dignified darky.

But Cæsar, either from native dignity or servile apprehension, had deposited his livery and retired, and next morning sent my lord his *congé* from a respectful distance.

So here was, in every sense, a good stroke of business. The Belgian noble dismissed the faithless fair, and the African darky discharged the Belgian noble.

Ode on Melancholy

By JOHN KEATS

I

NO, NO, go not to Lethe, neither twist
  Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine;
Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kiss'd
  By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine;
Make not your rosary of yew-berries,
  Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be
    Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl
A partner in your sorrow's mysteries;
  For shade to shade will come too drowsily
    And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

II

But when the melancholy fit shall fall
  Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,
That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,
  And hides the green hill in an April shroud;
Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,
  Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,
    Or on the wealth of globéd peonies;
Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,
  Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave,
    And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

III

She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die;
  And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,
  Turning to Poison while the bee-mouth sips:
Ay, in the very temple of delight,
  Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine,
    Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue
  Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine;
His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,
    And be among her cloudy trophies hung.

Justice

For justice is truly said to be an honourable maiden. PLATO.

The turmoil in Mr. Bosengate increased; he remarked in an icy voice:
"I agree to no verdict that'll send the man back to prison."
At this a real tremor seemed to go round the table, as if they saw themselves sitting there through lunch time. GALSWORTHY.

Justice renders to every one his due.
Extreme justice is extreme injustice. CICERO.

And the sentiment of justice appears to me to be, the animal desire to repel or retaliate a hurt or damage to one's self, or to those with whom one sympathizes, widened so as to include all persons. . . . It is simply the natural feeling of resentment, moralized by being made co-extensive with the demands of social good. JOHN STUART MILL.

Justice in this initial phase is the good-will among people of about equal power to come to terms with each other, to come to an understanding again by means of a settlement, and, with regard to the less powerful, to *compel* them to agree among themselves to a settlement.
The justice which began with the maxim, "Everything can be paid off, everything must be paid off," ends with connivance at the escape of those who cannot pay to escape—it ends, like every good thing on earth, by *destroying itself*.—The self-destruction of Justice! we know the pretty name it calls itself—Grace! NIETZSCHE.

Plate sin with gold
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
SHAKESPEARE.

It just now came into my mind whence it is we should derive that error of having recourse to God in all our designs and enterprises, to call Him to our assistance in all sorts of affairs, and in all places where our weakness stands in need of support, without considering whether the occasion be just or otherwise; and to invoke His name and power, in what state soever we are, or action we are engaged in, however vicious. He is, indeed, our sole and unique protector, and can do all things for us: but though He is pleased to honour us with his sweet paternal alliance, He is, notwithstanding, as just as He is good and mighty; and more often exercises His justice than His power, and favours us according to that, and not according to our petitions. MONTAIGNE.

The love of justice is simply, in the majority of men, the fear of suffering injustice.
LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

It is as if they should make the standards for the measure we call a foot, a chancellor's foot.—What an uncertain measure would this be!—One chancellor has a long foot,—another a short foot; a third, an indifferent foot. It is the same thing with the chancellor's conscience. SELDEN.

Liberty, equality—bad principles! The only true principle for humanity is justice; and justice to the feeble is protection and kindness. AMIEL.

Justice is more the masculine, loving-kindness more the feminine virtue. The mere idea of seeing women sitting on the judges' bench raises a smile; but the sisters of mercy far excel the brothers of charity. SCHOPENHAUER.

One cool judgment is worth a thousand hasty councils. The thing to do is to supply light and not heat. WOODROW WILSON.

And these people thought it a prodigious defect of policy among us, when I told them that our laws were enforced only by penalties without any mention of reward. It is upon this account that the image of Justice, in their courts of judicature, is formed with six eyes, two before, as many behind, and on each side one, to signify circumspection: with a bag of gold open in her right hand, and a sword sheathed in her left, to show that she is more disposed to reward than to punish. JONATHAN SWIFT.

There is no ghost so difficult to lay as the ghost of an injury. ALEXANDER SMITH.

Men endure the losses that befall them by mere casualty with more patience than the damages they sustain by injustice. SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

And if he, or anyone about whom he cares, does wrong, he ought of his own accord to go where he will immediately be punished; he will run to the judge, as he would to the physician, in order that the disease of injustice may not be rendered chronic and become the incurable cancer of the soul. PLATO.

The sentiment of justice is so natural, and so universally acquired by all mankind, that it seems to be independent of all law, all party, all religion. VOLTAIRE.

When Confucius was asked concerning the principle that good should be returned for evil, he replied, "What then will you return for good? No: return good for good; for evil, justice."

"Ye have heard that it hath been said, 'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.' But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also." ST. MATTHEW.

The Honour of the Name

By ÉMILE GABORIAU

Being a Sequel to "Monsieur Lecoq"

CHAPTER XX

Ah! ambition is a fine thing!

The Duc de Sairmeuse and the Marquis de Courtornieu were past middle age; their lives had been marked by many storms and vicissitudes; they were the possessors of millions, and the owners of the most sumptuous residences in the province. Under these circumstances one might have supposed that they would desire to end their days in peace and quietness.

It would have been easy for them to create a life of happiness by doing good to those around them, and by preparing for their last hours a chorus of benedictions and of regrets.

But no. They longed to have a hand in managing the ship of state; they were not content to be simply passengers.

And the duke, appointed to the command of the military forces, and the marquis, made presiding judge of the court at Montaignac, were both obliged to leave their beautiful homes and take up their abode in rather dingy quarters in town.

They did not murmur at the change; their vanity was satisfied.

Louis XVIII. was on the throne; their prejudices were triumphant; they were happy.

It is true that dissatisfaction was rife on every side, but had they not hundreds and thousands of allies at hand to suppress it?

And when wise and thoughtful persons spoke of "discontent," the duke and his associates regarded them as visionaries.

On the 4th of March, 1816, the duke was just sitting down to dinner when a loud noise was heard in the vestibule.

He rose—but at that very instant the door was flung open and a man entered, panting and breathless.

This man was Chupin, the former poacher, whom M. de Sairmeuse had elevated to the position of head gamekeeper.

It was evident that something extraordinary had happened.

"What is it?" inquired the duke.

"They are coming!" cried Chupin; "they are already on the way!"

"Who? who?"

By way of response, Chupin handed the duke a copy of the letter written by Martial under Chanlouineau's dictation.

M. de Sairmeuse read:

"My Dear Friend—We are at last agreed, and the marriage is decided. We are now busy in preparing for the wedding, which will take place on the 4th of March.

The date was no longer blank; but still the duke did not comprehend.

"Well, what of it?" he demanded.

Chupin tore his hair.

"They are on the way," he repeated. "I speak of the peasants—they intend to take possession of Montaignac, dethrone Louis XVIII., bring back the Emperor, or at least the son of the Emperor—miserable wretches! they have deceived me. I suspected this outbreak, but I did not think it was so near at hand."

This terrible blow, so entirely unexpected stupefied the duke for a moment.

"How many are there?" he demanded.

"Ah! how do I know, Monsieur? Two thousand, perhaps — perhaps ten thousand."

"All the towns-people are with us."

"No, Monsieur, no. The rebels have accomplices here. All the retired officers stand ready to assist them.

"Who are the leaders of the movement?"

"Lacheneur, Abbé Midon, Chanlouineau, Baron d'Escorval——"

"Enough!" cried the duke.

Now that danger was certain, his coolness returned; and his herculean form, a trifle bowed by the weight of years, rose to its full height.

He gave the bell-rope a violent pull; a valet appeared.

"My uniform," commanded M. de Sairmeuse; "my pistols! Quick!"

The servant was about to obey, when the duke exclaimed:

"Wait! Let some one take a horse, and go and tell my son to come here without a moment's delay. Take one of the swiftest horses. The messenger ought to go to Sairmeuse and return in two hours."

Chupin endeavored to attract the duke's attention by pulling the skirt of his coat. M. de Sairmeuse turned:

"What is it?"

The old poacher put his finger on his lip, recommending silence, but as soon as the valet had left the room, he said:

"It is useless to send for the marquis."

"And why, you fool?"

"Because, Monsieur, because—excuse me—I——"

"Zounds! will you speak, or will you not?"

Chupin regretted that he had gone so far.

"Because the marquis——"

"Well?"

"He is engaged in it."

The duke overturned the table with a terrible blow of his clenched fist.

"You lie, wretch!" he thundered, with the most horrible oaths.

He was so formidable in his anger that the old poacher sprang to the door and turned the knob, ready to take flight.

"May I lose my head if I do not speak the truth," he insisted. "Ah! Lacheneur's daughter is a regular sorceress. All the gallants of the neighbourhood are in the ranks; Chanlouineau, young d'Escorval, your son——"

M. de Sairmeuse was pouring forth a torrent of curses upon Marie-Anne when his valet re-entered the room.

He suddenly checked himself, put on his uniform, and ordering Chupin to follow him, hastened from the house.

He was still hoping that Chupin had exaggerated the danger; but when he reached the Place d'Arms, which commanded an extended view of the surrounding country, his illusions were put to flight.

Signal-lights gleamed upon every side. Montaignac seemed surrounded by a circle of flame.

"These are the signals," murmured Chupin. "The rebels will be here before two o'clock in the morning."

The duke made no response, but hastened to consult M. de Courtornieu.

He was striding toward his friend's house when, on hastily turning a corner, he saw two men talking in a doorway, and on seeing the glittering of the duke's epaulets, both of them took flight.

The duke instinctively started in pursuit, overtook one man, and seizing him by the collar, he asked, sternly:

"Who are you? What is your name?"

The man was silent, and his captor shook him so roughly that two pistols, which had been hidden under his long coat, fell to the ground.

"Ah, brigand!" exclaimed M. de Sairmeuse, "so you are one of the conspirators against the King!"

Then, without another word, he dragged the man to the citadel, gave him in charge of the astonished soldiers, and again started for M. de Courtornieu's house.

He expected the marquis would be terrified; not in the least; he seemed delighted.

"At last there comes an opportunity for us to display our devotion and our zeal—and without danger! We have good walls, strong gates, and three thousand soldiers at our command. These peasants are fools! But be grateful for their folly, my dear duke, and run and order out the Montaignac chasseurs——"

But suddenly a cloud overspread his face; he knit his brows, and added:

"The devil! I am expecting Blanche this evening. She was to leave Courtornieu after dinner. Heaven grant that she may meet with no misfortune on the way!"

CHAPTER XXI

THE Duc de Sairmeuse and the Marquis de Courtornieu had more time before them than they supposed.

The rebels were advancing, but not so rapidly as Chupin has said.

Two circumstances, which it was impossible to foresee. disarranged Lacheneur's plans.

Standing beside his burning house, Lacheneur counted the signal fires that blazed out in answer to his own.

Their number corresponded to his expectations; he uttered a cry of joy.

"All our friends keep their word!" he exclaimed. "They are ready; they are even now on their way to the rendezvous. Let us start at once, for we must be there first!"

They brought him his horse, and his foot was already in the stirrup, when two men sprang from the neighbouring grove and darted toward him. One of them seized the horse by the bridle.

"Abbé Midon!" exclaimed Lacheneur, in

profound astonishment; "Monsieur d'Escorval!"

And foreseeing, perhaps, what was to come, he added, in a tone of concentrated fury:

"What do you two men want with me?"

"We wish to prevent the accomplishment of an act of madness!" exclaimed M. d'Escorval. "Hatred has crazed you, Lacheneur!"

"You know nothing of my projects!"

"Do you think that I do not suspect them? You hope to capture Montaignac—"

"What does that matter to you?" interrupted Lacheneur, violently.

But M. d'Escorval would not be silenced. He seized the arm of his former friend, and in a voice loud enough to be heard distinctly by every one present, he continued:

"Foolish man! You have forgotten that Montaignac is a fortified city, protected by deep moats and high walls! You have forgotten that behind these fortifications is a garrison commanded by a man whose energy and valour are beyond all question—the Duc de Sairmeuse."

Lacheneur struggled to free himself from his friend's grasp.

"Everything has been arranged," he replied, "and they are expecting us at Montaignac. You would be as sure of this as I am myself, if you had seen the light gleaming on the windows of the citadel. And look, you can see it yet. This light tells me that two or three hundred retired officers will come to open the gates of the city for us as soon as we make our appearance."

"And after that! If you take Montaignac, what will you do then? Do you suppose that the English will give you back your Emperor? Is not Napoleon II. the prisoner of the Austrians? Have you forgotten that the allied sovereigns have left one hundred and fifty thousand soldiers within a day's march of Paris?"

Sullen murmurs were heard among Lacheneur's followers.

"But all this is nothing," continued the baron. "The chief danger lies in the fact that there are as many traitors as dupes in an undertaking of this sort."

"Whom do you call dupes, Monsieur?"

"All those who take their illusions for realities, as you have done; all those who, because they desire anything very much, really believe that it will come to pass. Do you really suppose that neither the Duc de Sairmeuse nor the Marquis de Courtornieu has been warned of it?"

Lacheneur shrugged his shoulders.

"Who could have warned them?"

But his tranquillity was feigned; the look which he cast upon Jean proved it.

And it was in the coldest possible tone that he added:

"It is probable that at this very hour the duke and the marquis are in the power of our friends."

The *curé* now attempted to join his efforts to those of the baron.

"You will not go, Lacheneur," he said. "You will not remain deaf to the voice of reason. You are an honest man; think of the frightful responsibility you assume! What! upon these frail hopes, you dare to peril the lives of hundreds of brave men? I tell you that you will not succeed; you will be betrayed; I am sure you will be betrayed!"

An expression of horror contracted Lacheneur's features. It was evident to all that he was deeply moved.

It is impossible to say what might have happened had it not been for the intervention of Chanlouineau.

This sturdy peasant came forward, brandishing his gun.

"We are wasting too much time in foolish prattling," he exclaimed with a fierce oath.

Lacheneur started as if he had been struck by a whip. He rudely freed himself and leaped into the saddle.

"Forward!" he ordered.

But the baron and the priest did not yet despair; they sprang to the horse's head.

"Lacheneur," cried the priest, "beware! The blood you are about to spill will fall upon your head, and upon the heads of your children!"

Appalled by these prophetic words, the little band paused.

Then some one issued from the ranks, clad in the costume of a peasant.

"Marie-Anne!" exclaimed the *abbé* and the baron in the same breath.

"Yes, I," responded the young girl, removing the large hat which had partially concealed her face; "I wish to share the dangers of those who are dear to me—share in their victory or their defeat. Your counsel comes too late, gentlemen. Do you see those lights on the horizon? They tell us that the people of these communes are repairing to the cross-roads at the Croix d'Arcy, the general rendezvous. Before two o'clock fifteen hundred men will be gathered there awaiting my father's commands. Would you have him leave these men, whom he has called from their peaceful

firesides, without a leader? Impossible!"

She evidently shared the madness of her lover and father, even if she did not share all their hopes.

"No, there must be no more hesitation, no more parleying," she continued. "Prudence now would be the height of folly. There is no more danger in a retreat than in an advance. Do not try to detain my father, gentlemen; each moment of delay may, perhaps, cost a man's life. And now, my friends, forward!"

A loud cheer answered her, and the little band descended the hill.

But M. d'Escorval could not allow his own son, whom he saw in the ranks, to depart thus.

"Maurice!" he cried.

The young man hesitated, but at last approached.

"You will not follow these madmen, Maurice?" said the baron.

"I must follow them, father."

"I forbid it."

"Alas! father, I cannot obey you. I have promised—I have sworn. I am second in command."

His voice was sad, but it was determined.

"My son!" exclaimed M. d'Escorval; "unfortunate child!—it is to certain death that you are marching—to certain death."

"All the more reason that I should not break my word, father."

"And your mother, Maurice, the mother whom you forget!"

A tear glistened in the young man's eye.

"My mother," he replied, "would rather weep for her dead son than keep him near her dishonoured, and branded with the names of coward and traitor. Farewell! my father."

M. d'Escorval appreciated the nobility of soul that Maurice displayed in his conduct. He extended his arms, and pressed his beloved son convulsively to his heart, feeling that it might be for the last time.

"Farewell!" he faltered, "farewell!"

Maurice soon rejoined his comrades, whose acclamations were growing fainter and fainter in the distance; but the baron stood motionless, overwhelmed with sorrow.

Suddenly he started from his revery.

"A single hope remains, Abbé!" he cried.

"Alas! murmured the priest.

"Oh—I am not mistaken. Marie-Anne just told us the place of rendezvous. By running to Escorval and harnessing the cabriolet, we might be able to reach the Croix d'Arcy before this party arrive there. Your voice, which touched Lacheneur, will touch the heart of his accomplices. We will persuade these poor, misguided men to return to their homes. Come, Abbé; come quickly!"

And they departed on the run.

CHAPTER XXII

THE clock in the tower of Sairmeuse was striking the hour of eight when Lacheneur and his little band of followers left the Reche.

An hour later, at the Château de Courtornieu, Mlle. Blanche, after finishing her dinner, ordered the carriage to convey her to Montaignac. Since her father had taken up his abode in town they met only on Sunday; on that day either Blanche went to Montaignac, or the marquis paid a visit to the château.

Hence this proposed journey was a deviation from the regular order of things. It was explained, however, by grave circumstances.

It was six days since Martial had presented himself at Courtornieu; and Blanche was half crazed with grief and rage.

What Aunt Medea was forced to endure during this interval, only poor dependents in rich families can understand.

For the first three days Mlle. Blanche succeeded in preserving a semblance of self-control; on the fourth she could endure it no longer, and in spite of the breach of "*les convenances*" which it involved, she sent a messenger to Sairmeuse to inquire for Martial. Was he ill—had he gone away?

The messenger was informed that the marquis was perfectly well, but, as he spent the entire day, from early morn to dewy eve, in hunting, he went to bed every evening as soon as supper was over.

What a horrible insult! Still, she was certain that Martial, on hearing what she had done, would hasten to her to make his excuses. Vain hope! He did not come; he did not even condescend to give one sign of life.

"Ah! doubtless he is with her," she said to Aunt Medea. "He is on his knees before that miserable Marie-Anne—his mistress."

For she had finished by believing—as is not unfrequently the case—the very calumnies which she herself had invented.

In this extremity she decided to make her father her confidant; and she wrote him a note announcing her coming.

She wished her father to compel Lacheneur to leave the country. This would be

an easy matter for him, since he was armed with discretionary authority at an epoch when lukewarm devotion afforded an abundant excuse for sending a man into exile.

Fully decided upon this plan, Blanche became calmer on leaving the château and her hopes overflowed in incoherent phrases, to which poor Aunt Medea listened with her accustomed resignation.

"At last I shall be rid of this shameless creature!" she exclaimed. "We will see if he has the audacity to follow her! Will he follow her? Oh, no; he dare not!"

When the carriage passed through the village of Sairmeuse, Mlle. Blanche noticed an unwonted animation.

There were lights in every house, the saloons seemed full of drinkers, and groups of people were standing upon the public square and upon the doorsteps.

But what did this matter to Mlle. de Courtornieu! It was not until they were a mile or so from Sairmeuse that she was startled from her revery.

"Listen, Aunt Medea," she said, suddenly. "Do you hear anything?"

The poor dependent listened. Both occupants of the carriage heard shouts that became more and more distinct with each revolution of the wheels.

"Let us find out the meaning of this," said Mlle. Blanche.

And lowering one of the carriage windows, she asked the coachman the cause of the disturbance.

"I see a great crowd of peasants on the hill; they have torches and——"

"Blesséd Jesus!" interrupted Aunt Medea, in alarm.

"It must be a wedding," added the coachman, whipping up his horses.

It was not a wedding, but Lacheneur's little band, which had been augmented to the number of about five hundred.

Lacheneur should have been at the Croix d'Arcy two hours before. But he had shared the fate of most popular chiefs. When an impetus had been given to the movement he was no longer master of it.

Baron d'Escorval had made him lose twenty minutes; he was delayed four times as long in Sairmeuse. When he reached that village, a little behind time, he found the peasants scattered through the wine-shops, drinking to the success of the enterprise.

To tear them from their merry-making was a long and difficult task.

And to crown all, when they were finally induced to resume their line of march, it was impossible to persuade them to extinguish the pine knots which they had lighted to serve as torches.

Prayers and threats were alike unavailing. They wished to see their way, they said.

Poor deluded creatures! They had not the slightest conception of the difficulties and the perils of the enterprise they had undertaken.

They were going to capture a fortified city, defended by a numerous garrison, as if they were bound on a pleasure jaunt.

Gay, thoughtless, and animated by the imperturbable confidence of a child, they were marching along, arm in arm, singing patriotic songs.

On horseback, in the center of the band, M. Lacheneur felt his hair turning white with anguish.

Would not this delay ruin everything? What would the others, who were waiting at the Croix d'Arcy, think! What were they doing at this very moment?

"Onward! Onward!" he repeated.

Maurice, Chanlouineau, Jean, Marie-Anne, and about twenty of the old soldiers of the Empire, understood and shared Lacheneur's despair. They knew the terrible danger they were incurring, and they, too, repeated:

"Faster! Let us march faster!"

Vain exhortation! It pleased these people to go slowly.

Suddenly the entire band stopped. Some of the peasants, chancing to look back, had seen the lamps of Mlle. de Courtornieu's carriage gleaming in the darkness.

It came rapidly onward, and soon overtook them. The peasants recognized the coachman's livery, and greeted the vehicle with shouts of derision.

M. de Courtornieu, by his avariciousness, had made even more enemies than the Duc de Sairmeuse; and all the peasants who thought they had more or less reason to complain of his extortions were delighted at this opportunity to frighten him.

For, that they were not thinking of vengeance is conclusively proved by the sequel.

Hence, great was their disappointment when, on opening the carriage-door, they saw within the vehicle only Mlle. Blanche and Aunt Medea, who uttered the most piercing shrieks.

But Mlle. de Courtornieu was a brave woman.

"Who are you?" she demanded, haughtily, "and what do you desire?"

"You will know to-morrow," replied Chanlouineau. "Until then, you are our prisoner."

"I see that you do not know who I am, boy."

"Excuse me. I do know who you are, and, for this very reason, I request you to descend from your carriage. She must leave the carriage, must she not, Monsieur d'Escorval?"

"Very well! I declare that I will not leave my carriage; tear me from it if you dare!"

They would certainly have dared had it not been for Marie-Anne, who checked some peasants as they were springing toward the carriage.

"Let Mademoiselle de Courtornieu pass without hindrance," said she.

But this permission might produce such serious consequences that Chanlouineau found courage to resist.

"That cannot be, Marie-Anne," said he; "she will warn her father. We must keep her as a hostage; her life may save the lives of our friends."

Mlle. Blanche had not recognized her former friend, any more than she had suspected the intentions of this crowd of men.

But Marie-Anne's name, uttered with that of d'Escorval enlightened her at once.

She understood it all, and trembled with rage at the thought that she was at the mercy of her rival. She resolved to place herself under no obligation to Marie-Anne Lacheneur.

"Very well," said she," we will descend."

Her former friend checked her.

"No," said she, "no! This is not the place for a young girl."

"For an honest young girl, you should say," replied Blanche, with a sneer.

Chanlouineau was standing only a few feet from the speaker with his gun in his hand. If a man had uttered those words he would have been instantly killed. Marie-Anne did not deign to notice them.

"Mademoiselle will turn back," she said, calmly; "and as she can reach Montaignac by the other road, two men will accompany her as far as Courtornieu."

She was obeyed. The carriage turned and rolled away, but not so quickly that Marie-Anne failed to hear Blanche cry:

"Beware, Marie! I will make you pay dearly for your insulting patronage!"

The hours were flying by. This incident had occupied ten minutes more—ten centuries—and the last trace of order had disappeared.

M. Lacheneur could have wept with rage. He called Maurice and Chanlouineau.

"I place you in command," said he; "do all that you can to hurry these idiots onward. I will ride as fast as I can to the Croix d'Arcy."

He started, but he was only a short distance in advance of his followers when he saw two men running toward him at full speed. One was clad in the attire of a well-to-do bourgeois; the other wore the old uniform of captain in the Emperor's guard.

"What has happened?" Lacheneur cried in alarm.

"All is discovered!"

"Great God!"

"Major Carini has been arrested."

"By whom? How?"

"Ah! there was a fatality about it! Just as we were perfecting our arrangements to capture the Duc de Sairmeuse, the duke surprised us. We fled, but the cursed noble pursued us, overtook Carini, seized him by the collar, and dragged him to the citadel."

Lacheneur was overwhelmed; the *abbé's* gloomy prophecy again resounded in his ears.

"So I warned my friends, and hastened to warn you," continued the officer. "The affair is an utter failure!"

He was only too correct; and Lacheneur knew it even better than he did. But, blinded by hatred and anger, he would not acknowledge that the disaster was irreparable.

He affected a calmness which he did not in the least feel.

"You are easily discouraged, gentlemen," he said, bitterly. "There is, at least, one more chance."

"The devil! Then you have resources of which we are ignorant?"

"Perhaps—that depends. You have just passed the Croix d'Arcy; did you tell any of those people what you have just told me?"

"Not a word."

"How many men are there at the rendezvous?"

"At least two tnousand."

"And what is their mood?"

"They are burning to begin the struggle. They are cursing our slowness, and told me to entreat you to make haste."

"In that case our cause is not lost," said Lacheneur, with a threatening gesture. "Wait here until the peasants come up, and say to them that you were sent to tell them to make haste. Bring them on as quickly as possible, and have confidence in me; I will be responsible for the success of the enterprise."

He said this, then putting spurs to his

horse, galloped away. He had deceived the men. He had no other resources. He did not have the slightest hope of success. It was an abominable falsehood. But, if this edifice, which he had erected with such care and labour, was to totter and fall, he desired to be buried beneath its ruins. They would be defeated; he was sure of it, but what did that matter? In the conflict he would seek death and find it.

Bitter discontent pervaded the crowd at the Croix d'Arcy; and after the passing of the officers, who had hastened to warn Lacheneur of the disaster at Montaignac, the murmurs of dissatisfaction were changed to curses.

These peasants, nearly two thousand in number, were indignant at not finding their leader awaiting them at the rendezvous.

"Where is he?" they asked. "Who knows but he is afraid at the last moment? Perhaps he is concealing himself while we are risking our lives and the bread of our children here."

And already the epithets of "mischief-maker" and "traitor" were flying from lip to lip, and increasing the anger in every breast.

Some were of the opinion that the crowd should disperse; others wished to march against Montaignac without Lacheneur, and that, immediately.

But these deliberations were interrupted by the furious gallop of a horse.

A carriage appeared, and stopped in the center of the open space.

Two men alighted; Baron d'Escorval and Abbé Midon.

They were in advance of Lacheneur. They thought they had arrived in time.

Alas! here, as on the Reche, all their efforts, all their entreaties, and all their threats were futile.

They had come in the hope of arresting the movement; they only precipitated it.

"We have gone too far to draw back," exclaimed one of the neighbouring farmers, who was the recognized leader in Lacheneur's absence. "If death is before us, it is also behind us. To attack and conquer—that is our only hope of salvation. Forward, then, at once. That is the only way of disconcerting our enemies. He who hesitates is a coward! Forward!"

A shout of approval from two thousand throats replied:

"Forward!"

They unfurled the tri-colour, that much regretted flag that reminded them of so much glory, and so many great misfortunes; the drums began to beat, and with shouts of: "*Vive Napoleon II.!*" the whole column took up its line of march.

Pale, with clothing in disorder, and voices husky with fatigue and emotion, M. d'Escorval and the *abbé* followed the rebels, imploring them to listen to reason.

They saw the precipice toward which these misguided creatures were rushing, and they prayed God for an inspiration to check them.

In fifty minutes the distance separating the Croix d'Arcy from Montaignac is traversed.

Soon they see the gate of the citadel, which was to have been opened for them by their friends within the walls.

It is eleven o'clock, and yet this gate stands open.

Does not this circumstance prove that their friends are masters of the town, and that they are awaiting them in force?

They advance, so certain of success that those who have guns do not even take the trouble to load them.

M. d'Escorval and the *abbé* alone foresee the catastrophe.

The leader of the expedition is near them, they entreat him not to neglect the commonest precautions, they implore him to send some two men on in advance to reconnoitre; they, themselves, offer to go, on condition that the peasants will await their return before proceeding farther.

But their prayers are unheeded.

The peasants pass the outer line of fortifications in safety. The head of the advancing column reaches the drawbridge.

The enthusiasm amounts to delirium; who will be the first to enter is the only thought.

Alas! at that very moment a pistol is fired.

It is a signal, for instantly, and on every side, resounds a terrible fusillade.

Three or four peasants fall, mortally wounded. The rest pause, frozen with terror, thinking only of escape.

The indecision is terrible; but the leader encourages his men, there are a few of of Napoleon's old soldiers in the ranks. A struggle begins, all the more frightful by reason of the darkness!

But it is not the cry of "Forward!" that suddenly rends the air.

The voice of a coward sends up the cry of panic:

"We are betrayed! Let him save himself who can!"

This is the end of all order. A wild fear seizes the throng; and these men flee

madly, despairingly, scattered as withered leaves are scattered by the power of the tempest.

CHAPTER XXIII

CHUPIN's stupefying revelations and the thought that Martial, the heir of his name and dukedom, should degrade himself so much as to enter into a conspiracy with vulgar peasants, drove the Duc de Sairmeuse nearly wild.

But the Marquis de Courtornieu's coolness restored the duke's *sang-froid.*

He ran to the barracks, and in less than half an hour five hundred foot-soldiers and three hundred of the Montaignac chasseurs were under arms.

With these forces at his disposal it would have been easy enough to suppress this movement without the least bloodshed. It was only necessary to close the gates of the city. It was not with fowling-pieces and clubs that these poor peasants could force an entrance into a fortified town.

But such moderation did not suit a man of the duke's violent temperament, a man who was ever longing for struggle and excitement, a man whose ambition prompted him to display his zeal.

He had ordered the gate of the citadel to be left open, and had concealed some of his soldiers behind the parapets of the outer fortifications.

He then stationed himself where he could command a view of the approach to the citadel, and deliberately chose his moment for giving the signal to fire.

Still, a strange thing happened. Of four hundred shots, fired into a dense crowd of fifteen hundred men, only three had hit the mark.

More humane than their chief, nearly all the soldiers had fired in the air.

But the duke had not time to investigate this strange occurrence now. He leaped into the saddle, and placing himself at the head of about five hundred men, cavalry and infantry, he started in pursuit of the fugitives.

The peasants had the advantage of their pursuers by about twenty minutes.

Poor simple creatures!

They might easily have made their escape. They had only to disperse, to scatter; but, unfortunately, the thought never once occurred to the majority of them. A few ran across the fields and gained their homes in safety; the others, frantic and despairing, overcome by the strange vertigo that seizes the bravest in moments of panic, fled like a flock of frightened sheep.

Fear lent them wings, for did they not hear each moment shots fired at the laggards?

But there was one man, who, at each of these detonations, received, as it were, his death-wound—this man was Lacheneur.

He had reached the Croix d'Arcy just as the firing at Montaignac began. He listened and waited. No discharge of musketry replied to the first fusillade. There might have been butchery, but combat, no.

Lacheneur understood it all; and he wished that every ball had pierced his own heart.

He put spurs to his horse and galloped to the crossroads. The place was deserted. At the entrance of one of the roads stood the cabriolet which had brought M. d'Escorval and the *abbé.*

At last M. Lacheneur saw the fugitives approaching in the distance. He dashed forward to meet them, trying by mingled curses and insults to stay their flight.

"Cowards!" he vociferated, "traitors! You flee—and you are ten against one! Where are you going? To your own homes. Fools! you will find the *gendarmes* there only awaiting your coming to conduct you to the scaffold. Is it not better to die with your weapons in your hands? Come—right about. Follow me! We may still conquer. Re-inforcements are at hand; two thousand men are following me!"

He promised them two thousand men; had he promised them ten thousand, twenty thousand—an army and cannon, it would have made no difference.

Not until they reached the wide-open space of the cross-roads, where they had talked so confidently scarcely an hour before, did the most intelligent of the throng regain their senses, while the others fled in every direction.

About a hundred of the bravest and most determined of the conspirators gathered around M. Lacheneur. In the little crowd was the *abbé,* gloomy and despondent. He had been separated from the baron. What had been his fate? Had he been killed or taken prisoner? Was it possible that he had made his escape?

The worthy priest dared not go away. He waited, hoping that his companion might rejoin him, and deemed himself fortunate in finding the carriage still there. He was still waiting when the remnant of

the column confided to Maurice and Chanlouineau came up.

Of the five hundred men that composed it on its departure from Sairmeuse, only fifteen remained, including the two retired officers.

Marie-Anne was in the center of this little party.

M. Lacheneur and his friends were trying to decide what course it was best for them to pursue. Should each man go his way? or should they unite, and by an obstinate resistance, give all their comrades time to reach their homes?

The voice of Chanlouineau put an end to all hesitation.

"I have come to fight," he exclaimed, "and I shall sell my life dearly."

"We will make a stand then!" cried the others.

But Chanlouineau did not follow them to the spot which they had considered best adapted to the prolonged defence; he called Maurice and drew him a little aside.

"You, Monsieur d'Escorval," he said, almost roughly, "are going to leave here and at once."

"I—I came here, Chanlouineau, as you did, to do my duty."

"Your duty, Monsieur, is to serve Marie-Anne. Go at once, and take her with you."

"I shall remain," said Maurice, firmly.

He was going to join his comrades when Chanlouineau stopped him.

"You have no right to sacrifice your life here," he said quietly. "Your life belongs to the woman who has given herself to you."

"Wretch! how dare you!"

Chanlouineau sadly shook his head.

"What is the use of denying it?" said he. "It was so great a temptation that only an angel could have resisted it. It was not your fault, nor was it hers. Lacheneur was a bad father. There was a day when I wished either to kill myself or to kill you, I knew not which. Ah! only once again will you be as near death as you were that day. You were scarcely five paces from the muzzle of my gun. It was God who stayed my hand by reminding me of her despair. Now that I am to die, as well as Lacheneur, someone must care for Marie-Anne. Swear that you will marry her. You may be involved in some difficulty on account of this affair; but I have here the means of saving you."

A sound of firing interrupted him; the soldiers of the Duc de Sairmeuse were approaching.

"Good God!" exclaimed Chanlouineau, "and Marie-Anne!"

They rushed in pursuit of her, and Maurice was the first to discover her, standing in the center of the open space clinging to the neck of her father's horse. He took her in his arms, trying to drag her away.

"Come!" said he, "come!"

But she refused.

"Leave me, leave me!" she entreated.

"But all is lost!"

"Yes, I know that all is lost—even honour. Leave me here. I must remain; I must die, and thus hide my shame. It must, it shall be so!"

Just then Chanlouineau appeared.

Had he divined the secret of her resistance? Perhaps; but without uttering a word, he lifted her in his strong arms as if she had been a child and bore her to the carriage guarded by Abbé Midon.

"Get in," he said, addressing the priest, "and quick—take Mademoiselle Lacheneur. Now, Maurice, in your turn!"

But already the duke's soldiers were masters of the field. Seeing a group in the shadow, at a little distance, they rushed to the spot.

The heroic Chanlouineau seized his gun, and brandishing it like a club, held the enemy at bay, giving Maurice time to spring into the carriage, catch the reins and start the horse off at a gallop.

All the cowardice and all the heroism displayed on that terrible night will never be really known.

Two minutes after the departure of Marie-Anne and of Maurice, Chanlouineau was still battling with the foe.

A dozen or more soldiers were in front of him. Twenty shots had been fired, but not a ball had struck him. His enemies always believed him invulnerable.

"Surrender!" cried the soldiers, amazed by such valor; "surrender!"

"Never! never!"

He was truly formidable; he brought to the support of his marvellous courage a superhuman strength and agility. No one dared come within reach of those brawny arms, that revolved with the power and velocity of the sails of a wind-mill.

Then it was that a soldier, confiding his musket to the care of a companion, threw himself flat upon his belly, and crawling unobserved around behind this obscure hero, seized him by the legs. He tottered like an oak beneath the blow of the axe, struggled furiously, but taken at such a

disadvantage was thrown to the ground, crying, as he fell:

"Help! friends, help!"

But no one responded to this appeal.

At the other end of the open space those upon whom he called had, after a desperate struggle, yielded.

The main body of the duke's infantry was near at hand.

The rebels heard the drums beating the charge; they could see the bayonets gleaming in the sunlight.

Lacheneur, who had remained in the same spot, utterly ignoring the shot that whistled around him, felt that his few remaining comrades were about to be exterminated.

In that supreme moment the whole past was revealed to him as by a flash of lightning. He read and judged his own heart. Hatred had led him to crime. He loathed himself for the humiliation which he had imposed upon his daughter. He cursed himself for the falsehoods by which he had deceived these brave men, for whose death he would be accountable.

Enough blood had flowed; he must save those who remained.

"Cease firing, my friends," he commanded; "retreat!"

They obeyed—he could see them scatter in every direction.

He, too, could flee; was he not mounted upon a gallant steed, which would bear him beyond the reach of the enemy?

But he had sworn that he would not survive defeat. Maddened with remorse, despair, sorrow, and impotent rage, he saw no refuge save in death.

He had only to wait for it; it was fast approaching; he preferred to rush to meet it. Gathering up the reins, he dashed the rowels in his steed and, alone, charged upon the enemy.

The shock was rude, the ranks opened, there was a moment of confusion.

But Lacheneur's horse, its chest cut open by the bayonets, reared, beat the air with his hoofs, then fell backward, burying his rider beneath him.

And the soldiers marched on, not suspecting that beneath the body of the horse the brave rider was struggling to free himself.

It was half-past one in the morning—the place was deserted.

Nothing disturbed the silence save the moans of a few wounded men, who called upon their comrades for succor.

But before thinking of the wounded, M. de Sairmeuse must decide upon the course which would be most likely to redound to his advantage and to his political glory.

Now that the insurrection had been suppressed, it was necessary to exaggerate its magnitude as much as possible, in order that his reward should be in proportion to the service supposed to have been rendered.

Some fifteen or twenty rebels had been captured; but that was not a sufficient number to give the victory the *éclat* which he desired. He must find more culprits to drag before the provost-marshal or before a military commission.

He therefore divided his troops into several detachments, and sent them in every direction with orders to explore the villages, search all isolated houses, and arrest all suspected persons.

His task here having been completed, he again recommended the most implacable severity, and started on a brisk trot for Montaignac.

He was delighted; certainly he blessed—as had M. de Courtornieu—these honest and artless conspirators; but one fear, which he vainly tried to dismiss, impaired his satisfaction.

His son, the Marquis de Sairmeuse, was he, or was he not, implicated in this conspiracy?

He could not, he would not, believe it; and yet the recollection of Chupin's assurance troubled him.

On the other hand, what could have become of Martial? The servant who had been sent to warn him—had he met him? Was the marquis returning? And by which road? Could it be possible that he had fallen into the hands of the peasants?

The duke's relief was intense when, on returning home, after a conference with M. de Courtornieu, he learned that Martial had arrived about a quarter of an hour before.

"The marquis went at once to his own room on dismounting from his horse," added the servant.

"Very well," replied the duke. "I will seek him there."

Before the servants he said, "Very well;" but secretly, he exclaimed: "Abominable impertinence! What! I am on horseback at the head of my troops, my life imperilled, and my son goes quietly to bed without even assuring himself of my safety!"

He reached his son's room, but found the door closed and locked on the inside. He rapped.

"Who is there?" demanded Martial.

"It is I; open the door."

Martial drew the bolt; M. de Sairmeuse entered, but the sight that met his gaze made him tremble.

Upon the table was a basin of blood, and Martial, with chest bared, was bathing a large wound in his right breast.

"You have been fighting!" exclaimed the duke, in a husky voice.

"Yes."

"Ah! then you were, indeed——"

"I was where? what?"

"At the convocation of these miserable peasants who, in their parricidal folly, have dared to dream of the overthrow of the best of princes!"

Martial's face betrayed successively profound surprise, and a more violent desire to laugh.

"I think you must be jesting, Monsieur," he replied.

The young man's words and manner reassured the duke a little, without entirely dissipating his suspicions.

"Then these vile rascals attacked you?" he exclaimed.

"Not at all. I have been simply obliged to fight a duel."

"With whom? Name the scoundrel who has dared to insult you!"

A faint flush tinged Martial's cheek; but it was in his usual careless tone that he replied:

"Upon my word, no; I shall not give his name. You would trouble him, perhaps; and I really owe the fellow a debt of gratitude. It happened upon the highway; he might have assassinated me without ceremony, but he offered me open combat. Besides, he was wounded far more severely than I."

All M. de Sairmeuse's doubts had returned.

"And why, instead of summoning a physician, are you attempting to dress this wound yourself?"

"Because it is a mere trifle, and because I wish to keep it a secret."

The duke shook his head.

"All this is scarcely plausible," he remarked, "especially after the assurance of your complicity which I have received."

"Ah!" said he; "and from whom? From your spy-in-chief, no doubt—that rascal Chupin. It surprises me to see that you can hesitate for a moment between the word of your son and the stories of such a wretch."

"Do not speak ill of Chupin, Marquis; he is a very useful man. Had it not been for him, we should have been taken unawares. It was through him that I learned of this vast conspiracy organized by Lacheneur——"

"What! is it Lacheneur——"

"Who is at the head of the movement? yes, Marquis. Ah! your usual discernment has failed you in this instance. What, you have been a constant visitor at this house, and you have suspected nothing? And you contemplate a diplomatic career! But this is not all. You know now for what purpose the money which you so lavishly bestowed upon them has been employed. They have used it to purchase guns, powder, and ammunition."

The duke had become satisfied of the injustice of his suspicions; but he was now endeavoring to irritate his son.

It was a fruitless effort. Martial knew very well that he had been duped, but he did not think of resenting it.

"If Lacheneur has been captured," he thought; "if he should be condemned to death and if I should save him, Marie-Anne would refuse me nothing."

CHAPTER XXIV

HAVING penetrated the mystery that enveloped his son's frequent absence, the Baron d'Escorval had concealed his fears and his chagrin from his wife.

It was the first time that he had ever had a secret from the faithful and courageous companion of his existence.

Without warning her, he went to beg Abbé Midon to follow him to the Reche, to the house of M. Lacheneur.

The silence, on his part, explains Mme. d'Escorval's astonishment when, on the arrival of the dinner-hour, neither her son nor her husband appeared.

Maurice was sometimes late; but the baron, like all great workers, was punctuality itself. What extraordinary thing could have happened?

Her surprise became uneasiness when she learned that her husband had departed in company with Abbé Midon. They had harnessed the horse themselves, and instead of driving through the court-yard as usual, they had driven through the stable-yard into a lane leading to the public road.

What did all this mean? Why these strange precautions?

Mme. d'Escorval waited, oppressed by vague forebodings.

The servants shared her anxiety. The baron was so equable in temper, so kind and

just to his inferiors, that his servants adored him, and would have gone through a fiery furnace for him.

So, about ten o'clock, they hastened to lead to their mistress a peasant who was returning from Sairmeuse.

This man, who was slightly intoxicated, told the strangest and most incredible stories.

He said that all the peasantry for ten leagues around were under arms, and that the Baron d'Escorval was the leader of the revolt.

He did not doubt the final success of the movement, declaring that Napoleon II., Marie-Louise, and all the marshals of the Empire were concealed in Montaignac.

Alas! it must be confessed that Lacheneur had not hesitated to utter the grossest falsehoods in his anxiety to gain followers.

Mme. d'Escorval could not be deceived by these ridiculous stories, but she could believe, and she did believe that the baron was the prime mover in this insurrection.

And this belief, which would have carried consternation to the hearts of so many women, reassured her.

She had entire, absolute, and unlimited faith in her husband. She believed him superior to all other men—infallible, in short. The moment he said: "This is so!" she believed it implicitly.

Hence, if her husband had organized a movement, that movement was right. If he had attempted it, it was because he expected to succeed. Therefore, it was sure to succeed.

Impatient, however, to know the result, she sent the gardener to Sairmeuse with orders to obtain information without awakening suspicion, if possible, and to hasten back as soon as he could learn anything of a positive nature.

He returned in about two hours, pale, frightened, and in tears.

The disaster had already become known, and had been related to him with the most terrible exaggerations. He had been told that hundreds of men had been killed, and that a whole army was scouring the country, massacring defenceless peasants and their families.

While he was telling his story, Mme. d'Escorval felt that she was going mad.

She saw—yes, positively, she saw her son and her husband, dead—or still worse, mortally wounded upon the public highway—they were lying with their arms crossed upon their breasts, livid, bloody, their eyes staring wildly—they were begging for water—a drop of water.

"I will find them!" she exclaimed, in frenzied accents. "I will go to the field of battle, I will seek for them among the dead, until I find them. Light some torches, my friends, and come with me, for you will aid me, will you not? You loved them; they were so good! You would not leave their dead bodies unburied! oh! the wretches! the wretches who have killed them!"

The servants were hastening to obey when the furious gallop of a horse and the sound of carriage-wheels were heard upon the drive.

"Here they are!" exclaimed the gardener; "here they are!"

Mme. d'Escorval, followed by the servants, rushed to the door just in time to see a cabriolet enter the court-yard, and the horse, panting, exhausted, and flecked with foam, miss his footing, and fall.

Abbé Midon and Maurice had already leaped to the ground and were lifting out an apparently lifeless body.

Even Marie-Anne's great energy had not been able to resist so many successive shocks; the last trial had overwhelmed her. Once in the carriage, all immediate danger having disappeared, the excitement which had sustained her fled. She became unconscious, and all the efforts of Maurice and of the priest had failed to restore her.

But Mme. d'Escorval did not recognize Mlle. Lacheneur in the masculine habiliments in which she was clothed.

She only saw that it was not her husband whom they had brought with them; and a convulsive shudder shook her from head to foot.

"Your father, Maurice!" she exclaimed, in a stifled voice; "and your father!"

The effect was terrible. Until that moment, Maurice and the *curé* had comforted themselves with the hope that M. d'Escorval would reach home before them.

Maurice tottered, and almost dropped his precious burden. The *abbé* perceived it, and at a sign from him, two servants gently lifted Marie-Anne, and bore her to the house.

Then the *curé* approached Mme. d'Escorval.

"Monsieur will soon be here, Madame," said he, at hazard; "he fled first——"

"Baron d'Escorval could not have fled," she interrupted. "A general does not desert when face to face with the enemy. If a panic seizes his soldiers, he rushes to the

front, and either leads them back to combat, or takes his own life."

"Mother!" faltered Maurice; "mother!"

"Oh! do not try to deceive me. My husband was the organizer of this conspiracy—his confederates beaten and dispersed must have proved themselves cowards. God have mercy upon me; my husband is dead!"

In spite of the *abbé's* quickness of perception, he could not understand such assertions on the part of the baroness; he thought that sorrow and terror must have destroyed her reason.

"Ah! Madame," he exclaimed, "the baron had nothing to do with this movement; far from it——"

He paused; all this was passing in the court-yard, in the glare of the torches which had been lighted up by the servants. Anyone in the public road could hear and see all. He realized the imprudence of which they were guilty.

"Come, Madame," said he, leading the baroness toward the house; "and you, also, Maurice, come!"

It was with the silent and passive submission of great misery that Mme. d'Escorval obeyed the *curé*.

Her body alone moved in mechanical obedience; her mind and heart were flying through space to the man who was her all, and whose mind and heart were even then, doubtless, calling to her from the dread abyss into which he had fallen.

But when she had passed the threshold of the drawing-room, she trembled and dropped the priest's arm, rudely recalled to the present reality.

She recognized Marie-Anne in the lifeless form extended upon the sofa.

"Mademoiselle Lacheneur!" she faltered, "here in this costume—dead!"

One might indeed believe the poor girl dead, to see her lying there rigid, cold, and as white as if the last drop of blood had been drained from her veins. Her beautiful face had the immobility of marble; her half-opened, colourless lips disclosed teeth convulsively clinched, and a large dark-blue circle surrounded her closed eyelids.

Her long black hair, which she had rolled up closely to slip under her peasant's hat, had become unbound, and flowed down in rich masses over her shoulders and trailed upon the floor.

"She is only in a state of syncope; there is no danger," declared the *abbé*, after he had examined Marie-Anne. "It will not be long before she regains consciousness."

And then, rapidly but clearly, he gave the necessary directions to the servants, who were astonished at their mistress.

Mme. d'Escorval looked on with eyes dilated with terror. She seemed to doubt her own sanity, and incessantly passed her hand across her forehead, thickly beaded with cold sweat.

"What a night!" she murmured. "What a night!"

"I must remind you, Madame," said the priest, sympathizingly, but firmly, "that reason and duty alike forbid you thus to yield to despair! Wife, where is your energy? Christian, what has become of your confidence in a just and beneficent God?"

"Oh! I have courage, Monsieur," faltered the wretched woman. "I am brave!"

The *abbé* led her to a large armchair, where he forced her to seat herself, and in a gentler tone, he resumed:

"Besides, why should you despair, Madame? Your son, certainly, is with you in safety. Your husband has not compromised himself; he has done nothing which I myself have not done."

And briefly, but with rare precision, he explained the part which he and the baron had played during this unfortunate evening.

But this recital, instead of reassuring the baroness, seemed to increase her anxiety.

"I understand you," she interrupted, "and I believe you. But I also know that all the people in the country round about are convinced that my husband commanded the insurrectionists. They believe it, and they will say it."

"And what of that?"

"If he has been arrested, as you give me to understand, he will be summoned before a court martial. Was he not the friend of the Emperor? That is a crime, as you very well know. He will be convicted and sentenced to death."

"No, Madame, no! Am I not here? I will appear before the tribunal, and I shall say: 'Here I am! I have seen and I know all.'"

"But they will arrest you, alas, Monsieur, because you are not a priest according to the hearts of these cruel men. They will throw you in prison, and you will meet him upon the scaffold."

Maurice had been listening, pale and trembling.

But on hearing these last words, he sank upon his knees, hiding his face in his hands:

"Ah! I have killed my father!" he exclaimed.

"Unhappy child! what do you say?"

The priest motioned him to be silent; but he did not see him, and he pursued:

"My father was ignorant even of the existence of this conspiracy of which Monsieur Lacheneur was the guiding spirit; but I knew it—I wished him to succeed, because on his success depended the happiness of my life. And then—wretch that I was!—when I wished to attract to our ranks some timid or wavering accomplice, I used the loved and respected name of d'Escorval. Ah, I was mad! I was mad!"

Then, with a despairing gesture, he added:

"And yet, even now, I have not the courage to curse my folly! Oh, mother, mother, if you knew——"

His sobs interrupted him. Just then a faint moan was heard.

Marie-Anne was regaining consciousness. Already she had partially risen from the sofa, and sat regarding this terrible scene with an air of profound wonder, as if she did not understand it in the least.

Slowly and gently she put back her hair from her face, and opened and closed her eyes, which seemed dazzled by the light of the candles.

She endeavoured to speak, to ask some question, but Abbé Midon commanded silence by a gesture.

Enlightened by the words of Mme. d'Escorval and by the confession of Maurice, the *abbé* understood at once the extent of the frightful danger that menaced the baron and his son.

How was this danger to be averted? What must be done?

He had no time for explanation or reflection; with each moment, a chance of salvation fled. He must decide and act without delay.

The *abbé* was a brave man. He darted to the door, and called the servants who were standing in the hall and on the staircase.

When they were gathered around him:

"Listen to me intently," said he, in that quick and imperious voice that impresses one with the certainty of approaching peril, "and remember that your master's life depends, perhaps, upon your discretion. We can rely upon you, can we not?"

Every hand was raised as if to call upon God to witness their fidelity.

"In less than an hour," continued the priest, "the soldiers sent in pursuit of the fugitives will be here. Not a word must be uttered in regard to what has passed this evening. Everyone must be led to suppose that I went away with the baron and returned alone. Not one of you must have seen Mademoiselle Lacheneur. We are going to find a place of concealment for her. Remember, my friends, if there is the slightest suspicion of her presence here, all is lost. If the soldiers question you, endeavour to convince them that Monsieur Maurice has not left the house this evening."

He paused, trying to think if he had forgotten any precaution that human prudence could suggest, then added

"One word more; to see you standing about at this hour of the night will awaken suspicion at once. But this is what I desire. We will plead in justification the alarm that you feel at the absence of the baron, and also the indisposition of madame—for madame is going to retire—she will thus escape interrogation. And you, Maurice, run and change your clothes; and, above all, wash your hands, and sprinkle some perfume upon them."

All present were so impressed with the imminence of the danger, that they were more than willing to obey the priest's orders.

Marie-Anne, as soon as she could be moved, was carried to a tiny room under the roof. Mme. d'Escorval retired to her own apartment, and the servants went back to the office.

Maurice and the *abbé* remained alone in the drawing-room, silent and appalled by horrible forebodings.

The unusually calm face of the priest betrayed his terrible anxiety. He now felt convinced that Baron d'Escorval was a prisoner, and all his efforts were now directed toward removing any suspicion of complicity from Maurice.

"This was," he reflected, "the only way to save the father."

A violent peal of the bell attached to the gate interrupted his meditations.

He heard the footsteps of the gardener as he hastened to open it, heard the gate turn upon its hinges, then the measured tramp of soldiers in the court-yard.

A loud voice commanded:

"Halt!"

The priest looked at Maurice and saw that he was as pale as death.

"Be calm," he entreated; "do not be alarmed. Do not lose your self-possession—and do not forget my instructions."

"Let them come," replied Maurice. "I am prepared!"

The drawing-room door was flung violently open, and a young man, wearing the uniform of a captain of grenadiers, entered. He was scarcely twenty-five years of age, tall, fair-haired, with blue eyes and little waxed mustache. His whole person betokened an excessive elegance exaggerated to the verge of the ridiculous. His face ordinarily must have indicated extreme self-complacency; but at the present moment it wore a really ferocious expression.

Behind him, in the passage, were a number of armed soldiers.

He cast a suspicious glance around the room, then, in a harsh voice:

"Who is the master of this house?" he demanded.

"The Baron d'Escorval, my father, who is absent," replied Maurice.

"Where is he?"

The *abbé*, who, until now, had remained seated, rose.

"On hearing of the unfortunate outbreak of this evening," he replied, "the baron and myself went to these peasants, in the hope of inducing them to relinquish their foolish undertaking. They would not listen to us. In the confusion that ensued, I became separated from the baron; I returned here very anxious, and am now awaiting his return."

The captain twisted his mustache with a sneering air.

"Not a bad invention!" said he. "Only I do not believe a word of this fiction."

A light gleamed in the eyes of the priest, his lips trembled, but he held his peace.

"Who are you?" rudely demanded the officer.

"I am the *curé* of Sairmeuse."

"Honest men ought to be in bed at this hour. And you are racing about the country after rebellious peasants. Really, I do not know what prevents me from ordering your arrest."

That which did prevent him was the priestly robe, all powerful under the Restoration. With Maurice he was more at ease.

"How many are there in this family?"

"Three; my father, my mother—ill at this moment—and myself."

"And how many servants?"

"Seven—four men and three women."

"You have neither received nor concealed anyone this evening?"

"No one."

"It will be necessary to prove this," said the captain.

And turning toward the door:

"Corporal Bavois!" he called.

This man was one of those old soldiers who had followed the Emperor over all Europe. Two small, ferocious gray eyes lighted his tanned, weather-beaten face, and an immense hooked nose surmounted a heavy, bristling mustache.

"Bavois," commanded the officer, "you will take half a dozen men and search this house from top to bottom. You are an old fox that knows a thing or two. If there is any hiding-place here, you will be sure to discover it; if anyone is concealed here, you will bring the person to me. Go, and make haste!"

The corporal departed on his mission; the captain resumed his questions.

"And now," said he, turning to Maurice, "what have you been doing this evening?"

The young man hesitated for an instant; then, with well-feigned indifference, replied:

"I have not put my head outside the door this evening."

"Hum! that must be proved. Let me see your hands."

The soldier's tone was so offensive that Maurice felt the angry blood mount to his forehead. Fortunately, a warning glance from the *abbé* made him restrain his wrath.

He offered his hands to the inspection of the captain, who examined them carefully, outside and in, and finally smelled them.

"Ah! these hands are too white and smell too sweet to have been dabbling in powder."

He was evidently surprised that this young man should have had so little courage as to remain in the shelter of the fireside while his father was leading the peasants on to battle.

"Another thing," said he, "you must have weapons here."

"Yes, hunting rifles."

"Where are they?"

"In a small room on the ground-floor."

"Take me there."

They conducted him to the room, and on finding that none of the double-barrelled guns had been used for some days, he seemed considerably annoyed.

He appeared furious when the corporal came and told him that he had searched everywhere, but had found nothing of a suspicious character.

"Send for the servants," was his next order.

But all the servants faithfully repeated the lesson which the *abbé* had given them.

The captain saw that he was not likely

to discover the mystery, although he was well satisfied that one existed.

Swearing that they should pay dearly for it, if they were deceiving him, he again called Bavois.

"I must continue my search," said he. "You, with two men, will remain here, and render a strict account of all that you see and hear. If Monsieur d'Escorval returns, bring him to me at once; do not allow him to escape. Keep your eyes open, and good luck to you!"

He added a few words in a low voice, then left the room as abruptly as he had entered it.

The departing footsteps of the soldiers were soon lost in the stillness of the night, and then the corporal gave vent to his disgust in a frightful oath.

"*Hein!*" said he, to his men, "you have heard that cadet. Listen, watch, arrest, report. So he takes us for spies! Ah! if our old leader knew to what base uses his old soldiers were degraded!"

The two men responded by a sullen growl.

"As for you," pursued the old trooper, addressing Maurice and the *abbé*, "I, Bavois, corporal of grenadiers, declare in my name and in that of my two men, that you are as free as birds, and that we shall arrest no one. More than that, if we can aid you in any way, we are at your service. The little fool that commanded us this evening thought we were fighting. Look at my gun; I have not fired a shot from it; and my comrades fired only blank cartridges."

The man might possibly be sincere, but it was scarcely probable.

"We have nothing to conceal," replied the cautious priest.

The old corporal gave a knowing wink.

"Ah! you distrust me! You are wrong; and I am going to prove it. Because, you see, though it is easy to gull that fool who just left here, it is not so easy to deceive Corporal Bavois. Very well! it was scarcely prudent to leave in the court-yard a gun that certainly had not been charged for firing at swallows."

The *curé* and Maurice exchanged a glance of consternation. Maurice now recollected, for the first time, that when he sprang from the carriage to lift out Marie-Anne, he propped his loaded gun against the wall. It had escaped the notice of the servants.

"Secondly," pursued Bavois, "there is someone concealed in the attic. I have excellent ears. Thirdly, I arranged it so that no one should enter the sick lady's room."

Maurice needed no further proof. He extended his hand to the corporal, and, in a voice trembling with emotion, he said:

"You are a brave man!"

A few moments later, Maurice, the *abbé*, and Mme. d'Escorval were again assembled in the drawing-room, deliberating upon the measures which must be taken, when Marie-Anne appeared.

She was still frightfully pale; but her step was firm, her manner quiet and composed.

"I must leave this house," she said to the baroness. "Had I been conscious, I would never have accepted hospitality which is likely to bring dire misfortune on your family. Alas! your acquaintance with me has cost you too many tears and too much sorrow already. Do you understand now why I wished you to regard us as strangers? A presentiment told me that my family would be fatal to yours!"

"Poor child!" exclaimed Mme. d'Escorval; "where will you go?"

Marie-Anne lifted her beautiful eyes to the heaven in which she placed her trust.

"I do not know, Madame," she replied; "but duty commands me to go. I must learn what has become of my father and my brother, and share their fate."

"What!" exclaimed Maurice; "still this thought of death. You, who no longer——"

He paused; a secret which was not his own had almost escaped his lips. But visited by a sudden inspiration, he threw himself at his mother's feet.

"Oh, my mother! my dearest mother, do not allow her to depart. I may perish in my attempt to save my father. She will be your daughter then—she whom I have loved so much. You will encircle her with your tender and protecting love——"

Marie-Anne remained.

(To be continued)

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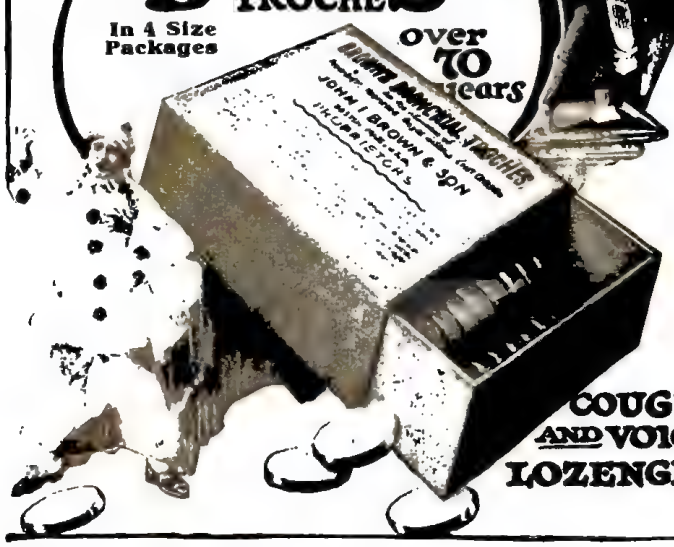

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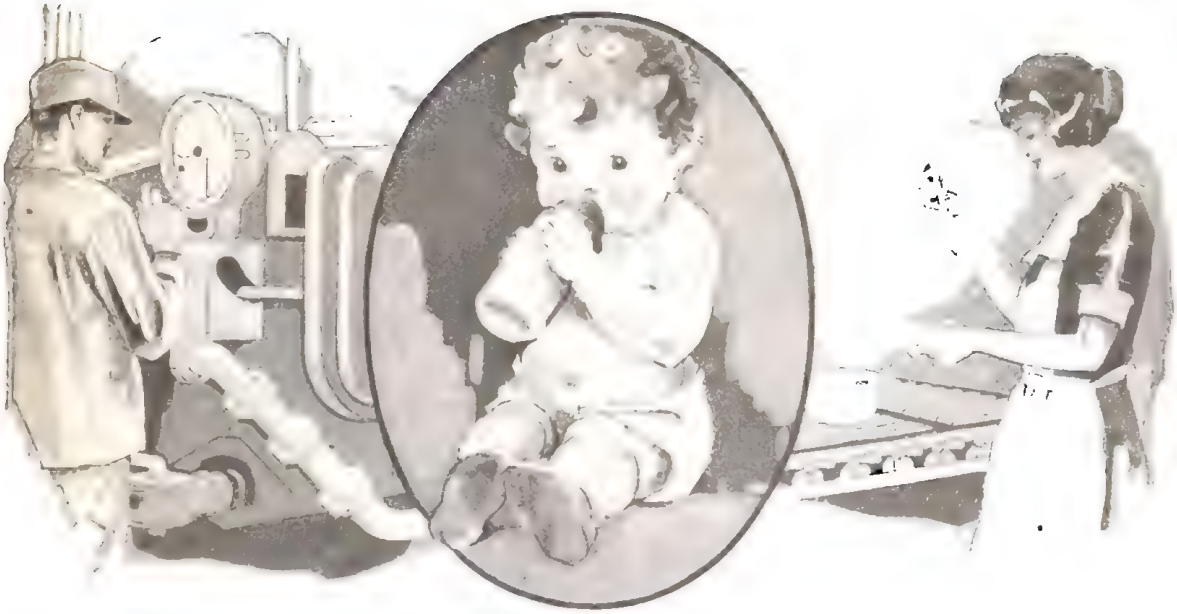

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In fact when one balances the rich variety of the places to go in this region, one wonders whether these southern play-spots are not the Cinderellas of American travel, to whom the princes on tour might well show even more attention than they do. There is a complete coterie of southern resorts claiming more and more friends each year.

Starting with Washington—becoming more and more agreeable as a resort, as well as being the national capital—there are close by Annapolis, with its colonial charm and famous naval school; Norfolk, and Old Point Comfort, where naval and army officers abound; and Richmond, a city which is one of America's gems, architecturally, historically and socially.

Virginia abounds in some natural wonders to which are run excursions from many points—the Natural Bridge (of olden memory in our childhood geographies), and once owned by Thomas Jefferson; the Shenandoah Valley Grottoes; and, best of all, Luray, with America's most famous caverns, three miles long, and marvelously equipped with concrete walks, electric lights and bridges. Pinehurst, with quite remarkable outdoor sport facilities—polo, racing, drag-hunting, trap-shooting, canoeing, and, of course, golf and tennis. Also Southern Pines and Camden. Then Aiken—an aristocratic resort, with many exclusive winter visitors.

Augusta, Charleston and Savannah are full of rare Southern "befo' de war" charm; especially Charleston (now on everybody's lip as the cradle of a new dance which comes out of the very heart of southern negro rhythm). Here is located Fort Sumter, the quaint houses, and lovely Magnolia Gardens (which in bloom, have a thousand colors to the acre). At Savannah you can play golf on a course which has been played on for 110 years, with a Civil War breastwork for a bunker!

Then Asheville—another fashionable year 'round resort—in the heart of the "Land of the Sky," gateway to the Appalachian Park Reserve.

Then Chattanooga, and more Civil War history and Lookout Mountain, from which you can see into seven states!

And so to the Gulf Coast, which is of course quite "something else again!" New Orleans has been for a century—and is even today—a literary shrine. Whitman and Lafcadio Hearn, McFee, Conrad and an endless host of writers, American and foreign, bear witness to its peculiar, languid flavor, its immense, still unspoiled picturesqueness, redolent of French days, Creole days, and still nationally famous for its restaurants, and the *Mardi Gras* Carnival. Who can say he knows America's flavor who has not dined in New Orleans?

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(*Continued on page 63*)

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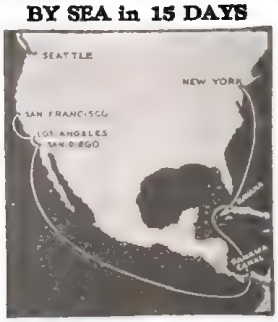

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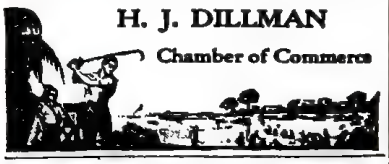

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Southern Scenes That Enchant, from Atlantic to Pacific

(*Continued from page 56*)

Mesa and pueblo of Laguna, the large Zuni Indian Pueblo (celebrated by artists); Inscription Rock, with the names of early Spanish Conquistadores, the Painted Desert, with pink rock, rose, opaline and lavender stretches;—part of the Navajo Reservation, Canyon de Chelly; the Seven Sky Cities of the Hopi Indians with their strange snake dances; and finally the Petrified Forest,—25,000 acres of giant trees turned to opal, topaz, amethyst, jasper and agate!

Then, of course, Grand Canyon, a wonder of the world; a mile-deep Canyon running a length equal to the distance from New York to Montreal; an artist's palette on a colossal scale, of reds, greens, blues, yellows. There are, too, other places of interest—Zion Canyon, Bryce Canyon and North Rim of Grand Canyon (where you see the great abyss on all four sides).

The Apache Trail is a place where on one automobile ride you get the gorgeous flavor and coloring of such a motley as the ancient cliff-dwellings, the desert, the big Roosevelt Dam, the copper mining camps, and the sunshine city of Phoenix, from which one can see the beautiful desert. What price variety!

Near sunny Tucson is the old San Zavier Mission, where for over 250 years services have continued uninterrupted.

Carriso Gorge, primitive medley of canyons and chasms, striking the eye with giant patches of colorful marble and granite, is on the new route to San Diego.

Perhaps it is clear to the reader now that Florida and California do not deserve *all* the limelight; that one could most utterly delightfully spend an entire year amidst these Southern scenes, the pleasures of which have been only hinted at.

FRANCE *through the eyes of her Immortals*

"Empire of the Sun—of Solace and of Cheer—Whose very name brings joy into the World."— "Poème du Rhone"-Mistral

The Rhone hurries gaily

through Provence, the land of the Troubadours. Through old Avignon, City of the Popes. And past Nimes with its impressive Roman arena.

Then down to the Riviera! Where the Corniche road twists fantastically far above the sea. And above that? Little towns frantically clutching the towering rocks.

It's a ride that will become a precious memory... as imperishable as the memory of Paris and its gayety.

But not more precious than the memorable trip to France on one of the de Luxe French Liners, the *Paris* or *France* . . . or on any One-Class-Cabin boat, the *De Grasse, Rochambeau, La Savoie* or *Suffren*. Up "the longest gangplank in the world"... and into a miniature Empire of the Sun. With a marvel of good things to pique the jaded appetite and the inviting restfulness of your own suite or cabin.

A de Luxe French Liner means six delightful days to Plymouth, England... with a few additional hours for the trip to Havre, the Port of Paris. No bobbing to shore in tenders; a special boat-train waiting; Paris in three hours Or take your car, uncrated, with you. Drive it off the covered dock. Tour in France, and live well for much less than in the United States!

Interesting illustrated brochure of France on request.

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Proposed plaza on the Dixie Highway

See for Yourself

the lovely home community Indrio is growing to be

YOU who expect to visit Florida this winter . . . stop off for a day at INDRIO and see America's most beautiful home town in the making. See the uniformly broad streets and spacious homesites which have made it Florida's most talked-of community. Drink in the beauty of its natural surroundings; play golf, go surf bathing or fish for finny fighters. And enjoy rare Southern dishes at the INDRIO INN, now open under ex-Fred Harvey management.

INDRIO lies 60 miles north of Palm Beach on the Dixie Highway, the Florida East Coast Railway and the Indian River, a picturesque inlet of the Atlantic. Whether you go to Southern Florida by motor or rail, you will pass directly through the town. Plan now to include INDRIO in your Florida itinerary. See for yourself why it is attracting so many older residents of now overcrowded resorts. A day in INDRIO will be profitable as well as pleasurable.

Write for Color Brochure

Even though you do not intend to visit Florida this winter, write at once for illustrated color brochure describing INDRIO. Now, while desirable homesites may still be secured for as little as a few hundred dollars, is the time to investigate INDRIO as a place to spend your winters or the sunset years of life.

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Raymond-Whitcomb Cruises

West Indies

Two Midwinter Cruises on the *S.S. "Columbus"* a new liner of 32,000 tons register. ¶This is the first time that one of the great luxury liners has made the West Indies Cruise.

These Cruises will sail from *New York* on *January 30* & *February 25* —each on a 24 day round of cruising & sightseeing, which will include *Havana, Jamaica, Panama,* & a dozen other picturesque places on the romantic *Spanish Main.* ¶Shore excursions of exceptional interest are ALL included in the Cruise Rates. ¶Here, as in other fields, Raymond-Whitcomb Cruises are the smartest. ¶Rates:— $375 & upward.

Send for the book—"West Indies"

MIDNIGHT SUN CRUISE sailing June 29 for *Iceland*, the *North Cape*, etc.

Spring Mediterranean

A new Cruise on a new liner, after the Winter rush is over.

It will sail on April 3 & passengers who return immediately can be in *New York* by May 15. ¶For those who plan a visit to *Europe* in Spring it is a most attractive alternative for the usual Atlantic voyage. From *New York* to *Naples* it is only 2 weeks longer than the regular mail boats, but visits *Madeira, Cadiz, Seville, Gibraltar, Algiers, Sardinia, Tunis, Malta, Athens, the Greek Islands & Sicily.*

The Cruise Ship is the 20,000 ton "Carinthia"—newest of the Cunard fleet. ¶Rates:—$625 & upward.

Send for the book—"Spring Mediterranean"

ROUND THE WORLD CRUISE sailing October 16, 1926 on the S.S. *"Carinthia"*.

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fare 6¢

BY trolley from El Paso—for 6¢ cost and 6 minutes ride—you can go to Old Mexico. This year come Southwest to El Paso and cross over to the "foreign country" while you are here.

Come to our modern city and then visit the gay Mexican resort, Juarez! —with its quaint scenic and historic attractions. Be sure not to miss Juarez—it is so different!

Ten days of "foreign travel"

Every day in El Paso gives you something new—something you have never done before. Bass fishing in Elephant Butte Dam . . . shirt-sleeve golf in midwinter . . . rugged mountains . . . New Year's dinner in the open air . . . a thousand unusual delights! See the wonderful Rio Grande Valley, Fort Bliss (1st Div. U.S. Cavalry), many other points of interest.

Come *now* to El Paso where Sunshine spends the Winter!

Write for free Booklet before you start. Railways allow free 10-day stop-over. If you drive, Old Spanish Trail, Lee and Bankhead Highways, Southwestern and Ozark Trails all lead into El Paso. Mail the coupon.

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GATEWAY CLUB
512 Chamber of Commerce Bldg.,
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Please send me the free booklet, *"El Paso and the New Southwest."*

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*Address*_____

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"The Sunshine Belt to the Orient"

Orient
Round the World

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Sailings on fortnightly schedules from Boston and New York.

Magnificent oil-burners, these liners are commodious and comfortable, providing a world-famous cuisine. Information from ticket and tourist agents or

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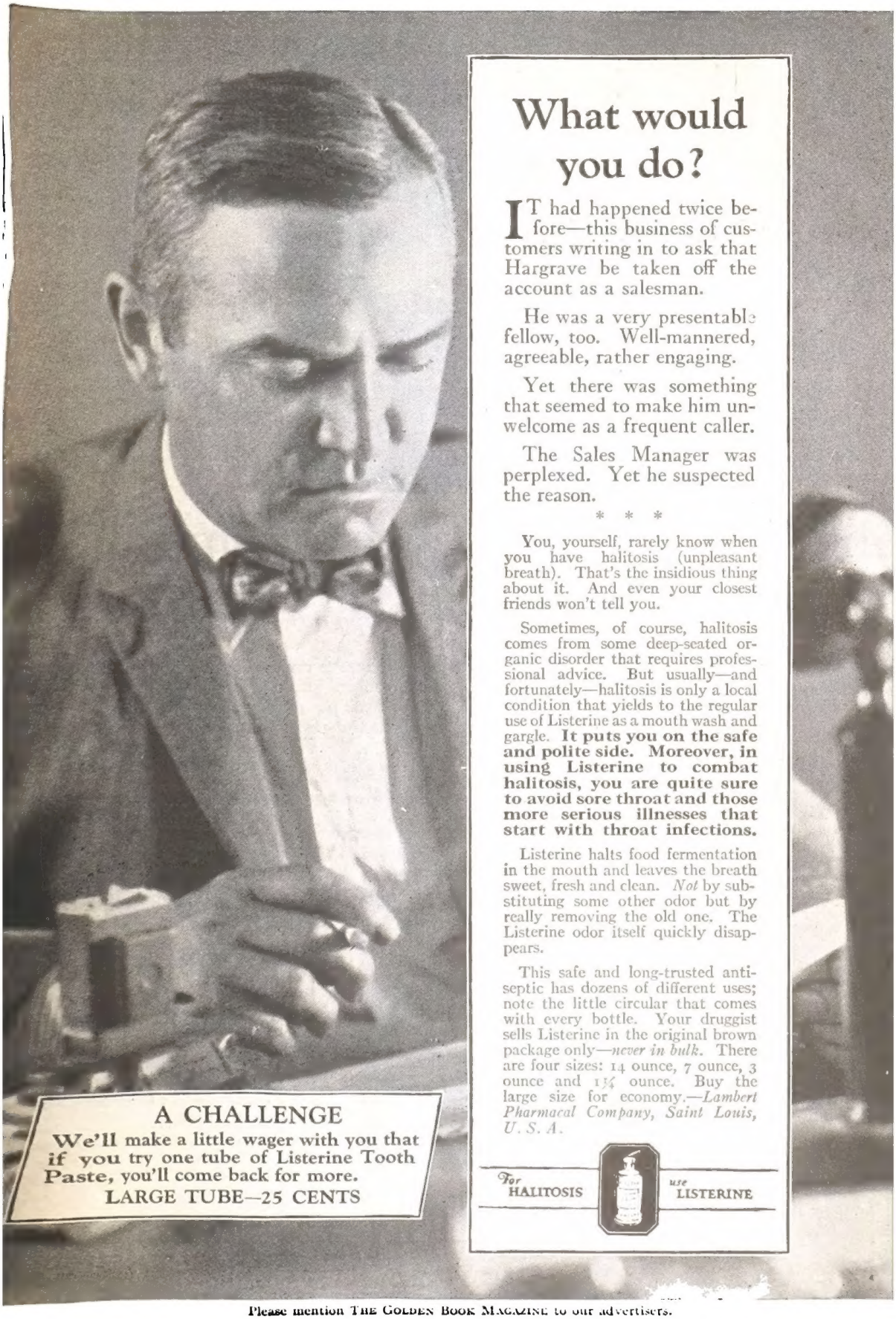


What would you do?

IT had happened twice before—this business of customers writing in to ask that Hargrave be taken off the account as a salesman.

He was a very presentable fellow, too. Well-mannered, agreeable, rather engaging.

Yet there was something that seemed to make him unwelcome as a frequent caller.

The Sales Manager was perplexed. Yet he suspected the reason.

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. **It puts you on the safe and polite side. Moreover, in using Listerine to combat halitosis, you are quite sure to avoid sore throat and those more serious illnesses that start with throat infections.**

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—*never in bulk*. There are four sizes: 14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1¼ ounce. Buy the large size for economy.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

For HALITOSIS use LISTERINE

A CHALLENGE

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS

She thought she was economical..

yet she wasted $300 every year in her kitchen with old-fashioned equipment

It was another week before the end of the month, yet Mary Ellen only had $8.36 left in her checking account.

That afternoon she asked young Mrs. Henderson how she could manage so well on less money than Mary Ellen had.

"First of all," said pretty Mrs. Henderson, "my gas bill is only half as much as yours."

"How can that be?" Mary Ellen asked. "Your family is as big as mine and you do fully as much entertaining."

"*I cook with the gas turned off*," Mrs. Henderson said.

"Long ago I learned that many economies can be made by buying modern household equipment.

"Everything I buy for my house is bought on the basis of its savings in time, energy and money, even though the first cost is a little more.

"I figure my Chambers Range actually saves me $300 every year. That's $25 every month.

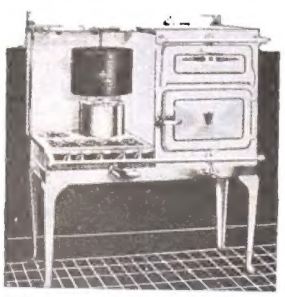
"Of course it cuts my gas bill in two. But that's really only a small part of its savings. One of the biggest items is food shrinkage. Suppose you and I start to cook a meal at the same time, using the same kind of food, weighing the same exactly. Due to my cooking with the gas turned off in the Chambers insulated oven and the Thermodome the food you put on the table will have shrunk one or two pounds more than the food cooked the Chambers way."

"How can that be?" asked Mary Ellen.

We'll show you if you mail the coupon

Don't go on handicapped by obsolete cooking methods. Mail the coupon now, telling us how much you pay for gas every month and how many full meals you serve a week and we will tell you how much money and time you can save with a Chambers Range.

500 to 1,000 Extra Hours
Out of the Kitchen
Cooler Kitchens
More and Better Food
Smaller Gas Bills
Convenient Time Payments



Chambers Fireless Gas Range

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Chambers Mfg. Company,
Dept. M-2, Shelbyville, Indiana.

Without obligation on my part please tell me how much money I can save with a Chambers Range.

My gas bill is.....a month.
I serve .....full meals a week.

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City

Cook with the gas turned off!

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If you are, you should consider the advantages of tenancy in The Fifth Avenue Building.

A visitor to New York arriving at the Pennsylvania Terminal may reach The Fifth Avenue Building via the Broadway Subway, without going out of doors. The same Subway will take him to all lower Broadway and the financial district, and to the Hudson Tube Terminal for Jersey. At the next station, still under cover, is a connection with the Interborough Subway, running direct into Grand Central Terminal, and tapping all the outlying districts. The two great surface arteries, Broadway and Fifth Avenue, converge at the door, one with its busses, and the other with its surface car system. Here is the meeting of the great highroads, just as it was in stage-coach days when the Albany Road and the Boston Post Road parted company here in front of Thompson's Tavern.

Your New York offices have the precious advantages of light and air. Madison Square across the way, Broadway, 5th Avenue and 23rd Street, all form an open area. An office in this building does not look out on a dark and murky canyon.

Your neighbor tenants are excellent people. Not everybody is admitted to tenancy. Being here is in itself a business rating of high repute. The famous address, 200 Fifth Avenue—the site of the famous old Fifth Avenue Hotel—is known the world over. Only when you have associated with the intimate attention to the little things, which is our service, will you realize how comfortable and contented you can be in this "more than an office building."

When you are in New York, come in to see us. We shall be glad to show you about.

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Blended in the early day manner, famous since your grandfather's time, Blue Boar is the favorite of connoisseurs.

If you seek the utmost in pipe tobacco, if you are not content with the ordinary, join that discriminating class of men who are wedded to Blue Boar.

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